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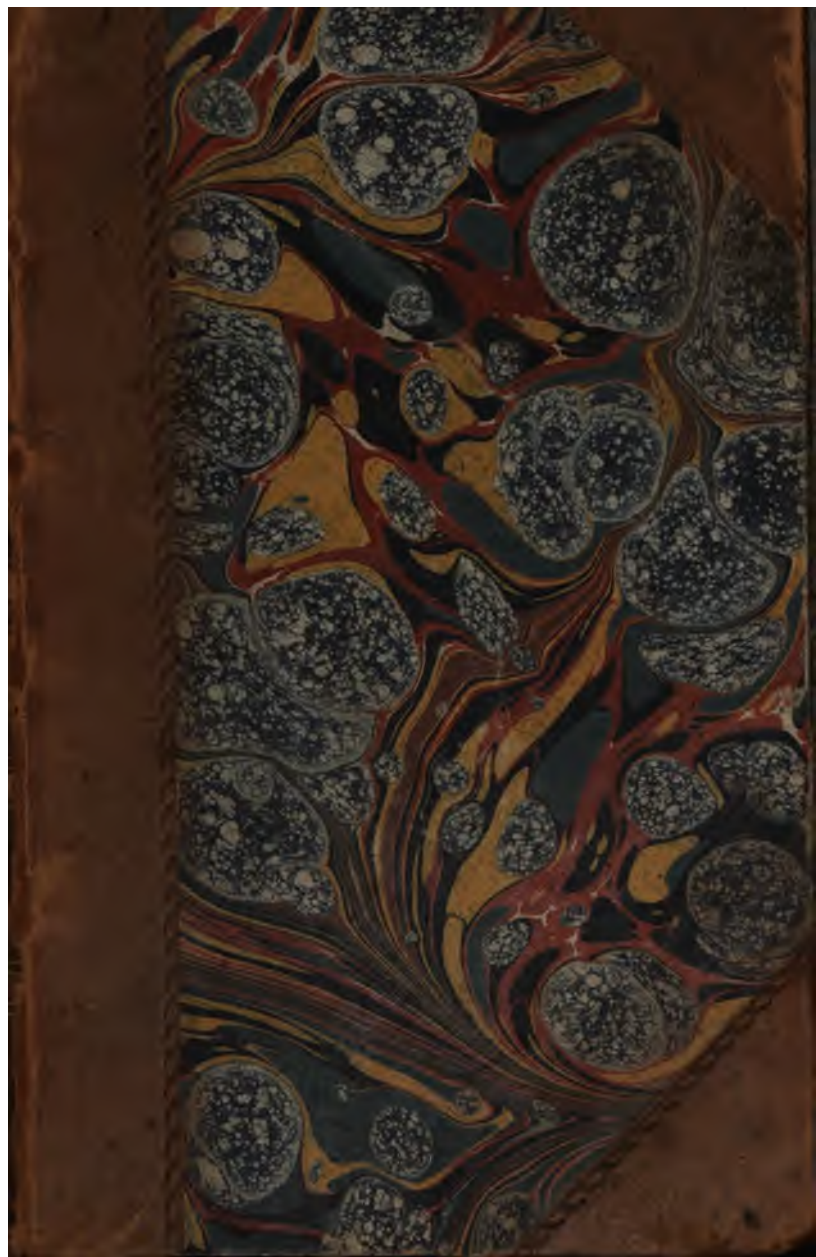
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THE
KENTISH CORONAL.





THE
KENTISH CORONAL;

CONSISTING OF
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS, IN PROSE AND POETRY,

BY
PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE COUNTY
OF KENT.

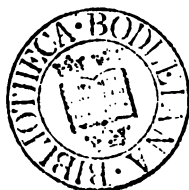
EDITED BY H. G. ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF

"The Ocean Queen," "Departure of the Israelites," &c.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN & MARSHALL.

M,DCCC,XLI.



JAMES BURRILL, PRINTER, CHATHAM.

P R E F A C E .

HAVING completed the first volume of this little Miscellany, the Editor feels himself called upon to make a few observations respecting it. His motives for attempting its establishment have been already detailed in the Prospectus, but as the volume may fall into the hands of some who are strangers to them, he deems their recapitulation here to be in some degree necessary. It had long been an object of his earnest desire, to see brought into circulation, a work, which might afford the means of communication to the kindred spirits scattered through Kent,—which might be to them a bond of union, drawing them closer together, and making them better acquainted with each other's writings. He conceived that these mental flowers, culled from the soil of his native county, might form a wreath not altogether unworthy of being placed on the brow of old Time, there to remain unwithered in his journeying downwards toward posterity. He wished also, for why should he disguise the fact, to become better known to his fellow worshippers at the shrine of the Muses, as well as to know *them* more intimately; this may be deemed an egotistical admission by those who do not understand his feelings, but he has no fear that the generality of his readers will so consider it; at all events it is a candid one, and candour being just now at a premium, he may well rely on their good nature, to pardon the fault of self-approbation for the sake of truth.

To those who, by becoming subscribers to "The Coronal," have enabled him to carry out his plan thus far, the Editor begs

to return his sincerest thanks, as also to the conductors of the local press, the editors of the "Literary Gazette," and other publications, by whom his work has been so kindly and flatteringly noticed. To his contributors he need make no professions of gratitude, they have shown, by so promptly responding to his call, that they fully appreciated his motives, and he trusts that the links of that chain of sympathy, by which they are bound to each other, and, he would fain believe, to himself, may ever vibrate to the touch of hearty enthusiasm and generous sentiment.

"Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song."

Chatham, Dec. 1st. 1840.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

A SONNET, DEDICATED TO THE DESIGNER.

BEAUTY, and STRENGTH, and FRUITFULNESS are there,
The first a Maiden, like to thee, O Kent!
With flowers and corn entwined around her hair,
By whom Minerva stands, with looks intent
Upon a scroll, unfurled beneath her, bent,
Whereon a fair inscription doth appear
Of Wyatt—Sidney—and the rest, who share
A place on Fame's eternal monument:
A rugged oak uplifts its stately bole,
Emblem of strength;—for valour unsubdued,
The rampant horse, which spurneth all controul,
And old INVICTA, too, may there be viewed;
The ship—the plough—the lyre—the pastoral pipe,
And climbing pendant hops, and russet apples ripe.

H. G. A.

DEDICATORY STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO THE "MAIDS OF KENT."

OH, lovely Maidens of our fertile county !
Whether in huts ye dwell, or halls of state,
Ye, on whom Nature hath bestowed her bounty,
Whose hearts the gentler Virtues consecrate ;
This volume unto ye we dedicate,
And fondly hope the sunshine of that smile,
Which hath a magic power to dissipate
The gloomy thoughts within us, and beguile
Our bosoms of their woes, may rest on us the while.

'Tis but a trifle that we offer ye,—
A blooming wreath of variegated flowers,
Plucked from the hills, where breezes wander free,
From the green meads, and from the shady bower
Of our beloved county, where the showers
And gentle dews, have fed and nourished them,
All through the spring, and halmy summer hours,
Till each hath grown a perfumed, floral gem,
Wherewith we have entwined our verdant diadem.

Ye will not scorn our offering, lovely Maids !
Say that ye will not cast it all aside ;
Too soon, alas ! each cherish'd object fades,
Nothing that's earthly here may long abide ;
But it hath been our pleasure and our pride,
To think that ye will look upon our wreath
With approbation, and that ye may hide
Sweet thoughts, and pleasant memories, beneath
Its interwoven leaves, and keep them there till death.

Perchance among these flowers ye may find
Some that ye recognize,—that by the hand
Of friend or relative were here entwined,
Whose breath hath into bloom and beauty fanned
Their petals, which are thoughts and fancies bland ;
And these may call to mind in after years,
When such are dwellers in a " better land,"
Some well-remembered voice, which soothes and cheers,
Albeit ye listen thereunto 'mid blinding tears.

Those tears will be like dew-drops shed from Heaven,
 To bathe our wreath and keep it from decay ;
 And if the buds of Fancy, we have striven
 To interweave amid its leaflets, may
 Call up at times a smile, why, who shall say
 We lack the genial sun's effulgent beam,
 To bid it flourish on, and live for aye ?
 Alas ! perchance 'tis all an idle dream ;
 Yet, chide us not, fair Maids, if we presumptuous seem !

An *annual* wreath we would have twined for ye,
 Of flowers, or hands to cull them, was no lack ;
 But we were overruled ; it might not be
 Because the world looked frowningly and black ;
 They said " what *use* are things like these ? " alack !
 Have holy thoughts, and kindly sympathies,
 And memories unto youthhood looking back,
 So lost their power to soften and to please,
 Must our hearts harder than the nether millstone freeze ?

We, humble brothers of the tuneful lyre,
 Are thrust aside, and jostled here and there ;
 We do not unto lofty seats aspire,
 To heap up sordid wealth is not our care,
 But fain we would some *slight* attention share,
 And make our voices heard amid the throng
 That clamour in the crowded marts, and where
 The city denizens do move, but strong
 Is Avarice and Pride, and so we suffer wrong.

To ye, our gentle sisters, we *may* sing,
 Nor fear that *scorn* will be our only meed ;
 For well ye know, that, when we wake the string,
 The music flowing thence, will surely breed
 Calm thoughts and holy feelings, which will lead
 The spirit upward to the Throne of Grace,
 Or he who pours the melody, indeed
 His gift abuseth, and defiles the place,
 Awarded him among the sons of Bardic race.

H. G. A.

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THE
KENTISH CORONAL.

EDITOR'S FIRST ESSAY.

" My Brother hears ?—'tis well ! "

Indian Poem.

Now,—when the trees are assuming their verdant drapery and decking their naked stems in preparation for the coming festival of Summer.—When the voice of the cuckoo is heard far away in the woodland depths, like a wandering spirit, calling on the birds and the flowers to come forth from their hiding places, and fill the air with perfume and melody.—When the young lambs gambol on the green hill-side, rejoicing in the warm sunshine and freshness of the invigorating breeze ; and daisies, with the pearly drops clinging to their " pinky lashes " like children who have wept themselves to sleep, are sprinkled over the emerald meadows.—When the lark,

" Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not,"

poureth out the fullness of a joy that knows no " shadow of annoyance," till the ethereal vault seems a glorious temple wherein a heavenly choir are hymning their

Creator's praise.—When the throstle and the blackbird make vocal the groves around, and the linnet, with a low sweet voice, telleth a tale of maternal tenderness to the unheeding gales that hurry by, like revellers to a feast, whistling and piping to shew their mirth.—When the streams, released from their icy fetters, murmur a soft undersong of delight to the rustling alders that bend above them, and resume those whispered vows of impassioned love, which stern Winter had for a while interrupted.—When the frail anemone, trembling as she listens to the tread of her boisterous lover (all too rude for one so delicate as she) looks timidly forth from her woodland covert; and the primrose, more bold, uplifts her head at the foot of the old beech tree, or in the hazel copse, smiling as she hearkens to the faint *coo-coo* of the ring-dove or more noisy salutation of the chattering jay, whose red breast harmonizes well with the blushing crab blossoms amid which he has taken up his abode.—When the blue harebell and the snowdrop are ringing their fairy peals of music, too subtle for the perception of our gross faculties, inviting the bees, and any butterfly that may yet have ventured abroad, to sip from their nectared chalices; while the regal crocus is flaunting in purple and gold like a monarch of the elfin race, with which the superstition of our forefathers peopled the forest glades, and “bosky dells” of England in the olden times:—When the daffodil,

“That comes before the swallow dares, and takes
The winds of March with beauty,”

gracefully inclines her head, crowned with the golden locks, as one who listens to the fervent vows of young affection, and turns aside to hide her blushing face; and when, to crown all, the beauteous violet,—

“That blooms unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath, would be forgot,”

whispers of its whereabouts to the tell-tale air, that con-

veys the pleasing intelligence to every passer by, bidding him stop and admire the mossy bank, where

“ Like reflected stains
From cathedral panes,”

the purple blossoms peep out from amid the dark green leaves surrounding them, as friends who would fain shield from the public gaze a modest and retiring maiden.

In this sweet season, when beautiful sights and delicious sounds are rife upon earth, and the air and the waters are stirring with animated creatures called into action by the dulcet voice and balmy breath of Spring;—when, to use the words of Mrs. Hemans,

“ The perfume and the bloom
That shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom
Of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed
Trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed
To their preappointed roots,

the “ CORONAL ” ventures to put forth its first blossom, like the bashful violet, anxious to please, yet filled with a modest humility that makes it rather shrink from, than court the notice of those to whom it must appeal for support and protection. Oh! may it meet with that sympathy and favour, which shall be to it as the sunshine and the dew, by which its lovely prototype is nourished and fed; so shall it long continue to burgeon and blow, and send its perfume through the length and breadth of our beloved county; so shall it remain as a fadeless wreath wherein are entwined the choicest flowers her soul produces, and go down to posterity as a memorial of the genius and ability of her children.

The stormy March has come! we hear him shouting and trumpeting over the far-distant hills, like a herald proclaiming good tidings; we see his ruddy face, like a sunburst, irradiating the plain, and we know that the reign

of Winter is over, that genial days and balmy nights are at hand—nights of song and days of sunshine—when Nature, recovering from the torpor which has so long enchained her faculties, resumes her labour of love,—the work appointed by the beneficent Creator who enjoins her,

“ To minister delight to man,—
To beautify this earth.”

Oh ! how grateful ought we to be for all the benefits He vouchsafes to shower around us;—for “ His goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men;”—His attention not only to our actual wants and necessities, but also to our pleasures and enjoyments:—“ He covereth the hills, as with a garment: He filleth the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath not sent empty away : Neither rewardeth he any after their iniquities.” Merciful is He, and bountiful, and gracious; and it behoveth us at all times to acknowledge His goodness with songs of thankful praise, but more especially at the present season, when He is preparing to render earth beautiful as a garden, and, by the unseen and mysterious workings of His all-pervading power, prompting the germ to expand and the grain to shoot forth its tender blade, wherefrom will be produced an abundant supply for the sustainment of our physical powers;—alas ! too often perverted from their right use, or the annals of mankind had not been disfigured with so vast an amount of crime;—there had been no records of bloody wars and desperate strivings for an inch of worthless territory;—of imprisonments and tortures;—of burnings and massacres, for the adoption or rejection of some point of religious belief;—of open murders and secret assassinations, prompted by cupidity, envy, or jealousy; but Hope, and Love, and Gladness would have walked like sister seraphs through the world; alike in the hall and cottage would have dwelt Peace and Plenty; mankind would have been as one family drawn together by the bonds of affection,

and the gentle influence of the Spirit of Christianity would have gone forth to the uttermost parts of the earth, making for itself a home in every bosom, and banishing thence superstition, bigotry, and all evil passions. Oh! sadly do we abuse those powers, both mental and physical, wherewith we are gifted; the immortal mind as well as the perishable body is rendered subservient to the base uses of our sensual appetites and desires, and thus we quench the flame that is within us;—extinguish the spark of divine glory, which should be as a lamp to light us on the way to eternity, and become doers of iniquity, instead of labouring in the vineyard of Him, who rewardeth with everlasting happiness the workers of his gracious will.

We have been unconsciously led into this digression by the nature of our reflections, and shall now resume the subject with another quotation from Mrs. Heman's beautiful apostrophe to the first of March.

“ The vivifying spell
Has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell
And the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep
Or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep
At the summons of the Spring.”

So may our summons have power to call into life and energy, within many a Kentish bosom, thoughts and feelings that may prompt the tuneful lay, the moral essay, the tale, wherein amusement and instruction are so intimately blended, that we derive both wisdom and pleasure from the perusal thereof. So may *our* call be responded to, and the sympathy awakened of many a feeling heart and richly-stored mind, in our behalf, that they may pour out their hidden treasures to grace our pages, and render the “ Coronal ” worthy of that extensive patronage, which we humbly venture to hope may be bestowed on it!

MARCH, A SONNET.

Lo ! March--the blustering railer, comes--a cloud
 Enwraps his form wherein are sleety show'rs ;
 Over the hills he pipeth, shrill and loud,
 Scaring the song-birds, that amid the bow'rs
 Pour out soft lays unto their paramours ;
 The trees stand nodding as he passes, proud
 Of their new livery, and the gentle flow'rs
 For shelter 'neath the banks and hedge-rows crowd.
 A gleam of sunshine flashes o'er the plain,
 The playful lambs amid the meadows skip,
 The swallow-tribe pursue their sport amain,
 And in the glassy stream their pinions dip :
 Though rude his greeting, all rejoice to hear
 The voice of March, for well they know that Spring is near.

H. G. A.

THE FOUR OAKS,*

A SONNET, BY W. H. PRIDEAUX.

Near Bysing wood--the perfect home of song,
 When laughing Spring the universe invokes,
 And Summer his full majesty uncloaks,
 With bloom and fruitage his fair paths among,
 Like glorious manhood resolute and strong,—
 Stand four decrepid, and ancestral oaks :
 These the fell axe of Time, with steady strokes,
 Hath hewn by slow degrees, and smote with wrong :
 I venerate their looks, and oft and long,
 Have sought abode beneath their dwindling shade,
 And wished th' enquiring traveller had strayed
 To gaze upon this honoured, brother throng !
 Though bald with age severe, and far decayed,
 They are the pride and patriarchs of the glade !

* These venerable trees, known as "The Four Oaks," are situated in the parish of Stone, about a mile and a half from Feversham ; they stand in a cluster on the western angle of Bysing Wood, of which there is no doubt they once formed an integral part, having been left when the land was cleared as a way-mark for the traveller.

FANCY'S NEMOPHILÆ,

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT, BY JOHN BRENT,

Author of the "Sea Wolf," "Lays of Poland," &c.

FRANCESCA. We are all dreamers.—
When sleep, with starry circlet, presses down
The lids of gentle spirits, then, Cleone!
In some far land awaking, we again
The Past live over, and our best affections,
Memories, and hallowed thoughts, come thronging round us,
To melody of simple songs we loved
When we were children;—laugh we then and weep
As Fancy takes a sad or merry method,
Bridging the Past and Future with her wand,—
The morning's brightness with the spectre shadows
That wait on midnight.—

CLEONE. Sleep shook off, say what
Becomes our wakeful vision?

FRANCESCA. Nay, 'tis Hope,
Rainbowed with gold and purple, scattering sunlight
From wings, as changing and as beautiful,
As Fancy ever painted to take flight with:
Hope has a thousand witcheries, and is Syren
To all the senses,—'Tis the only spirit
That since the fall of man partook his exile,
Else were the world unpeopled long ere this,
And Solitude sole monarch.—

CLEONE. Canst describe her;—
How to some ancient Poet, who, enchanted
To the touch of his own harp-string, half unconscious,
Wandering 'neath bowery starlight, by line brooklets,—
She danced in silvery brightness?

FRANCESCA. Hope, they say,
Has eyes of deepest azure, which the glory
Of sunlight cannot dazzle, but makes brighter;
While in the dens of captives, amid shadows,
She often dwells, like blue Nemophiæ,
That finds some streak of light in lonely gladness,
To shake its gentle bells in.

Note.—The *Nemophila insignis* (which, literally translated, means "the Showy Lover of the Woods," is a beautiful annual of a blue, heaven-adoring aspect; though sometimes it droops despondingly. It is a native of California in North America.

SONNETS, TO RICHBOROUGH CASTLE,

BY G. R. CARTER, OF DEAL.

A gorgeous dream of Roman pride and pow'r
 Thine ivied ruins to the heart recal,
 And fancy sees thee gleaming o'er the Stour,
 Magnificent with barbican and wall.
 When balmy dews upon the landscape fall,
 And sunset steepes the clouds in golden light,
 The mind may picture forth thy proudest hall,—
 The haunt of festal sounds and warriors bright.
 Thou wert the glorious structure of a time,
 When Rome's triumphant eagle waved his wings
 O'er many a shore and mountain land sublime,
 Invoked in song by poets' lyric strings;
 But now reality before me brings,
 "Silent remains of Cæsars and of Kings!"

Throned on the bosom of a sunny hill,
 Behold the wreck of Rome's imperial sway!
 The ivy to its walls is clinging still,
 A gloomy mourner o'er its latest day;
 But sweetest summer-birds attune their lay
 Around the Stour that flows beneath its brow,
 And flowers are kissed to slumber by the ray
 Which tints the clouds with crimson glory now;
 And consecrated are the dreamless brave
 O'er whom this castle lifts its mouldering pride,
 Their dirge seems uttered by the rippling wave,
 Their requiem by the plaintive winds is sighed.
 Oh! thus, when death relieves me from my cares,
 I fain would have a tomb sublime as theirs!

Note.—The Castle of Richborough, anciently called Rutupium, was, in the time of the Romans, a place of great strength and importance; it is supposed to have been the first station formed by them in this country, and was built for the protection of a city and haven, at that time existing, the former of which many writers maintain to have been the *Urbs Rutupia*, mentioned by Ptolemy. Of the City there are now no traces to be discerned, and of the Castle, nought remains save the outer walls to attest its former grandeur; these enclose an area of nearly six acres of land, and are in many places from twenty five to thirty feet high, and twelve feet thick, flanked by projecting towers at irregular distances. This Castle, the most perfect specimen of Roman architecture existing in Britain, is situated to the north west of Sandwich, between one and two miles from that place.

NETLEY ABBEY;

OR, THE MIDNIGHT MUSICIAN.

It was during a recent tour in the South of England, and at the close of a beautiful Summer's evening, that I found myself pacing the desecrated and ruined aisles of Netley Abbey. I had sought that lonely and sequestered pile, to reflect, uninterruptedly, on the memory of persons and events with which it was connected, and that I might pass away an hour in the vain occupation of recalling to mind the companions of earlier days: for though the illusions of Fancy may repeople the void which the lapse of a few brief years will occasion, yet who that has reached the meridian of life can look back upon his course without missing, with useless regret, some of those associates who started with him in the morning of existence and at the commencement of his journey. My ramblings, though silent and solitary, were exquisitely delightful; every object around me, illumined by the moon, seemed to tremble in a robe of silver, and as I gazed on that beautiful planet, "walking in her brightness" and surrounded by myriads of the starry host, I indulged in some of those pleasing yet melancholy feelings, which so frequently pervade us when, the world and its attendant anxieties forgotten, all, for a time, is tranquility and peace. Happy indeed are such sensations, and in mercy have they been bestowed upon us; for they soften down our coarser nature, and enable us rightly to estimate our own position when we reflect upon the days which are gone, the friends which were and the joys that shall return no more. Unheeding the lapse of time, and completely absorbed in my meditations, I continued to wander about among the ruins; now admiring the elegant but decaying columns,—now intent upon the clustering ivy

with which they were surmounted, and, at intervals, giving full scope to those beautiful reveries which many feel, but few, if any, are able to describe, when the sound of a distant village clock rolled through the deserted aisles, and, announcing the hour of midnight, aroused me from my pleasing occupation. I prepared to leave immediately, but could not refrain from a parting glance at the fair and lovely scene which surrounded me. The moon was riding in bright magnificence through the skies, and silvering with her beams the moss-clad walls, whilst her light streamed between the decaying mullions of the arched windows, which, at intervals, some fleeting and solitary cloud would throw into temporary obscurity. It was indeed a beautiful sight. The ruins, lovely even in decay, presented the strongest contrast to what the building must have been in the days of its splendour, when the solemn hymn of praise rolled amid the fretted roofs, reconciling man to earth whilst it elevated his soul to God. Now fallen and neglected, its glories had departed, and it seemed as though, in a few brief years, the antiquary might search in vain, even for a vestige of its existence.

Ah, Netley, sweet Netley, thy glories are o'er,
Through thine aisles the loud anthem will never peal more!
Thine altars are fallen, their votaries are dead,
And the owl and the glow-worm rise up in their stead.

But at length, having determined on leaving the enchanting place, I had advanced several paces on my return home, when my footsteps were arrested by a soft strain of music; I paused involuntarily. It was a flute, but blown so sweetly that it seemed of no earthly origin. I listened, and a strange and awful sensation came over me as I recognized the favorite air of a departed friend, whose memory had occupied no small portion of my thoughts during the evening. It was played, too, exactly as he was used to play it, in the same style, with the same embellishments, note for note,

To describe my feelings would be impossible ;—for a moment I imagined that the dead, at that lone hour, had really revisited the earth, and that the spirit of my friend was indeed the invisible musician : but no sooner had reason resumed her power over my startled senses, than I was aware of the improbability of this, and felt assured that some lonely wanderer, like myself, was also enjoying the tranquil banquet of that quiet place, and that I had allowed the ancient building, and the solemnity of the hour, to give an awful colouring to that which, at mid-day, had possibly passed unheeded. I was resolved, however, to be satisfied, and accordingly examined every portion of the Abbey, but no human being could I discover. I ascended the dilapidated staircase, and stood upon the highest remnant of what had once formed a portion of the tower ;—the flute was still throwing its wild melody over the building. I shouted aloud,—it ceased ! Again and again did I invite the minstrel to come forth, but the summons was unattended to ; and at length, after exerting every method to discover him, I left the Abbey with feelings of deep and awe-struck melancholy. On reaching the footpath which leads to Southampton, I turned to take one more look at the scene of my singular adventure ;—that moment the music again floated in the night breeze, and my friend's beloved melody was resounding through the woods !

ROFFENSIS.

Full often, when we ponder on the dead,
Amid the silence of the stilly night,
The forms of those, so loved and cherished,
Yet once again are present to the sight ;
And voices, long since hushed, make music near,
The mourner's grief-worn soul to soothe and cheer.

H. G. A.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Who is she?—Can this be Joy!
 Who with a sunbeam for her guide
 Smoothly skims the meadows wide?
Wordsworth.

Tell me, tell me, who art thou,
 With the blossom-cinctured brow;
 And the eye that brightly beams,
 Lighting up the meadow streams;
 And the voice which makes the grove
 Vocal with the strains of love;
 And the step which lightly brushes
 The elastic blades of grass,
 Where the daisy faintly blushes
 As the sighing zephyrs pass?

With the form so exquisite,
 Moulded with exceeding grace,
 And the hair like golden light,
 Playing round thy seraph face,
 Resting on thy shoulders bare
 Smooth as polished ivorie,
 Tell me, fair one,—creature rare!
 Comest thou of land or sea?
 Circe of the potent spell;
 Ariadne in her shell;
 Cynthia of the look serene,
 Nay, e'en Venus, beauty's queen,
 Never, sure, had charms like thee!

Art thou a Sylphid of the mountain,
 Or a Spirit of the fountain;—
 An Oread, or Naiad,
 Or Hamadryad of the wood,
 Or a pearly Neread
 From beneath the crystal flood,
 Seeking if she can discover
 Where is hid her mortal lover?

Sure, oh, sure the dædal earth
 Ne'er produced a thing so bright;
 Art thou of immortal birth?
 Cradled on Olympus' height?

Did Apollo's glowing numbers
Lull thee to thine infant alumbers ?
Did the sacred Nine bend o'er thee
And thy young soul consecrate ?
Fain, oh, fain would I adore thee ;
Give me then to know thy state ;
Art thou Fay, or art thou Fairy,
Or a gentle Peri sent
Down to caution the unwary
On their own destruction bent ?
Art thou Ceres, art thou Flora,
Art thou one of the three Graces ?
Art thou Zephyr—loved Aurora ?
Dwellest thou in secret places,—
Sacred groves, where ne'er the rude
Foot of man did dare intrude,
Springing up on Mount Ausonian ;
Or amid the spicy perfume
Of the shrubs, that richly bloom
On those gem-like isles—Ionian ?

Dost thou in a sunbeam dwell,
Or beneath a crystal well,
Where the waters bubble out
Spreading verdure round about ;
Or in cup of daffodil
Takest thou of sleep thy fill,
Fed with honey, which the bee
Gladly gathereth for thee ?

Art thou Thetis—ocean-born,—
Atalanta swift of flight,—
Dian of the sounding horn,—
Triton-worshipped Amphitrite ?
Oh, no ! now thy name I know,
By thy bright hair's golden flow,
By that blooming cheek of thine
Like the sun-kissed nectarine ;
By that eye of fire so full,
And that shape so beautiful,
Moving gracefully along
As thou walkedst upon air ;
By that sweet voice raised in song
And the chalice thou dost bear ;
Thou art—yes ! art thou not Hebe,
Nectar-bearer to the Gods ?

" Bless you, no Sir, my name's Phoebe,
 That's my name, Sir,—Phoebe Dodds !
 Dairy-maid to Farmer Giles,
 Where the work is hard, Sir,—very !
 But I mosttimes sings and smiles,
 'Cause, you see, my heart is merry ;
 And I trip along so lightly,
 That they call me Phoebe Sprightly."

" I couldn't in a sunbeam dwell,—
 Shouldn't like to live on honey ;
 As to jumping down a well,
 I wouldn't, Sir, for any money :
 How you talk about my hair,
 'Tisn't golden, Sir, but sandy ;
 For shame ! my shoulders are not bare,
 This is muslin, Sir ;—how handy
 A pair of spectacles would be,
 Such as most old people wear,
 To assist your eye-sight ;—see !
 'Tis a jug of earthenware
 Not a what-d'ye-call-it thing
 In which I am carrying
 Milk, for poor old Widow Wrothing,
 Master gives it her for nothing,
 With the very best intention,
 'Cause she's blind, and deaf, and lame ;
 Of the ladies that you mention,
 There is not a single name
 Known to me ;
 Let me see !
 Listen, Sir, there's Mary Dawson,
 Kitty Clive, and Nancy Lawson,
 Susan Cole, and Harriet Collins,
 Lucy, Jane, and Sarah Rollins,
 Mercy Stokes, and Moggy Meakins,
 Nelly Scott, and Norah Deakins,
 Martha Norris at the mill,
 (She walks out with Brother Bill,)
 Miss Euphemia at the Hall,
 At the Turnpike, Susan Prout,
 There, Sir, that I think is all,
 Who are living hereabout."

H. G. A.

MISFORTUNE.

Alas, alas! for all things beautiful!—

The young, the fair, the gentle whom we cherish,
These are the flowers that Death delights to cull,

And stern Misfortune daily bids to perish :
And oh! alas for Friendship's holy tie,
For Love and every earth-born sympathy ;
For health, and peace, and purity, and joy,
All, all, Misfortune's hand may soon destroy !

Alas, alas! for each ambitious aim,—

For all the schemes the heart in youth may build,
The hope of honour, and the thirst for fame,

By stern Misfortune's hand too soon are chill'd :
Though youth's first tears may fall like summer rain,
Which pleasure's sunbeam quickly dries again,
A tempest gathers, darker than the first,
And the heart's desolated, ere it burst.

Alas, alas! for all the joys of earth!

Yet there are feelings of a higher mould,
Which own a better a more lofty birth,

Which never fade, nor ever can grow cold ;—
Feelings, which light the soul with such a ray,
As cannot know or dimness or decay ;—
Feelings, like placid streams, that ever flow
All undisturbed, when gales of sorrow blow.

Hatham.

FRANCES M. SCOTT.

THE BANKS OF STOUR,

A BALLAD, BY W. H. FRIDEAUX,

Author of "Lays for all Hearts," &c.

There is a stream whose waters flow
Through many a fair and lovely vale,
Bestowing health with roseate glow,
To failing strength and features pale ;

It flows for all with equal aim,
 The pride alike of rich and poor,
 And would you ask its honoured name,
 Be mine to sing—the pastoral Stour.

That peaceful stream emotion brings,
 And memories pure of youthful glee,
 When flattering Hope outstretched her wings,
 Expectant as the summer bee :
 Let others sing the Doon and Trent,
 Yet none my lingering thoughts shall lure ;
 I love my own romantic Kent,
 And best I love—the banks of Stour.

'Twas there I wooed my Mary young,
 From stormy passions far apart,
 The music of her silver tongue
 Woke the glad echoes of my heart ;
 When age is stealing on me fast,
 And Death his arrow pointeth sure,
 Entwined with Mary's love, shall last,
 Remembrance of the banks of Stour !

THE VIOLET,

BY GEORGE NASH,

Author of "The Outcast," "A Treatise on the Drama," &c.

The Violet, the Violet !
 How deep its tint of richest blue,
 An amethyst in emerald set,
 Its tiny leaflets wet with dew ;
 We touch, to mar it, with regret,
 And then its perfume, sweeter yet !
 The primrose and the cowslip too,
 Are fair of form and bright of hue,
 But of all the flowers that e'er I met,
 Give me the sweet blue Violet !

ON THE VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS OF KENT,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Field, the Garden, and the Woodland."

KENTISH people are said to be very proud of their county, not only on account of its natural beauty, but also because of the supposed bravery and politeness of its inhabitants. Certain it is that Cæsar said of the men of Kent (the Cantii) that they were remarkable for their superior civility of manners; and certain it is, too, that a great political historian of modern times, has pronounced that their descendants have preserved this distinction. The bravery of the Kentish people in the olden time is on record, and we enjoy its fruits in the privileges, with which some parts of our county have long been endowed: and perhaps it is not only excusable, but quite natural, that the men of Kent should range themselves beside their banner of the Horse rampant, bearing the bold motto INVICTA, with a feeling of complacency, in the courage of themselves and their neighbours.

It is not for one born and educated among them, to say how far the predilections founded on any excellencies of the people of Kent may be correct. If the writer of these pages were to claim any superiority for her county, it should be based on the extreme beauty of its scenery;—on the richness and variety of its soil and landscape. Kent does not indeed possess the grander features of picturesque scenery. It has not any thing so sublime as a mountain, nor any lakes with their broad sheets of deep blue, lying among the wooded glens. It can boast no cataracts, which like that on the banks of Derwent Water, foam over the rocks. We have however a long range of hills extending themselves across the county, some of them, high enough to make a strong man pause and take

breath as he mounts them ; and some of them, gloomy enough to appear almost sublime, when the twilight with its mistiness comes down upon them, and the traveller is passing over them alone. We have too a beautiful river, now widening into a broad expanse, and bearing upon its bosom "those who go down to the sea in ships," and washing the stunted plants of the salt marshes, or the shores of busy towns : now narrowing into a little streamlet, and murmuring through the sedgy grass, and the wild flowers of the green meadows. It winds its devious course far away over the landscape, and we may stand on the chalky hills, at a distance, or on the old road, which the Romans have bequeathed to us, and trace it for many miles, yet never lose sight of its slender line. Spencer, in his "Faerie Queene" gives a beautiful allegorical description of our river, which seemed

"Like silver, sprinkled here and there,
With glittering spangs, that did like stars appear."

Elsewhere, too, he calls it

"The salt Medway, that trickling streams
Adown the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Thames
His brackish waves be blent."

We have said that the chief charm of Kent lies in its extreme fertility. Every thing seems to flourish. Hop gardens are like wide spreading bowers, with their rich bines and golden clusters. Corn-fields, meadow lands, orchards, flower-plots,—all are luxuriant alike. The hedge-rows, gay with summer flowers, but particularly with that one which indicates a chalky soil—the traveller's joy, or wild clematis,—seem to require the hand of man, rather to restrain, than promote their growth; and the mind naturally associates with this abundance of vegetation thoughts of peace and plenty, and becomes imbued with the cheerfulness of the landscape.

Some modern writers have said that the love of country is merely a modification of selfishness ; that we love it because it has produced us. We must leave philosophical disquisitions to those who better understand them, but, perhaps, many of our readers will, like us, disbelieve these statements, and persist in the good old faith, that the *Amor Patriæ* is a noble and virtuous feeling, and think themselves none the more selfish that they entertain a peculiar regard for their native county, or because they verily believe that the meadows on which they gathered daisies in childhood, are the greenest and sunniest of all England. We, who hold this belief, have at least the persuasion of Sir Walter Scott on our side, witness his oft-quoted lines, beginning

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!”

In offering a few slight remarks upon the vegetable productions of the county, we intend chiefly to advert to those cultivated products, which while they are not peculiar to Kent, yet form a prominent feature in its scenery. We must not linger among the flowers, nor pause to tell how these singular blossoms, the fly and bee orchis, are scattered over the chalky eminences ; nor how the rare yellow anemone is found in some of our woods ; nor dwell upon the beauty of the common white one, which at springtide carpets our every copse and leafy glade, though in the adjoining counties it is never seen. Neither may we tarry to describe glens made purple with the violet, or decked with clumps of sulphur-coloured primroses ; but proceed at once to the HOP GARDEN.

[To be continued.]

THE DEATH OF MARK ANTHONY,

BY DILNOT SLADDEN,

Author of "The Northmen," "Spirit of Beauty," &c.

THERE'S anguish seated on his pallid brow,
 And dark despair within his glazing eye ;
 For Death's dread sceptre bids the mightiest bow,
 Heedless of kingly power. Yes! thou *must* die !
 To the dim realms of deep eternity
 There is but one drear entrance, and the grave
 Heeds not the warrior's arm, nor beauty's sigh,—
 Receives alike the monarch and the slave,
 And clasps within its arms the beauteous and the brave.

And this is he whose mail-clad arm has striven
 For the wide empire of eternal Rome ;
 Like the tall ship by lurid lightning riven,
 He sinks ; an alien from his youthful home,
 Betrayed and friendless, and around him come
 Pale, trembling sycophants, with nerveless limb,
 And cheeks as bloodless as the ocean foam,
 And his brain staggers, and his sight grows dim,
 As flit the shades of Thrones in mockery to him.

Raised on the couch, with flowing hair, is seen
 The lovely victor o'er the sons of power ;
 Fair Cleopatra,—that luxurious queen
 Melting as Venus in her Paphian bower ;
 Love hailed her coming, and Joy told her dower ;
 Warm as the seasons of her sun-born clime,
 But false and fleeting as the changeful hour ;
 Who left a name to all approaching time
 Circled with rosy smiles, but not unstained by crime.

And one approaches with officious hand
 To staunch the life-tide as it redly flows
 From self-inflicted wound, as runs the sand
 Of Father Time's own hour-glass, when he mows
 The fields of life, whereon the harvest grows
 That fills the garner of the dreaded tomb ;
 And howls the faithful dog, whose instinct knows
 That anguish dwelleth in that house of doom ;
 And fades thy sinking star, unstable Child of Rome !

"Bring me some wine!" the pale Triumvir cried;
 The wine was brought him, with an eager hand
 He grasped the goblet, and the purple tide
 In madness quaffed, as drinks the scorching land
 The evening shower; then for an instant manned
 His spirit for the struggle, and one sound
 In phrensied accents came; the wasting sand
 Tarried a moment, till, with victory crowned,
 Death stilled his varying pulse, and silence dwelt around!

THE WINTER WREATH.

NAY, tell me not of Summer flowers,—
 Of charms that with the sun have fled,
 Which but expand in brighter hours,
 And when we need them most, are dead.

They seem too much like friends, we meet
 Around the festive board alone;
 The smiles of joy who throng to greet,
 But when grief overflows, are gone.

'Twere all in vain for me to seek,
 From 'mid its thorns to pluck the rose;
 No lily's bell may I bespeak,
 Now in my chaplet to dispose.

For such as these I'll not repine,
 There are to me some dearer far;
 As travellers, after day's decline,
 Behold appear a friendly star.

The holly's everlasting green
 My fav'rite Winter Wreath shall be,
 The ruby berries will be seen,
 When others fail to shine for me.

Nor shall I need the gentle grace,
 The lighter tint, and frailer stem,
 Chrysanthemum's soft waxy rays,
 And meek hepaticas for them.

Complain not that I thus neglect
 For meaner charms, the garden's pride;
 'Tis needless bidding me reflect
 On those which all the praise divide.

When rose and lily next exist,
 Their beauty and perfume I'll wear;
 But blame not, that I still persist
 To think my Winter Wreath more fair.

M... A... G...

FLOWERS.

SUPPOSE, that on awaking
 Some morning from repose,
 We saw the green earth studded o'er
 With every flower that blows.

Suppose, until that moment
 We ne'er had seen a flower;—
 That one had never graced the earth,
 Even in Eden's bower.

Reader! art thou a lover
 Of those gay and lovely things?
 Then thou canst feel the force and drift
 Of my imaginings;

Nor wilt thou roughly blame the hand
 Which paints the rapturous thrill,
 That at a glorious sight like this,
 The gazer's heart would fill.

Think, should we ask these visitants
 Their birth place, and their home;
 If they had come to stay with us,
 Or were again to roam?

And should we gaze upon the rose,
 In its rich variety,
 And ask what hand had mingled thus
 Its graduated dye;

And who had given the luscious scent,
Which from its ambush stole,
Spreading luxurious influence
Like music o'er the soul?

We, who had seen the stars career
Still in their nightly dance,
Should *we* look on these "gems of earth,"
And say they came by chance?

No, in the lily's grandeur,
And in the rose's hue;
In the bright dahlia's gorgeousness,
In the violet's eye of blue;

In the pencilling of the passion flower,
In its deep mysterious sign,
All hearts would feel, all lips confess,
Their Maker is divine.

orthfleet.

MARY.

THE WATER LILY,

A SONNET, BY T. L. MERRITT,

Author of "The Castle of Chinon," and other Poems.

PALE lovely flower, that,—like a Naiad fair,—
Art throned upon the blue, translucent wave,
In which thou dost thy virgin bosom lave,
Pure as a snow-flake fallen from heaven there;
Emblem of hope to me thou dost appear,
And I have mused o'er thee full many a time,
Wreathing thy silver blossoms with my rhyme,
Till starlight trembled on the waters clear:
Though storms have rudely o'er thy bosom swept,
A moment welming thee, yet thy calm smile
Hath ever beamed more brightly through the gloom;
So when desponding man, bowed down, hath wept
O'er cast by grief's dark shadows for awhile,
Hope, smiling, speaks of happiness to come.

THE PERUVIAN HELIOTROPE.

THE pure, the gentle Heliotrope !
It is a fairy thing ;
And it looketh upward evermore,
With an air of worshipping ;
As a child that gazeth on the sky
Hour after hour, entrancedly,
As void of motion and intent,
As lost in mute bewilderment ;
As heedless of its playmate's call,
And sights and sounds terrestrial,
As though the spirit hence had flown
To visit starry realms unknown,
In search of joys, that are not found
Within mortality's dim round.

The bright, the balmy Heliotrope !
It is a fragrant thing ;
And the bees delight to hover near
Where it is blossoming :
Its tint is like the summer sky,
When not a cloud thereon doth lie ;
It comes from sunny realms afar,
As lovely as a beaming star,
To beautify with modest grace
Its chosen, lowly dwelling place ;
So Resignation from above,
A token of Almighty love,
Descends, the grief-worn soul to cheer,
And smile away the sufferer's tear.

H. G. A.

GENIUS.

GENIUS, thou art a sacred gift,
For noblest purpose given ;
Man's grovelling soul from earth to lift
And bear it up to Heaven ;
A relic of the tree which stood
In Eden's garden's bowers,
When man was glorious and good,
Nor had abused his powers.

H. G. A.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

Brethren !

My heart yearneth towards you, and I wish to do you good ! Take the advice, then, that I am about to offer, and lose no time in putting it in execution. As you love your lives, hang yourselves ;—pray do ! for I want you out of my way. I wish to get on myself, and there are too many of us, therefore in the true spirit of benevolence and brotherly love, I beseech you to bear the troubles of your lot no longer. Yes, hang yourselves, or petition for the exclusive use of the Monument, and, as your aspirations are great, so let your fall be ! But, seriously ; unless you have health which you are willing to ruin, a life which you can consent to waste, and a fortune to spend, dream not of becoming poets. Many qualifications besides ability are necessary to enable a poet to achieve success ; he must also have perseverance and fortitude, ambition and enterprize, and, above all, fortune !—not only good fortune with respect to his undertakings, but fortune in its more substantial sense—money ! The fame of the Poet is what all literary men wish for, and most young authors aim at ; and yet, of all our living Poets, how many will be read two hundred years hence ?—one, if one. Every age has its favourite authors. Every wave of the mental sea rolls up some jewel from its depths, and many lie on the beach neglected. The structures of one age are levelled that their ruins may serve as the foundations for the next to build on, and are buried beneath its erections. How many noble works are even now entirely lost to us, lying hidden, like the temples of Egypt beneath the sand of successive ages. *But en avant !* *Tonjours lisez* is my motto ; if we cannot write for posterity, we'll write for ourselves, and God help our children if they have to read all we leave behind us.

To none does the future present so dazzling a pro-

spect as to the young author, he is starting on the road which has been traversed by those, whose names he is accustomed to honour, almost to worship. There is no height loftier than that, to which this path may conduct him; he may obtain the love and honour of his contemporaries, the renown of posterity; yea! time itself may form but a halo round the orb of his fame. On the other hand are poverty, neglect, the stings of disappointed ambition, the sneers of a world ever ready to mock at failure; the neglect of friends, the assumed superiority of those of his own profession, to whom fortune alone gives the ascendancy, and, it may be, the insulting condolence of those, who, wanting both heart and mind to estimate the motives that influenced him, only see in his failure the consequence of weak infatuation, or obstinate folly: these,—the arrogance of mere wealth,—all these the humble author must often endure. Nor does his more fortunate rival walk a thornless path. Fame is composed of two elements, praise and blame; the calumnies of rivals are thorns in his pillow. There are wounds to be taken in the struggle for ascendancy, and they are often those wounds that injure the character most. The chivalrous honour, the unwavering truth, the disinterested and devoted benevolence that adorned it on the outset;—all those virtues that gave its best title to be loved and valued, are they generally strengthened or weakened in such a contest? Men must be rough-shod for ambition's ways:—the path of Fame is often a miry one, and it winds up a steep ascent, but at the top is that glorious Temple—the Pantheon of Genius: there the memories of the great are enshrined; there their Statues are worshipped!

For the benefit of those who are similarly circumstanced, we will imagine an author setting out on his career. We will suppose him to be a man of talent, nay, we will give him the highest possible rank, that of genius. Of course his ambition is to become a Poet;

the fame of our national bards has sounded in his ear, till it has awoke his slumbering aspirations ; he has studied their works with enthusiasm ; his mind has been like a flower feeding on light, and has become imbued with thoughts glorious as rainbow-hues. He knows that there are difficulties to be surmounted, and sets out determined to conquer them. Yes, the omnipotent power of his own genius shall carry him triumphantly through ! He accordingly sits down to the composition of a poem.

“ There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which poets only know,

says Cowper ; there is a pleasure in weaving the figures and culling the flowers of thought ; there is exultation of heart when a happy idea, or apt illustration occurs to the mind ; to riot and to revel in sweet thoughts is the bard's luxury and privilege, and in this he may now indulge awhile. He already hears in imagination the acclamations with which the world will hail the discovery of a NEW POET, and when he reflects that some bright eye, will beam the happier for his success, his exultation is at its height. As the work proceeds he occasionally reads such reviews as fall under his notice ; he is anxious to know if any rival has stepped in before him, and he frequently sees works slighted, which, had they been written fifty years since, would have insured their authors permanent fame ; but as he knows nothing of them, he concludes that they are not worthy public notice, and feels encouraged on that very account. A particular review has complained of the barrenness of the times in poetic feeling ; with what rapture will it receive his production ! He has yet to learn that most reviewers apportion their notice of a work less by its intrinsic merit, than by the degree of fame which the author already possesses. Well, we will now suppose the poem completed, and, as we imagined him a man of genius, we will consider it worthy of its author.

Manuscript in hand he is now traversing the streets of London, the arena where, first or last, his pretensions must be decided, and where he has just arrived. He reaches Albermarle street, and, standing on the opposite pavement, contemplates the door through which the works of our last great Poet found their way to the world, and almost wonders the aspect of the house has not something peculiar in it. He crosses the road; he ascends the steps, those very steps his great predecessor has most probably trodden before him, nay, the very handle of the door has been encircled by Byron's hand, and he retains it in his own grasp a moment longer on that account. Let us pass over his interview with the bookseller, "Mr. M——y has made up his mind not to publish any more poetry; can't ask you to leave it, Sir; it would not be read," is the subordinate's reply, and our Poet marches out of the shop fully determined to make the fortune of some inferior publisher. He sees through it all; "Mr. M——y does not wish to raise a rival whose fascinating writings would interfere with the sale of Lord Byron's works." He applies to Mr. B——y, then another, and another after him; with equal success. "Poetry a mere drug,—can't look at it—can't waste time, Sir!" These are his answers, and disappointed, if not dispirited, he returns home. The poem is afterwards published at the expense of his friends, and not a copy is sold except through their influence; the reviews slight it, just as he had seen them do hundreds before; one descants on the binding, another on the paper, and a third on the type, and that which had complained of the deficiency of poetic feeling, and from which he expected so much, passes it over with a few pithy remarks upon poetry in general, and that of the present age in particular, without saying one word on the book itself. His next production meets with a similar fate. He is still however determined to succeed, and now writes a drama and some short arti-

cles for magazines ; they are returned to him, and he feels his hopes break under him. He tries again and again, and either relinquishes the idea of pursuing a literary life, or becomes after repeated and wearying efforts a miscellaneous contributor to periodicals, or perhaps his heart breaks in the struggle. Alas ! often is the Neophyte of Literature but invested with the gown to become its martyr !

To prove that this picture is not overdrawn, we can narrate a parallel case. It is that of a young man, who had published one or two imaginative works, and, as his friends could no longer support him, he came to London with the purpose of endeavouring to sustain himself by contributing to periodicals. He had no literary acquaintance in the great city, but he set himself industriously to work, and soon completed an article which he instantly forwarded to the editor of a popular magazine ; it was rejected, as were many others which succeeded it. His small capital grew less and less. With a trembling hand and a mind distracted by the fear of approaching want, he applied himself sedulously to the production of another work, the subject of which he conceived would be more agreeable to the public taste, than any which he had attempted before, and he strained his mental powers in its investigation, and lavished the flowers of his fancy in adorning it ; when completed he was almost starving, and incapable from physical weakness of writing any more. The first day of the month arrived, and, opening the magazine to which it had been sent, he found his own initials among the list of rejected contributors. He hurried to the bookseller's to regain his MS, meeting on his way many of those unfortunate wrecks of gentility, who had become like him, the victims of authorship ; he glanced on his own thread-bare attire, which reminded him that he had now become one of their wretched fraternity ; and, as the shopman returned his parcel he fancied a

smile of derision was in his countenance, and rushed into the street, almost maddened by shame and despair.

A few days afterwards found him a houseless wanderer, without the means of satisfying the cravings of hunger; night came on; he stood in one of the great thoroughfares of the city; a crowd of fellow beings swept continually past, but what cared they for him? He looked through the blinds of a window; there was a merry party within; but what cared they for him? Rich men in their carriages were hurrying by, and he could distinguish fair forms in those carriages too, but what cared they for him? Would they think of the starving, but still proud man, whom they had passed in the streets?—He! a lonely unit in humanity's total, what cared the world for him? the crushing of a lap-dog beneath the wheel of a coach might affect society more than his perishing of want would do; and as these thoughts passed through his mind, he was almost tempted to throw himself under the chariots of the rich and proud, by whom his sufferings were unheeded. Wealth was around him, and he had not the means of subsistence; stately palaces rose up on all sides, and he had not a shelter for his head. He passed the night in the streets; morning found him fainting with fatigue, cold, and hunger; our laws have made destitution a crime, and he was dragged as an offender before the mis-named *Bar of Justice*! He soon afterwards sailed for a distant colony, where he obtained some humble situation and where he still remains. This was the fate of a man of good education, knowledge and ability, and *he was a Poet*!

The foregoing is a melancholy picture, "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true;" but who is to blame? Publishers must look to their own interest, Managers to theirs, and Editors have their regular contributors. If a man undertakes a desperate enterprize, he must be ready to endure the consequences of a failure. The tree

of literature is hard to climb, but there are golden fruits on the topmost branches, and on them the light of Fame shines too. Publishers are not always niggardly, on the contrary, they are often generous, when they think it to their interest to be so, and there have been instances of late in which they have injured their own fortunes by over liberality to favourite authors; but the literary debutant should be informed, as an equivoise to this, that when great authors are pampered, little ones are starved,—the beer of the latter is diminished to add to the former's champaign !

There is a brotherhood between literary men, nor are they the ill-natured race which in their angry moods, they describe each other to be, and it will generally be found that they themselves speak well of those reviews that aim rather to encourage than repress the efforts of young authors. Politics is the Gorgon of society, it turns men into stones, but shut the door on its ugly physiognomy, and literary society is the most pleasant in the world. Give me an hour's recreation with a man of letters, and though he had the inhumanity to cut up my last work, and the bad taste to refuse my last article; yet should I suspend my animosity, and even if I had him in the power of my pen, would spare him. Yes, if a literary life has its trials and struggles, it has also its counterbalancing pleasures. Fancy, the beautifier and adorning of life,—Fancy is our mistress, Reason our stern schoolmaster, and if the latter gives us a hard task to perform, the former generally contrives to enliven it with her presence; and when the toil is over, a short dalliance with her is sweet indeed ! It is something to feel that, however humble our condition, we are still of the same house with those whose names we honour most, and never-dying hope ceases not to whisper that our names may some day be enrolled with theirs. To be remembered is man's wish, and this wish twines itself with every effort of the literary man.

Finally, the author of this,—he who has painted the horizon of letters in colours so dark, and who gave such unpleasant advice at the commencement of his address, is one who, come weal or come woe, will still be

AN AUTHOR.

LINES ON LANDER'S TOMB, IN THE ISLAND OF
FERNANDO PO;

By Richard Johns, Author of "Ascension," &c.

In the silent depth of the forest shade,
Behold the traveller's rest !
Discovery's martyr in death is laid,—
He is gone where, the Great Discovery madè,
His soul is with the blest.

He had traced the course of the Quorra's tide,
The doubt of ages past ;
And England praised, till in patriot pride,
The traveller returned to his work, and died,—
The wanderer rests at last !

When the negro's grateful hymns resound
Along the Quorra's shore ;
When, light to the gentiles spreading round,
The prince, the chief, and the slave unbound,
Shall at the Cross adore ;

When the bondsmen of man and of Satan freed
The christian's rights assume ;
Afric, ashamed of her murderous deed,
By the forest growth and the giant weed,
May hide her victims tomb :

But Lander's name shall to memory rise,
While rolls the Quorra wave ;
And the scene of his daring enterprize
Shall tell of his fame, though the traveller lies
Where *none* may find his grave.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF A MAN OF KENT,

No. 1.

THE following papers are from the pen of an intimate friend, and have been left at my disposal, as will appear from an extract below. They are selections from a large number, the remainder of which, perchance, will one day appear, should the ception of these be sufficiently encouraging. There may be a few, very few, I am confident, who will recognise the paternity of these fragments, either from their style, or the opinions expressed in them. To that few I need not say one word respecting the author, for they must have known him well; and those who knew him not, will have little curiosity to learn the personal story of one, whose name, while he lived, was not written on the world's high places; and who resteth now

" Tombless, with no remembrance over him."

concerning his actions, good and evil, I will therefore be mute, and leave his own tongue to speak in the words which he hath written. The succeeding quotation from his will, is in his own handwriting.

" This is my will!—dictatorial enough, certainly, for a dead man, such as I soon shall be. But such is the pride of man. We are continually yearning to extend our dominion over the future: we would rule, even from out the kingdom of death, although we have yet to learn what it is to die. In life, how are our actions controlled by circumstances! Can we be more powerful when life has departed? Our thoughts cry—Nay;—it not so our actions. They are as if we dreamed that we would resolve, command, and be obeyed from the sepulchre. 'Tis—solemn farce—this is my will!

" S——, somewhere herein you are appointed my executor on good set terms.' I have been, as you well know, a great ribbler in my time; and to you I confide the produce of my lashed. You have *carte blanche* as to the disposal of my MSS. 'Take, burn, and destroy'—if you will; or print, publish, and sell—if you can. I believe I have no more to give. My follies have distributed to the world by instalments, year after year; and a trusty steward the world has been; not hiding them in a pocket, but doubling them, and trebling them, until, wherever I roamed, did I 'receive mine own with usury.'

" Let me lie beneath the turf, with no stone to mark my resting place. What have I to do with a monument, while so many England's mightiest sleep in unworthy sepulchres? And if I did any virtues, let them be 'interred with my bones,' that we may rise together at the last day."

It may be scarcely necessary to remark, that the injunctions contained in this singular paragraph have been obeyed, as far as possible. Few are they who know the place of my friend's 'narrow house.' I will now proceed to make some selections from his gleanings in the field of literature. The following, though but a fragment, is, I believe, as perfect as the author intended to make it, even if he had lived to this day. S.

THE DESTROYER.

My years are many—even beyond the utmost conception of human reason,—yet is mine age unscathed by the finger of decay. I am immortal,—ethereal,—miserable; haunted by undeparting hopes, which never can be realized,—that wither and revive, but to be once more withered,—are hourly crushed and revived, but to be crushed again. My existence is in uncertainty and suspense. I am denied even the refuge of despair.

All that is beautiful I love, and love but to destroy. All living things hate me, yet fear and flee me in their hatred: still I yearn to mingle with life. I come, and life is not. My steps are the graves of men. In my glance is a consuming fire; in my breath a devouring pestilence; in my presence the solitude of death.

Expand thy soul, O mortal! Stretch thy thoughts far, far through the immensity of the past, and mark—if thou canst mark it—that most distant part of definable time, where, to thine imperfect understanding, time seems almost identical with eternity. It was then, deep in the abysm of innumerable ages, that I first knew the thrill of existence; not weak in frame, not powerless in intellect; not the child of sin and the inheritor of sorrow, but fresh from the will of the Parent of All, as near to His perfection as the creature can approach to the attributes of his Creator;—and I was destined to behold even in their utter—their tremendous boundlessness, the glories of Him, who, though invisible in His workings, is ever seen in the Majesty of His works. Hast thou not traced Him, O man! in the

pathways of the universe? Hast thou not imagined His footsteps on the waters of the great deep? Hast thou not pictured Him in the vastness of Eternity, feared Him in Nature's convulsions; worshipped Him in her serenity; or loved Him in the peacefulness of thine own heart? If thou canst answer —nay, this record is not for thee.

Enough.—I was created: and high among the mightiest of the Spirits was my station. But there was one among the ministers of the Eternal, greater than I.

We met, the immortal ones, to offer our tribute of praise and adoration. In the midst was the throne of Jehovah; and around,—in the hall of His peculiar presence, not circumscribed by material hands, undefinable by words, and almost unapproachable in thought,—were gathered the mightiest of His ministers. There myriads of soul-winged seraphim bowed in silent veneration: beyond, unnumbered cherubim smiled forth the innocence, the love, which was a portion of their being: and farther still, the habitations of a noble, yet inferior race, whirled their first morn of existence. Spirit as I am, I was lost in the immensity around me, when a sound burst forth, too pure, too lovely, too unspeakable to be heard save in heaven. It was from the voices, from the *hearts* of the angels, borne on the pinions of ether. From the utmost limit visible to a Spirit's ken, the unconscious globes seemed to join in the concord; and even when the accents were stilled, the unpeopled space which circled around us seemed to be filled, even to overflowing, with the notes of music and song: and as I looked above that waveless flood of celestial melody, upon the Spirits of the Highest, and more distant, upon the abodes of His clay-formed creatures, I felt that I could love, I felt that I *did* love, each being, each world, which the Creator had called into existence. How little did I think that my lot was one day to be a wanderer, from star to star, from sun to sun, from sys-

tem to system, without a wish for destruction, yet impelled, irresistibly, to destroy their existence. I looked upon them, indeed, with a wishful eye; but in that wish there mingled not one aspiration unworthy of Heaven. I longed to know—that I might worship; to see—that I might love, and from the union of adoration and affection, glean that eternal happiness of which I felt my nature capable, and for which I knew my existence was intended. O that I could have marvelled, hoped, adored for ever! Then had I not been what I am.

I turned from my reverie. There stood one between me and the Majesty of Heaven. I knew that it was vain to hope to supplant him. If I had possessed that hope it would have been enough; but I felt it not: I could not feel it. There is no room for competition, no place for envy in the presence of the Almighty. Yet envy had been mine;—and my own thoughts whispered “THOU ART UNFIT FOR HEAVEN.”

I looked again towards the throne of Jehovah, but the light of His presence illumined me not. It shone on all around, stretching far even to infinity, yet I was among the nearest; and as it reached *me*, it became darkness. Horror fell upon me; and I exclaimed, “O! that I never had been created!” I felt that I had fallen, but knew not the consequences; when from the voices of all around me, burst forth the echo of my own thoughts—“THOU ART UNFIT FOR HEAVEN.”

I moved no limb. I breathed no prayer. I almost ceased to think. I would have avoided the scene around me, but I was a living conscience, and could not sleep. I turned away, but it was in vain. Wherever mine eyes were placed, they were met by the Majesty of Heaven. I asked not for mercy, for I felt within me the knowledge of my lot throughout all time. It was not borne thither by words; it was not graven there by lightning; it was not ushered by the blast of the trumpet; it was not echoed by the voice of the

thunder; but amid the dread stillness of the whole universe, I felt the sentence of Him who created me, that with the powers, the immortality of a Spirit of Heaven, I should become a wanderer, among many worlds:—but I deemed not I should be their ruin.

I was borne along by an invisible power, independent of my will. The living glory, which had burned almost palpably around, seemed to recede: and at each moment, a feeling of unutterable solitude seemed about to overwhelm me. I felt that life depended upon the presence of the Creator, and shuddered to think if there could be a place where he was not, and where life could never be;—and even as I marvelled, I deemed I had entered its portals;—that my very existence was an illusion;—that I was not, although I seemed to be; or that, if existing, mine hour of utter annihilation was at hand. I had not then conceived the boundlessness of the pervading Spirit of the Universe; and knew not that it was in the consciences of all rational beings, that the omnipresence of Him who had judged me was displayed; and that upon the light of His countenance was depending the station of each individual in the Universe of Life. I knew not the mystery of my own being; and every light thrown upon it has but darkened the clouds over things yet unrevealed; and though myriads of ages have passed away;—though in power and in knowledge I am far superior to mortality, the secrets of my existence and my destiny are hidden even from myself.

Even as the exceeding glory ceased to dazzle my sight, and I felt as if sinking into nothingness,—a new sense restored me to existence; a fresh scene opened to my view, till then concealed by the effulgence from which I was driven. Throughout all space around me, a subtile ether, half dim, half transparent, appeared to be undulating; and from among its waves, ever and anon, looked forth pure globes of stationary brightness,

vanishing and reappearing, as strength departed from, and returned to my unaccustomed vision. By degrees the waviness of mingled darkness and light sank steadily into a cold, pure medium, wherein were studded innumerable worlds,—some whirling and some motionless,—some red with flame, some sparkling with vivid radiance, and others smiling unconscious benignity, encircled with a halo so soft, that it seemed the shadow of light. And upon all was the stamp of the Creator, the plain, yet unspeakable impress of His hand, which said that He in His omnipresence was there, among living beings—the fountain of their life.

Still I pursued my way, with a velocity that laughed at the speed of the rolling spheres. The scene was changing, although not one object which I had seen vanished; but my spiritual sight was each moment adapting itself to the discernment of the Universe. Where, but now, all seemed void, in rapid succession sprung up an infinity of stars, as if fresh from the mould of creation. There was no pause in their appearance, but incessantly they flashed upon my startled vision. I would have stayed to marvel and admire, but a power not mine urged me on; and when I threw another glance around me, the void space was peopled with shining worlds; and all I could behold, above and below, was a crystal concave of refulgent light. The sublimity which environed me o'ermastered the force which impelled me on; and in the desert of the Universe I was still.

My vision grew more perfect. Amid that circling ocean of light, where the radiance of countless worlds had seemed blended in one interminable sun, I could distinguish the shape of each separate sphere; and saw that the globes, which had appeared one impenetrable barrier, round a wide realm of nothingness, were in reality distant from each other immeasurably far. I fixed my glance on one of the most distant, a small point of light it seemed at the extremity of creation:

"And there," methought, "at the farthest limit of existence, will I make myself a dwelling, until it shall be changed at the command of one mightier than I."

It was thither that destiny was urging me on. By every thought, by every act, I did but execute the sentence that was upon me. I looked stedfastly upon this unknown world, motionless as it then seemed. Though far less distant were planets innumerable, none hid—for a moment,—the disc of that one, which was to be first trodden by the foot of the erring Spirit. Methought it was brighter than its fellows. "I am not alone," I said, "in the Universe : there is yet one spot where I can make me an abiding place ; a congenial home to one who has fallen, yet, in his fall, not totally lost the impress of heaven."

Man ! Thou who, in the moodiness of solitary thought, beneath the influence of unchecked melancholy or ill-directed pride, hast deemed thyself an alien from those who bear a similar form, but are not touched with the same spirit ;—as thy fellow men, at such a time, have been to thee, so, to me, were the radiant denizens of the Universe. Perchance, in thy lonely hour, when solitude was advancing to utter desolation, thou hast found one, among the thousand around thee, whose looks, words, and thoughts were companions unto thine, and unto whom the sympathy of spirit hath so allured thee, that on that object alone have all thy desires been fixed, and all thy hopes centred, and the neglect, or the hatred of others have become things to be forgotten, or if not to be forgotten, things to be despised, when remembrance has been laid aside for hope, and sorrow has given place unto joy :—such, to me, was the sight of this distant planet. For a moment I forgot that I had erred, that I had been doomed, and that my punishment was before me ; but I yearned for that spot as for an everlasting resting place, and prayed that my feet might be clothed with the quickness of thought,—that I might wish, and be there.

Nearer and nearer I approached :—the very sphere seemed as if it came forth to meet me. No longer it twinkled to lure me on, but seemed to catch my glance, and look forth, full and stedfastly, to chide the tardiness of mine utmost speed. Larger and larger it grew, it appeared dilated for my coming, as if to clasp me in its bosom, and bid me find a dwelling there for ever.

I reached it. My touch was convulsion. The solid globe shook :—the mountains tottered :—the light of other worlds was dimmed :—there came a noise of rushing flame, with a boiling answer from the voice of the waters. The fire fought with the deep, and conquered. The riven sphere grew red—white—liquid. Earth glowed in the crucible of Heaven. It was the first destruction.

I gazed upon the shining mass ;—it reflected my form. There was a mark traced upon my forehead—
 “ AZRAEL, THE ANGEL OF DEATH.”

* * * * *

The Earth was regenerated by Him who had created it. Years passed on : again it was destroyed, again revived. So has it been a thousand and ten thousand times, more often than remembrance can number ; till it became the world that is.

* * * * *

The new-framed planet shunned me not ; but I walked thereon as a stranger. I had no inheritance there. Morn and eve, I wandered desolately around the barriers of Eden, seeking an entrance, but finding none.—I heard my name sounded,—“ Azrael ! Azrael !” Changed and degraded, before me stood he who in the Courts of Jehovah had been greater than I.

I scowled on him the frown of my hatred, but it was powerless. He returned it with the mocking laugh of Hell.

“ Art thou, too, an outcast from on High ?” I asked.
 “ Why dost thou haunt me ? Hence ! I know thee not.”

"My name is EVIL," replied the Spirit :—"men shall call me the morning star; and thou art my servant DEATH."

"Thy servant? I defy thee."

"Defy and serve, for I am thy master. Forget not I was above thee in Heaven. Follow me. I will make thee terrible."

"Whither?"

"Futo Eden. I have a master key; and where I am shalt thou be no stranger. Men will hate Death, yet cleave unto Evil."

The gates unclosed before the voice of the tempter. He led me forth to those who dwelled there. "Lo!" cried he, with a bitter smile, "In him is the knowledge of good and evil. I give him and his race to you, an inheritance for ever"

Race of men, ye are mine;—your noblest works are my heritage. Build ye palaces, and be proud,—but it is for me ye build them. Found ye cities, but remember for me ye found them. Would ye be no longer my servants,—dig graves,—for yourselves ye dig *them*!

* * * * *

"Azrael! the angels of heaven pay their vows to the daughters of earth. Wherefore art thou silent? Speak, and thou shalt prevail."

I mantled my form in darkness, and strode among the children of men, veiling myself from their sight, that they beheld me not, and lived. I stood by the door of a tent at midnight: without, all the host of heaven shone in the perfection of their beauty;—within, a mortal rested, more lovely in her sleep than they were in their brightness. And her's was a dream of human love for an angel-lover; and on the canvass of her thoughts commingled the remembrance of how they had met, of the words they had spoken, of the things they had hoped, of the thoughts yet by either unuttered. I spoke—"Rise, daughter of Beauty!

The love of an immortal is thine." She rose not—moved not—dreamed not—lived not. Her spirit had heard my words, and her slumbers were prolonged to the end of years. * * * * *

In the waves of the deluge my hand was seen : to my mastery were the elements committed. Morn broke as 'twere a second night : the sable clouds spread out their mourning folds, the winds were hushed with dread ; the sea howled with the voice of anger ; the prophet raised his unavailing words. I opened the windows of heaven ; the fountains of ocean were loosed : the waters rushed from their bondage. Men strove, in vain to pray, and, e'en in looking on their grave, gasped, horror-stricken, and died.

The living rushed to the mountains, but the waters were too strong for them : they gained the summit, and there, hopeless and refugeless, did their graves grow over them. At morn, 'twas an o'erpeopled world,—at eve, the desolate waters lay before me.—The work of the destroyer was done.

* * * * *

The palace and the cottage are alike open to my footsteps. Each knows and hates my presence. In the hamlet my voice is no stranger, but in the city it is an ever-sounding knell. I passed through the crowded habitations. "The Plague ! the Plague !" was echoed by pale and quivering lips. Man fled from his fellow man. Even the strongest, holiest ties were weak before the power of the spell. A mark was placed on the doors of the victims, that Death might find no egress. The home and the hearth became the living tomb of those who had lived and loved there. Sudden and loathsome was the blow. Grief grew dumb before the presence of fear : and the clay would not wait for the grave ere it saw corruption. The streets grew desolate. Suspicion and terror had there found an abiding place. No sound was heard, save the groaning of the dying,

and a chilling cry midst the darkness of night—"Bring out your dead!" * * * * *

I sought the ocean, that I might find—not make—a solitude. The sea birds shrieked—drooped—died. The monsters of the deep saw—sought them—and died with them. Leviathan floated lifelessly on the element. The nautilus furlled his tiny sail. The very waves became fetid with death. Heavily and sluggishly sighed the bosom of the main;—there was no foam, no freshness;—no cloud rested above it, save the thin green incense of corruption, weighing down the wings of the wind. I passed a mighty bark, as it swung languidly on the healthless ocean. The lightning flashed from mine eyes;—the tall masts quivered;—the crew fell scattered like autumnal leaves; their knell was sounded by the elements; the thunder sat upon the face of the waters; and I looked that the sea should have given up her dead—it was so terrible.

* * * * *

Time is but an episode in the grand epic of Eternity. It hastens towards its close. Then shall even destruction be destroyed; that which men have called Death, shall be known only as mutability, and they who inherit life shall no longer be mutable. The books of men's works shall be opened, not written in earthly characters;—but on the pages of each man's conscience, shall his deeds and his doom be graven. The pilgrimage of mortals, and the mission of THE DESTROYER, in the same hour shall cease.

Just like a child with bells and coral,
Is lordly man, I wis;
He must be soothed with a gingling moral,
Whose sound right pleasant is;
Bright hues do most his fancy tickle,
And things that are soft to touch;
In his heart, alack! there of pride is mickle,
And of vanity overmuch;
Tell him how good, and how great is he,
And mark how pleased the poor worm will be. H.G.A.

POKINGS IN POETRY,

No. 1.

" Georgy Peorgy, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made 'em cry;
When the girls came out to play,
Georgy Peorgy ran away."—*Old Ballad.*

THE above is a fragment of an old ballad, or lyric poem, the remainder of which is unfortunately submerged, beyond all hope of recovery, in the dull waters of the Lethean lake. How or why this stanza was rescued from the general wreck we can merely conjecture, suffice it to say, that in turning over the leaves of an ancient edition of the Doolittlean Hididdle-diddle, of child-pacifying notoriety, we discovered the heart-stirring fragment which stands at the head of this article; and forthwith formed an implacable resolution of giving a full exposition of the same, at our earliest convenience.

There are few men, we imagine, in the United Kingdom, who have not at some period of their lives, been attentive perusers of the interesting work above-mentioned; and who, no doubt, have thirsted to hear the *finale* of Georgy Peorgy's eventful history. It now remains for the microscopic eye of the critic to discover facts, which may partially, if not entirely dissipate the gloomy, and almost impenetrable mists which envelope these reminiscences of by-gone ages.

In the lines now before us we have a circumstantial account of two interesting and important incidents, in the life of a celebrated character, who existed in the reign of the Emperor Charlemagne, at that glorious period, when the sun of civilization was just dawning on ages of ignorance and barbarism. The name of our hero was George, to which is superadded the endearing diminutive of Peorgy, which was no doubt fashionable at the time our author flourished. We now proceed to throw a gleam or two of light on the latter part of the

first line, which presents so much appalling difficulty to that class of sublunarians, whom Pope has emphatically denominated "*hackney-critics*." Reader! we are no hackney critic, but a long stager, whose progress nothing, from a turnpike gate to a *chevaux de frise* has power to arrest. But this is digression; now for our subject. The two *soubriquets*, Pudding and Pie, seem fraught with inexplicability to an indifferent observer, but we are determined to analyze the pudding, and at least to have a "finger in the pie." In explanation of this, we beg to advance it as our firm opinion, that our hero had an unusual predilection for these good old English confectionaries, and thereby elicited the Epicurean cognomina of Pudding and Pie, from his more stoical contemporaries. This is our version of the story, but some benighted individual, whose delight it is to throw a shade of calumny over the talented performances of great geniuses, has had the unparalleled audacity to assert, that the author was troubled to finish the line, and therefore introduced the two epithets to fill it up;—but enough of this;—let the miscreant have his opinion all to himself, for no other individual we are satisfied, could, in the present age of enlightenment, fall into the same lamentable error. In the next line we have our hero exhibited in an extremely novel and interesting character;—namely,—that of kissing the girls. This is an employment to which the Georgy Peorgys of modern times are all, more or less, addicted, so that some excuse is to be made for this infringement of the laws of decorum. But this is not all, (would that it were): the word girls being in the plural number, superinduces the belief that he was a gay deceiver, and one who took delight in trifling with the affections of young ladies. But be this as it may, we are constrained to assert, in spite of our exquisite sense of propriety, that if we had intended to move a select party of young ladies to tears, the method Georgy Peorgy adopted,

was the last which could have presented itself to our imagination. However, the girls were kissed, and the tears *were* shed, beyond the possibility of a doubt, and our author proceeds to say, that when the aforesaid girls had overcome their excited feelings so far, as to admit of their coming out in a body, to enjoy the refreshing influence of a little air and exercise, the redoubtable Georgy Peorgy was seized with such compunctious visitings of conscience, on beholding those sweet faces, which he had been the means of irrigating with briny floods of tears, that he forthwith proceeded to "amputate his walking cane," or, in vulgar parlance, "cut his stick" with inconceivable rapidity, which brings my narrative to an abrupt conclusion. Whither he directed his steps is not known, but we have since learned from an ancient MS, that he was met by a friend, in a breathless state, which friend kindly requested him to perform the pleasant operation of "putting his head in sack," and at the same time obscurely intimated an intention of coming to dine with him, when the aforesaid operation should be accomplished. After this we presume that Georgy Peorgy relapsed into insignificance, as we can find no mention of him in any authentic record. We now hope that we have given such an explanation of this fragment, as will enable the most superficial observer to understand the minutest details of it. QUIS-QUIS.

ON A SPRIG OF EVERGREEN.

Give not to me the gaudy flow'r
That brightly blooms in Summer's hour,
But this, so plain in outward mien,—
Stern Winter's storm-proved Evergreen!

False friends awhile may constant seem,
Whose friendship fadeth like a dream;
Give me the one that's always seen,
Unchanging,—like the Evergreen!

Rochester.

W.H.C.

THE TRADITIONS OF THE CLERK OF F—, IN KENT,

AS RELATED TO HIS GRAND-CHILD MARGARET.

Part 1.

Dost ask me of my grandsire, child? then rest beneath this tree,
 And I'll tell ye who my grandsire was, and what his history.
 He could not trace his lineage back, to high-born Saxon Thanes,
 Nor boasted he of Norman blood, fast flowing in his veins.
 He sprang from no renowned knight; no men of blood werethy,—
 His ancestors,—whose task it was, their fellow-men to slay.
 They wore no star upon their breasts, no garter on the knee,
 Wrought in some quaint and rare device set forth in heraldry.
 And yet his origin was good,—his father's worth was known
 To vie with e'en a noble Peer's, or Prince's on his throne.
 He revelled 'midst no hoarded coin, no glittering heaps of gold;
 His riches were by him and us, his children, never told.
 His nobleness was of the heart, his riches of the mind;
 And he was heir to more than oft is found in human kind.
 He dwelt amidst a pastoral vale, and flocks and herds were his,
 And one who loved him helped to make his sum of earthly bliss.
 His were the fields of golden corn, that waved upon the lea,
 From which arose the lark at morn, so gladsome and so free, }
 To sing "at Heaven's gate" her song, of wondrous harmony. }
 His was the woody dell, the copse, the waters still and lone,
 That 'midst the quiet pastures flowed around his peaceful home.
 For ought else cared he, sayest thou, save the children on his knee?
 Yes, Margaret! truth he honoured most virtue and piety.
 He knelt not at the altars, where the tens of thousands kneel,
 He felt not e'en as myriads of thinking creatures feel;
 But yet he worshipped God, fair child, and strove to do his will,
 And what to many error seemed, as truth he cherished still;
 And dauntlessly, and fearlessly, pursued he his career,
 He placed his trust on high, and what had his true heart to fear?
 The memory of my grandsire, oh! 'tis with me even now;
 For intellect was graven on his high and open brow.
 I saw him as an aged man, when on his staff he leant,
 And still the majesty of thought sat on each lineament.
 I saw him when he sallied forth to his lowly house of prayer, }
 Upon the sabbath morn, and calm, and reverend was his air, }
 And most benevolent the smile, his features used to wear. }
 That smile,—I watched it as a child,—has never passed away,
 Nor will it from my mind, although, my locks like his are grey.
 And then his voice, when oft he spoke to those his heart held dear,
 Fell like the sweetest music breathed, upon the listening ear.

Oh! when I think, my Margaret, of my grandsire and of those,
 Like him, the champions of truth, now gone to their repose,
 I feel how poor, how feeble, are the beings of to-day,
 And bless my forefathers, my child, e'en while my spirit may.
 They severed the oppressor's yoke, they loosened freedom's chain;
 They rent the bonds of ignorance, and knowledge woke again.
 Thank God! my child, my Margaret, that such as he have been
 To bless and sanctify the earth; although their memories seem }
 Like a tradition on our lips, and to our hearts a dream.

I DE V.....

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

A SONNET, BY W. H. PRIDEAUX.

THE everlasting harmony of things,
 Which is the soul of our existence here,
 Floats through the universe; and we revere
 The stirring memory its creation brings,
 Of the dim twilight of departed springs,
 When blest affections crowned the growing year:
 Green Spring, glad Summer, and brown Autumn are,
 Wake each the music of their varied strings;
 And Winter, floating on his sombre wings,
 Bears to our home fire-sides domestic cheer,
 Scaring the frowning ghost of Gloom and Fear.
 To such the heart of mortal fondly clings,
 With proud expectancy—till Hope has fled,
 And we are numbered with the silent dead.

APRIL. A SONNET.

Now blue-eyed April, smiling through her tears,
 Comes,—half in shadow half in sunshine drest,—
 A wreath of violets on her head she wears,
 And daffodils are nodding on her breast;
 With face now upward turned, and now deprest,
 She moveth slowly on, like one that fears
 She may not meet the objects of her quest,—
 The bright and beautiful of former years:
 Her brother March resigns his throne to her,
 And blusters out a boisterous farewell;
 She,—with a voice like lute or dulcimer,—
 Meekly replieth; while in every dell
 The fair trees blossom, and the bright flowers spring,
 And feathered songsters pour their notes of welcoming.

H.G.A.

HYSTORY AND ROMANCE.

UNDER this heading, we propose, as well as the limited space will permit, introducing to our readers some of the most remarkable personages who have figured in the annals of our native county. We shall not, in these slight sketches, adhere strictly to historic truth, but be guided in a great measure by fancy in weaving the incidents, and working out the plot—if plot it may be called, where so little ingenuity is displayed in the construction;—neither, we trust, will the antiquary and the historian, if such ever deign to turn those eyes, dim with pouring over musty parchments, and worm-eaten records of the olden times—on these, our ephemeral pages,—have their nice sense of propriety too greatly shocked, by seeing persons brought together, who, according to the natural order of things, never could have met; and hearing incidents related, that could not by any possibility have happened; such, for instance, as sending “Jack Cade” to oppose the landing of “Julius Cæsar,” the “Biddenden Maids” to assist at the erection of “Kit’s Coty House,” or “Hengist & Horsa” to the “treadmill,” for stealing the lead off “Tenterden Church,” and “Bishop Gundulph” to keep them company, for receiving the same, knowing it to have been dishonestly come by; although *facts* as startling, or nearly so, are frequently met with in the “Historical Romances” of which the press has of late years, produced so abundant a supply. Our object is to amuse, and we hope our readers will give us credit for the good intent, nor harshly criticise the attempt.

SKETCH, No. 1.

“How say ye she is called? Buleyn—Anne Buleyn, daughter of Sir Thomas, down here at Hever Castle? God’s truth! the wench is fair. Methinks, Lord Surrey, thy Geraldine would scarcely bear comparison.” “Nay, nay, my leige!” replied the party thus addressed, “Be-

lieve thou not a lover will admit, that there are others fairer than his mistress. She is to him the brightest star of any that shineth in the galaxy of heaven ;—the sweetest flower that blooms to beautify his pathway here ;—the rarest gem that glitters in his sight. But, to say truth, yon maiden is a comely, and a fair. She hath a step stately as Juno's, yet light and graceful, as the frolic nymphs that wait on buskined Dian ; a form of Nature's delicatest fashioning ; Cytheria, when rising from the briny element, looked not more beautiful. Her eyes, how large and lustrous, and the glance she sends how fraught with love's own eloquence ; and what a smile of most bewildering sweetness plays round her lips, so ripe and cherry-like."

"Enough, my Lord!" somewhat impatiently interrupted the last speaker, "You poets make a deity of woman, investing her with all those attributes which least may fit her for this workday world. For me, I care not for your Goddesses, your fair divinities—too pure, too holy for a mortal's love ;—no, by my soul ! with all her imperfections and her faults, give me a living, breathing, loving creature ; one that I can entwine mine arms about, and feel her heart responsive beat to mine. But hush ! she comes this way. I will retire, my Lord ; do thou with pleasant speeches so beguile the time, that she shall never heed the going on't, till I have changed this dress, all travel-soiled, and stand before her as a monarch should."

The reader is by this doubtless aware, that the speakers in the foregoing dialogue, are Henry 8th and the Earl of Surrey ; and the beautiful and unfortunate Anne Buleyn, is the maiden who has attracted the notice of the amorous monarch, kindling that flame in his bosom which shall light her to the scaffold. The scene is the garden at Penshurst, where, amid the trim parterres, straight paths leading to quaintly fashioned arbours, and shrubs clipped by the hand of man into a thousand fanciful de-

vices, she was wont to pass many hours of her happy existence, musing "in maiden meditation, fancy free" upon the beauties of art and nature that surrounded her.

Penshurst Place,—which afterwards became so celebrated for having given birth to that accomplished warrior, statesman, poet, and philosopher, Sir Philip Sidney, justly named the "incomparable"—was then in its palmy state of splendour and magnificence, the grounds having been freshly laid out, and beautified, and the mansion fitted up as an occasional residence for royalty, it having reverted to the Crown, on the attainure of its late possessor, the Duke of Buckingham, for high treason.

The steward of the demesne, a gentleman of good birth and breeding, with whom her father was on terms of intimacy, had invited the lovely Anne to come as often as she listed, and wander at her "own sweet will" amid the shady groves and sunny lawns of this enchanting spot, and she had ridden over from Hever Castle on the day in question, being unaware of the presence of the King, who had arrived somewhat unexpectedly that morning, and little dreaming how momentous to her would be the visit.

Slowly the maid advanced towards the leafy screen which hid the noble poet from her view, and pausing to inhale the fragrance of a flower, now to admire a statue, now lingering by a fount whose crystal jets, gleamed in the sunshine, and glittered like a shower of diamonds as the water returned scattered and broken to the basin. In one hand she held a book, it was Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, a poem, as its title sufficiently indicates, descriptive of the tender passion, and it would seem, by the heaving of her bosom, the flushing of her cheek, and the soft, languishing expression of her large dark eyes, that her heart was not insensible to the witchery of a theme, so seductive to a maiden of eighteen, for such appeared to be about her age.

Again she pauses, but it is not to examine flower, or fount, or statue; the book is opened, and she reads, it may be for the hundredth time, half audibly, the following lines, written in pencil on the inner side of the cover.

“What word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turn'd, and made in twain?
It is mine Anna, God it wot,
The only causer of my pain;
My love that meedeth with disdain.
Yet is it loved, what will you more?
It is my salve, and eke my sore.*

Above this, written in ink, and in bolder characters, the curious observer might note,

Master Thomas Wyatt, Myf Booke,

followed by,

Commended to the notice of that parragon of Beautie, the
Gentle Ladie Anna,

more faintly traced, as if the writer feared his temerity might give offence. Such however did not appear to be the case, as a sweet smile stole over the face of the maiden while perusing the words, and her eyes sparkled with innocent pleasure.

She starts, and hastily closes the book, as a voice, rich and melodious, rings through the green alleys, harmonizing with the murmur of the founts, the singing of the birds, and the whisper of the breeze, stirring the blossom-laden branches and shrubs of spicy perfume, till the atmosphere is impregnated with delicious odours.

In this delightful season, rife with bud and blossom,
To her mate the turtle telleth her soft tale;
Verdure-clad is every hill—every valley's bosom,
Where, in feathers newly clothed, sings the nightingale;
Well we know that Summer's come, every spray now springeth,
In the park the hart hath hung his old horns in the pale,
In the brake the stately buck, his Winter coat he flingeth,
'Neath the tide the fishes glide, with new repaired scale.

* See Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, Pickering's Aldine Edition.

The adder casts his slough away, the swallow swift pursueth
 Through the grassy meadow, the gauzy-winged flies;
 The busy bee, with industry, her Summer work now doeth,
 Winter's gone, beneath whose touch every flow'et dies.
 All things fair and beautiful that can give man pleasure,
 Meet the view, where'er we turn, but, sweet Ladie, thou
 Richer art in loveliness—fairer beyond measure
 Than aught beneath the blessed sun, so to thee I bow!*

At the conclusion of this madrigal, the singer who, as our readers may have conjectured, was the Earl of Surrey, sprang from his hiding place, and sinking gracefully on one knee before the startled maiden, addressed her thus, "Forgive me, oh, lovely Ladie, for intruding uninvited into thy presence; but if thou walkest thus abroad in the resplendency of thy charms, blame not a poor moth, that he is dazzled by the blaze and irresistibly drawn to bask therein. But" he continued lowering his voice, first having looked carefully round to see that no one was approaching, "a truce to compliments. Fair maiden! I have that to say which greatly imports thee: thou wilt perhaps place more confidence in my words, when I tell thee that I am Henry Howard, thy cousin, and the dear friend of Thomas Wyatt, who may have mentioned my poor name in thy presence; that thou art the lovely Anne I am well assured, from the faithful description he has given me of thy beauty, and from having once seen thee when with thy father, Sir Thomas Buleyn, thou visitedst the Wyatts at Allington Castle; but suffice it that I *do* know that thou art the object of my friend's dearly cherished love, therefore would I avert from thee a threatened danger. Fly from this spot, I conjure thee! as thou valuest the affections of him to whom thou art dearer than life; as thou wouldest escape a doom of infamy and disgrace! Get thee to horse, and pause not—tarry not, till thou art once more beneath the shelter of the paternal roof! Thou

* The whole of this song, except the last four lines, is an adaptation from the Earl of Surrey's beautiful sonnet beginning,

"In the soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings."

hast been seen by one, who—but another time it shall be explained. We lose the opportunity by longer tarrance. Come, I will conduct thee to the gate." So saying, he arose and taking the maiden's passive hand,—for she had stood, with pale cheeks and wondering eyes, listening to the torrent of words he poured forth,—and hastily conducted her to an embattled postern, which opened upon the court yard of the mansion, and then with a courtly salutation bade her "God speed," in tones which proved the sincerity of the wish. Alarmed she knew not why, the maiden crossed the court, summoned her attendants, and ere many minutes had elapsed, her palfrey was cantering through the noble park, now seen, now disappearing, behind the clumps of giant oaks, wide spreading chesnuts, and beautiful silver-leaved beeches, with which the ground was—and is at the present day—so richly diversified.

Meanwhile the Earl had returned to his station in the garden, and with downcast looks was pacing to and fro awaiting King Henry's arrival. He knew the disposition of the impetuous monarch too well, not to dread the effect of his anger, but like a brave spirit, prepared himself to meet whatever might be the result. Nor was he long kept in suspense; the well known "ah, ha!" broke upon his ear, and a finely-portioned, though somewhat portly man, was seen issuing from a shady alley at no great distance, the jewels on his person flashing as he came into the sunshine, and the plumes on his velvet cap waving to the breeze. There was a smile on his broad, bluff, but not unhandsome countenance, as he emerged from the shade, which quickly gave place to a less agreeable expression, as he perceived the Earl was alone, and his favorite exclamation, "by the mother of God!" broke forth, when he had gazed around, and became fully convinced that the maiden had indeed left the place. "My Lord of Surrey, how's this? I bade ye keep the wench in parlance till I had changed my travel-

soiled habiliments. Ye are not wont to fail in such a duty, nor, by my halidom ! will I believe that ye have lost the art of pleasing on a sudden—ah !”

“My Liege,” replied the Earl, “I might not retain the maid against her will.”

“Against her will ?” repeated the incensed King, but ye should so have wrought upon her by pleasant speeches, and soft flatteries, that like a bird charmed by the glance of basilisk, she had remained, nor felt an inclination to stir hence.” Then stamping with his foot, as the sense of disappointment inflamed his passion, he continued “We’ll see, we’ll see, whether a short confinement in the tower, may not improve thy powers of pleasing—ha !” and turning, strode away, leaving the Earl to meditate on his probable punishment. The monarch seldom threatened what he meant not to perform, and shortly after our noble poet might be seen confined within a gloomy apartment of the Tower of London, a warning and example to all who dare disobey an imperious master. Yet was he cheered and supported by the consciousness of rectitude, and the man who could write thus in his imprisonment, was not likely to despond because he had lost the favour of a capricious tyrant.

“Thraldom at large hath made this prison free,
Danger well past, remembered, works delight.
Of ling’ring doubts such hope is sprung, pardie !
That nought I find displeasing in my sight.”*

LIFE’S SIMILITUDES.

We are as bubbles on the wave,
Seen, but to disappear ;
We are as dew-drops, which a grave
Find in each flow’ret near ;
We as falling snow flakes white
Soon trodden in the mire ;—
As sparks of meteoric light,
That in their birth expire.

H.G.A.

* See Earl of Surrey’s Poems, Pickering’s Aldine Edition.

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER,

Seen, whilst crossing from Calais, after three years' absence from England.

GUARDIANS of Britain's isle! rocks, stern and fast,
 That tower majestic o'er the baffled main;
 Spurning the frothful surge—the shrieking blast,
 With look unmoved of conquering disdain;
 I greet ye—hail! oh! after wanderings past,
 How the heart thrills to meet ye once again!
 Rocks of my home! the stately and the free,
 I greet, greet ye, from your subject sea.
 How stern ye look! with crested heights that rear
 Their warning beacons to the spreading sky:
 What calm defiance in your frown severe
 To rash aggression's scrutinizing eye,
 When, to your towers, gathering far and near,
 Rush Freedom's sons, to conquer or to die.
 Thus may ye ever rest, in dread repose,
 A shield to Britain, and a bane to foes.
 Cliffs of my Country! many a weary way
 My step hath wandered from your lofty strand;
 And Nature, dressed in all her bright array
 Of varied loveliness, my eye hath scanned;
 Where olive dells in fragrant sunshine lay,
 And myrtles bloomed, by breathing zephyrs fanned:
 But 'mid such Eden—flowers, foliage, wave—
 How the blood warmed that man should be a slave!
 Still in my heart thy image lay enshrined,
 Land of my home! and from my path of flowers,
 To thy green hills, sweet pensive thoughts inclined,
 Blent with bright visions of departed hours:
 And o'er the far, dim memories of the mind,
 Gush'd love's regretful tears, like vernal showers.
 England, my home! I view thee once again,
 From thy own sea, thou Mighty of the Main!
 Yes—hail, proud rocks—ye are as giants strong—
 And though, to Southern eyes, ye seem but rude,
 Bright glowing memories around ye throng,
 And gallant hearts, with patriot love imbued;
 And deeds, long hallowed by undying song,
 Speak their stern records from your solitude.
 Dash on, thou Barque! the brightest land to me

SONG.

HERE'S a health to thee, Liberty, spirit divine!
 Enthroned in the hearts of the free,
 May Heaven preserve the pure flame of thy shrine
 To the land that's devoted to thee;
 May the Sons of Britannia in thy hallowed cause
 Ever prove themselves loyal and true,
 May the traitor who yields to thy enemy's laws
 Ever meet with foul Treachery's due.

Here's a health to the brave who've triumphantly fought
 Defending the rights of the free,
 Who ne'er in the conflict ingloriously sought
 Like dastards, from peril to flee;
 Here's a cup in deep silence to martyrs who've died
 'Mid the slaughter of murderous blows,
 To the men who for Liberty sternly defied
 The array of her tyrannous foes.

Hurrah! ye freeborn,—to the brim fill the bowl,
 A bumper come drink to our theme,
 That proudly inspires every true Briton's soul
 And in bondsmen creates the fond dream;
 May the sceptre of Tyranny's merciless sway
 From the grasp of the tyrant be hurled,
 And the banner of Liberty ere long display
 Her dominion throughout the wide world.

G. JACKSON.

MAY, A SONNET.

THE month of May is here—the pleasant May!
 Her merry voice is ringing through the wood,
 Her brow is decked with hawthorn blossoms gay,
 She smiles on all things, as a maiden should;
 Sun light is round her, and a perfect flood
 Of melody; she goeth on her way
 Rejoicingly, and bids each glistening bud
 Of all its hidden charms to make display.
 Come forth, oh, ye who are in cities pent!
 Roam in the green wood, wander by the stream,
 Health shall ye know, and careless merriment,
 Where silver daises in the meadows gleam;
 Hark to the singing bird, the humming bee,
 Why come ye not to join in Nature's jubilee?

H.G.A.

THE SPRING OF LIFE,

A SONNET, BY W. H. PRIDEAUX.

OUR spring of life is like a May rose blowing,
 Sunshine and fragrance round it fondly playing;
 Radiant with hopes, like "poesy a maying;"
 Delight comes kindling where our steps are going,
 And a wide landscape of Romance bestowing,
 Bower, and brake, and every scene arraying
 With its bright hues ideal;—love displaying
 In our free speech, and the impatient flowing
 Of the full spirit's tides;—a vestment throwing
 Of Tyrian splendour over young desire,
 That pants with fervid emulation, glowing,
 For the rich promise and its gay attire:
 But Time with sweeping scythe the crop is mowing,
 Life's Spring is gone, and Summer fast decaying.

THE DEW-DROP,

A SONNET, BY T. L. MERRITT.

THE dew-drop sparkles in the morning's beam,
 How tremulously beautiful its rays,
 Transcending e'en the diamond's changeful blaze;
 Some angel surely wept it in his dream!
 The thirsty bee doth sip that crystal stream,
 The "painted lady" there her wings displays,
 Whose gay reflection thence her flight delays:—
 How oft with death like dalliance doth teem!
 But wert thou dropt by angel-eyes? Nay—nay,
 The same Almighty hand the earth that made,
 And the wide sea, in thee is all displayed:
 Come then, proud Atheist, view this drop and pray
 That He who gave its hues, which ne'er shall fade,
 May change thy darkness to eternal day!

A wriggling thing is the Earth-worm man,
 Creeping, crawling, wherever he can;
 No place is so narrow, none so small,
 But he will find means, and the wherewithal
 To feast and be merry, and pass away
 The few short hours of his life-long day!

ROUGH NOTES ON THE GEOLOGY
OF
MAIDSTONE AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD,
BY W. H. BENSTED.

"We must not, however praiseworthy it is to admire, lose ourselves in wonder, but steadily persevere in searching after the whole truth; for by so doing we shall best display the harmony that exists in all the works of Nature, and prove that we possess a mind open to conviction, the possession of which is an enjoyment we must ever feel grateful for to Him who gave it."—*Somerby.*

YET who amongst us, on seeing an impression of a sea shell, embedded in the hard and stubborn rock, have not felt themselves "lost in wonder" at the remarkable though well known circumstance; "How came it there?" is naturally asked.

It is only by ceasing to wonder and steadily persevering in searching after the truth, we can arrive at a satisfactory conclusion of the means whereby this extraordinary event was brought about.

Nature is ever at work, in the tranquil deposits of the profound ocean, or in the mighty up-heavings of continents; she is all-sufficient in embodying animalcula in flint, or in shivering mountains of granite to their solid basements; the means which she employs to envelope the fragile shell in a rock, that now turns the hardest steel, yet preserving the delicate texture of its pearly coatings, are as perfect towards the end as the simplest event that passes before our eyes, and when after an entombment for ages in darkness, the fossil again glitters with the light of day, again divides the sun's rays into their prismatic colours, well we may gaze upon this beautiful relic of a former world, "well may we wonder," but better may we set ourselves about searching for the means by which this *wonder* has been wrought, and we need not go far to see in our own time the laborator at work, that has produced, and is still producing, these interesting objects.

Water, whether as the falling shower, the trickling rill, the flowing river, or the surging ocean that unceasingly

batters the towering cliffs, is one of the great agents, that, by working constant changes upon the earth's surface, brings about many of the phenomena that excite our interest and attention. The rains swell the rill, and it pours its turgid stream into the larger river, which, charged with the pulverized soil of distant lands, flows onwards to the sea; at length the motion ceases, and the waters deposit their matter; a bank is formed of exceedingly minute particles of earth, with sea shells, wood, bones and other substances embedded in it; accumulation goes on, and then compression, with other agencies, convert the bank of sand into stone, and it is only Time that shifts the scene, and has carried from us the period of the striking of these "Medals of Creation."

What an interesting course of thought is called into existence by the contemplation of a fossil bound in the solid fastness of the mountain rock, in the beautiful white chalk, or in the fragile matrix of marl or clay.

Let us look abroad, wherever it may be, and we shall find something worth attention in the shape, structure, or general features of the earth; let us stand upon one of those breezy hills whose bold escarpment gives a fine opportunity for observing the valleys and rising grounds below; or from the brow of yon dizzy cliff, whose jagged front seems to frown in sullen grandeur, and contemplate the varied surface of the scene beneath us.

On the right, the hill recedes and falls, with undulating sweeps, to the valley, through which the Medway, sparkling like molten silver, glides towards the ocean; but on the opposite side the chalk again rises, and boldly stretches towards Trotterscliff, whose precipitous side makes a conspicuous feature in the landscape, and behind which the distant hills of Surry are to be traced, receding in the soft blue, as they stretch away into Sussex, and end at the bold cliff of Beachy Head, forming the South Downs. On the left, the swelling sides of these interesting hills are lost to the view in the far East, and run onwards

until they likewise form precipitous cliffs at Dover Castle, and the far-famed height immortalized by Shakespeare, forming the North Downs, thus making an oval figure of considerable circumference, and which may be compared to a dyke or embankment, that, like a belt, surrounds the weald of Kent and Sussex. The valley immediately below, is composed of lower chalk, and, in some districts, a formation called Fire-stone, or upper Green Sand, but no traces of its existence have been met with in the immediate neighbourhood, it is most probably blended with the beds of Galt or Folkstone-marl, from under which the beds of lower Green Sand or Rag stone arise, and they continue until another bed of clay is met with, called Weald Clay; this ceases upon the appearance of the Hasting's sands which rise out from beneath the clay; near Tonbridge Wells they attain considerable elevation, and at Crowborough form a hill 804 feet above the level of the sea; this hill is the apex of a volcanic ejection that has been thrown up to its present position by the force of heat, most likely at no very great depth in the earth. This formation of sand stone is in the centre, and may be compared to a cone surrounded by the concentric beds of, 1st Weald Clay, 2nd Lower Green Sand, 3rd Galt, & 4th Chalk, as a section of this arrangement may be perfectly traced upon the shores of Kent and Sussex, beginning at Dover, and continuing to Beachy Head in the English Channel.

There is every reason to believe that all the above mentioned formations were at one time lying above the sand stone of Tonbridge Wells, Hastings, &c., and that when Crowborough was forced through them, they were lifted up and displaced, and accompanied, or soon followed by a powerful action of water, which burst the dyke or embankment of chalk, and the partings so made are now the channels of rivers, which, rising near to the centre of elevation, pass through sections of the concentric beds before mentioned.

In Kent the rivers Medway, Darent, and Stour; in Surrey the Mole, Wey and Wandle; and in Sussex the Cuckmere, Ouse, Adur, and Arun, are instances of comparatively small streams running through valleys of disruption, which were scooped out by a power not now in existence.

This is no doubt startling to a mind that is not prepared, to read the geological language of displaced formations, with their rents, fissures, dipping of strata,—the scattered boulders of Druid sand stone, that lie half hid in the surface soil, or the flat characteristic of alluvial deposits; but the causes that produced such effects are seen in the acting events of the present time, and the geologist can trace the power that produced many phenomena that the uninitiated would look upon with simple wonder, and then depart with no light upon his mind to clear up the difficulty.

As certain as was Robinson Crusoe that man had visited his Island, when he traced the foot mark of the savage upon the sands, is the geologist, when he sees the impression of a marine shell in the rock, that the sea once was there, and was a great agent in bringing about this *Wonder*.

[*To be continued.*]

GREAT MEN'S PROMISES.

Who trusts in great men's promises,
Is like to one, on stormy seas
Who rideth in a shallop frail,
Without a compass, oar, or sail;
Or one that on a frozen stream
Lyeth, indulging in a dream
Of gladness, while the solar ray
Is melting silently away
The barrier 'twixt him and death,
In either case he perisheth,
With none to stretch a helping hand,
Or draw him safely to the land.

H. G. A.

TO THE KENTISH CORONAL.

BY F. F. DALLY.

THOU shalt be *QUEEN* of this my lay,
 And I will crown thee, as I may,
 From out *KENT*'s own peculiar bowers,
 With blossoms of its *native* flowers;
 Sweet is the search,—'tis hallowed ground,
 To wander where such gems are found!
 Then come with me—hill, dale, and wood,
 And many a silent solitude,
 By many a stream, scarce known by name,
 Will roam—nor "blush to find its fame,"
 That we have brought to life and light
 One flow'ret fair—one blossom bright—
 Which else, perchance, had wasted there
 "Its sweetness on the desert air!"

The lily of the vale I'll bring
 Where I have found it blossoming,
 Indigenous—'mid beds of green—
 The first fair trophy for my *Queen*,
 Hiding its head so modestly
 That were it not for its sweet sigh,
 It scarcely would have met mine eye.—

And next to this—I will entwine
 The fair and frolic Columbine,
 Of slender form, and lovely hue,
 White, red, and purple, brown, and blue,
 Gracing the hill side where they grow
 With all the rainbow tints that glow,
 And wanting but the aid of wings
 To fly like other heavenly things!

And where the blue-bells hang their heads
 In myriads of azure beds,
 I'll find a specimen, as rare
 Of the same flower, as passing fair,*—
 As if young Hyacinth again
 Had risen from his bed of pain,†
 And trembling at so sweet a sight,
 Had turned the while to purest white.

* The single white Hyacinth—scarce—but found among the flowers commonly
 led blue-bottles, at a spot called Mounds in a quarried Coppice near
 Midstone.

† It is needless to refer the Classic Reader to this incident in Ovid *Metam.*

The Orchis too!—how shall we tell
 If Fly, or Bee, from honey-cell,
 Spider, or Butterfly it be
 So wondrous nature's witchery!
 You almost listen for the sound
 Of winged insects buzzing round,
 As these strange flow'rets deck the ground!
 And carefully you seem to tread
 Lest you should crush some insect head,
 And wonder 'tis a flower you see
 Blooming in so much mimicry,
 That e'en the swallow stoops his wing
 Thinking to catch an insect-thing!
 And e'en the wild Bee hies away
 Thinking another at his prey,
 Such Fly-like, Bee-like flowers are they!

From month to month we'll gather some
 To deck, my Queen, thy floral home,
 Each in its season will we cull,
 The rarest—the most beautiful—
 Neglecting not the Violet blue,
 Nor the pure Primrose' paler hue,
 Nor Shepherd's-glass, by which they tell
 The coming Storm—bright Pimpernel;
 Nor wild sweet-briar-rose, nor thee
 Though scentless,—wood anemoné!

And when drear Winter's funeral pall
 Shall, with its snow shroud, cover all,
 Still, still shall bloom our CORONAL!
 Its leaves shall yet retain their green,
 Its sweets be felt—its blossoms seen,
 Like amaranth wreaths that never die
 Up in the regions of the sky:—
 For when we cannot gather flowers
 We'll search for them in fancy's bowers
 And garnering up, in Summer-time,
 Thoughts, words, and feelings for our rhyme,
 We'll thus give out in winter's gloom
 Fresh distillations of perfume!

SAID Mrs. Brown, in great perplexity,
 "A Chinese Mandarin dines here to day;"
 "Then get some *Opium* and *Assam Tea*,
 And let him have a treat," said Mrs. Gray.

H.G.A.

ON THE VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS OF KENT,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Field, the Garden, and the Woodland."

[Continued from page 19.]

THE Hop plant (*Humulus lupulus*) is generally considered to be wild in this country. The species which estoons our hedges, with its large rough leaves and fragrant cones, is merely a variety of that which receives the attention of the hop grower. There is no doubt that the plant is indigenous both to Scotland and Ireland, and it was mentioned as of British growth, many years previous to its culture in our land; besides that, the English name "Hop," is thought to have been derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "Hoppa," to climb. It was an object of cultivation in many parts of Europe for some centuries previous to its culture in England, and was used for the same purposes as we now employ it. The Flemish introduced the improved hop into this country, but it was not until the reign of Henry VIII. that those gardens, now the pride of Kent, were planted in various parts of the county. For many years the English entertained a great prejudice against the use of the hop, under the idea that it rendered the ale very prejudicial to health. Henry VIII gave its culture no encouragement, as in his reign the mixture of hops and sulphur was forbidden. The worthy John Evelyn, in his laudable zeal for the planting and preserving of forest trees, is highly indignant at seeing that the timber necessary for the wooden walls of our Island, should be squandered in supporting a plant, which he thought deleterious. In his "*Pomona*," which with his "*Sylva*," he dedicated to Charles II, we find him calling upon his countrymen to resist the progress of this injudicious practice. "It is now" says he, "little more than an age since, that hopps (rather a medical than an alimental vegetable) transmuted our wholesome ale into beer, which doubtless much alters our constitutions. That

one ingredient, by some not unworthily suspected, preserving drink indeed, and so by custom made agreeable, yet repaying the pleasure with tormenting diseases and a shorter life, may deservedly abate our fondness to it, especially if with this be considered likewise the casualties in planting it, as seldom succeeding more than once in three years, yet requiring constant charge and culture; besides that it is none of the least devourers of young timber. And what, if a little care, or indeed one quarter of it, were for the future, to be converted to the propagation of fruit trees in all parts of this nation, as it is already in some for the benefit of cider?" This last beverage, he pronounces to be the most refreshing and wholesome in the world, and adds a hope that his majesty would combine with noblemen and citizens, to plant many acres of cider fruit, "till the preference of wholesome and more natural drinks, do quite vanquish hopps, and banish all other drogues of that nature." He speaks with great displeasure of the practice existing throughout the nation "of taking a potion for refreshment, and drinking its very bread corn."

The generic name of the hop (*humulus*) is derived from *humus*, fresh earth; and its specific distinctive (*lupulus*) is said to have arisen from *lupus salictariæ*, which, according to Pliny is the ancient name of the plant, and was given to it, because, by twining about the young willows, it was so destructive to them, as to bear comparison with the stealthy wolf which destroys the young flock. This twining tendency conduces much to the beauty of the hop plant, and when its spiral stems are covered with the rich clusters and plentiful leaves, a more graceful object does not present itself to the observer of Nature.

Travellers who have beheld, in other lands, the various scenes of culture—the olive grounds of Spain or Syria,—the vineyards of Italy,—the cotton plantations of India, or the rose fields of the East, have generally

agreed, that not one of them all, equals in beauty our English hop gardens. Among our native portions of rustic labour, certainly none is so picturesque as that of hop-gathering. It is indeed, a sight to please the eye, and to make the heart glad, when, on a Summer's day, we linger in the corn field, to see the reaper cut down the full ears; and if he chance to have adopted the continental practice, of wearing a red cap or jacket, which harmonizes so well with the green and brown of the landscape, he adds much to the beauty of the picture. The haymaking too, is a pleasant and healthful rustic employment; and in the neighbouring counties, where the willow-tree is so plentiful as to give a grey tint to the colouring of the country scene, the basket makers, assembled on some village-green, with their little ones helping to peel the osiers, and place them in rows against the walls of the village street, is a cheerful sight. The cherry and apple gathering, are scenes of plenty and beauty, but our hop-picking exceeds them all. It has besides, the charm of a delicious fragrance, wafted over the garden and far beyond; and the air of the hop ground is of so wholesome and invigorating a nature, that many an invalid has experienced its efficacy to be no less than that of the sea-breeze. A happy thing it is, for the poor of Kent, as well as for those who come from a distance to assist, when the autumnal months are fine; for then, the groups of mothers and cradled infants, or children with tiny hands stripping the hop pole, form a sight to delight the artist, and give joy to the benevolent! But when our September month is cold and wet, then may the compassionate sigh to remember, that agues, and fevers, and rheumatisms, shall follow in the train of the hop-picking, and carry their woes into some of the loveliest districts, of the county so often called the garden of England.

In the times when culinary vegetables were much less cultivated and improved than they are at present,

our forefathers planted a few hops for the sake of the young shoots, which were brought to market, and were served at table as asparagus. They are not now valued as food, yet Kentish children can tell of pleasant hours spent among the hedges, in searching for the wild hop-top, and of wholesome suppers made upon the well-earned treasure, ere they had learned to think their food the better for being rare and costly. The stalk and foliage of the hop, is used also for dying wools of a yellow colour; and the poor of Sweden manufacture a strong, but coarse cloth, from the fibres of its winding stalks.

The ale which formed the chief drink of the Anglo-Saxons, as well as that which was the beverage of our ancestors, in later years, was doubtless very different from the malt liquor now in general use. When hops were scarce in this country, as well as in the period previous to their introduction, several wild plants containing the bitter principle, were employed to preserve and flavour ale. The old English tankard, even since the use of hops, was considered imperfect without the additional flavour of rosemary; and at the festive table, the foaming jug before it went its round, was stirred with a sprig of that plant. The ground ivy of our woods and hedges, was a very important ingredient in the ale of former times; and the wood sage or germander, was much used by the brewer, and is still sometimes substituted, by the poor, for the hop. Both these plants are plentiful in our county. The ground ivy (*Glechoma hederacea*) has roundish, notched, downy leaves, and the flowers, shaped like those of the thyme, growing in clusters, of three each, on a trailing stem. The wood sage, (*Teucrium scorodonia*) has very wrinkled notched leaves, sometimes resembling in colour those of the sage of the kitchen-garden. It rises to the height of about a foot, with a number of small yellowish green flowers, growing half way down its stem. In the neighbourhoods of Higham and Cobham, this plant is so

abundant, that if it were wanted for brewing, it might be gathered in sufficient quantity to supply those villages. It is extremely bitter, and should the reader attempt to taste it, we might tell him, that unless he is fond of the bitter flavour, the smaller piece he takes the better he will like it. The Swedish peasantry, who are unable to avail themselves of the preserving principle of the hop, use in their ale, the Field Gentian, a blue, bell shaped flower, very rare in our county; and the Highlanders employ in their home-brewed, the Sweet Gale, or Bog Myrtle, so common and so fragrant on some of the moist lands of the North.

[*To be continued.*]

A SONNET,

ON SIDNEY COOPER'S PAINTING,

"Banks of the Stour, Tonford, with Cattle."

A SUMMER's noon—a cool translucent stream,
 Shallow, rush-fring'd, tempting the vagrant cows
 White, brinded, black, with smooth or horned brows,—
 Gracefully grouped the placid creatures seem
 In mute enjoyment's ruminating dream;
 A withered trunk spreads its contrasted boughs
 Over the scene, where freshest verdure glows—
 Whilst far away the Christ-Church turrets gleam.
 Beautiful work! in art and feeling true:—
 A lovelier transcript of the face divine
 Of nature basking in the sunny shine,
 The gifted hand of Genius never drew;
 Heart-felt, home-breathing,—here all charms combine
 Till wonder smiles at the familiar view.

Canterbury.

ARTHUR BROOK.

JUNE, A SONNET.

Oh, fragrant is the scent of new-mown hay,
 Which telleth June is here—the sultry June!
 Bright are the scattered rose-leaves—sweet the lay
 Of nightingales, that wake for him the tune
 Of love, where trees afford a shady boon,
 To shelter him, when high the God of Day
 Rides in his chariot through the vault of noon;
 List, how the murmuring waters lapse away,
 With *gurgle-gurgle* for their ceaseless song
 Into the woodland depths—look through this screen
 Of quivering leaves, at yonder mirthful throng,
 That wander perfumed strawberry beds between:
 The lips of June are cherry-stained, and he
 Looks drowsy as his flower—the nodding peony!

H. G. A.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

Taken May 17th 1840, near Chatham, by H. G. A.

I know a coppice, where the cuckoo-flower
 Blooms, like a maiden in her sylvan bower,
 Where the wild hyacinth shakes her purple bells
 To every gentle zephyr, that of the spring-time tells;
 There the spotted orchis, on her throne of green,
 Lifteth up her pyramid, as she were crowned queen
 Of the leafy solitude; there the nightingale
 To the fragrant cotton tree, telleth *such* a tale,
 That the droning humble bee pauseth oft to listen,
 Seated on the hawthorn blooms, that with dew-drops glisten.
 Oh, 'tis a pleasant spot to while away an hour,
 Listing to the sighing breeze, or the tinkling shower,
 That upon the fresh green leaves all so gently patters,—
 Drinking in the melody that the song-bird scatters,
 Till the thirsty soul is full, e'en to overflowing,
 Of that pure and holy joy, out of commune growing
 With sweet Nature, in her green, and solitary haunts,
 For which the care-worn dweller in the crowded city pants.
 Close upon this coppice, there's a dingle deep
 Wherein a drowsy wood-god might securely sleep,
 All with brambles overgrown, and long tangled grass,
 Seldom human feet, I wis, into its depths do pass;
 Some day, when the sun of June near hath run its race,
 I will thither bend my steps, to explore the place,

Formethinks, beneath its shagged, and bramble-clothèd sides,
Like a nun within her cell, the purple foxglove hides.
Let the sons of mammon laugh, it is my delight
Forth to fare and gather flowers, and my heart grows light
When I hear the singing bird, and the humming bee,
Pleasures such as these entail no after misery !

GREENWICH PARK & BLACKHEATH 300 YEARS AGO,

BY THOMAS MILLER.

[The following is an extract from Mr. Miller's New Romance, entitled "Lady Jane Grey," kindly forwarded to us by the author, under the impression that it would prove interesting to our readers; and we are induced to depart from our usual custom, of not admitting any but original papers, by the very powerful and graphic manner in which this is written, and the strong *local features* it bears.—H.G.A.]

" But few of the thousands who wander through the princely avenues of Greenwich Park in the present day, are aware of the wild features it presented three centuries ago; when its steep hill-sides were overgrown with thick underwood, and hundreds of old oaks bared their broad branches to the summer-sunshine, or shook their knotted arms in defiance at the black skies, and hollow winds of winter. There was then a savage and forest-like look in its scenery, which bore but little resemblance to its present appearance, if we except the enclosure, still known as the Wilderness; and where a few straggling deer may even yet be seen, couched amid the dark green bracken, or carrying their stately antlers erect, among the picturesque and jagged stems of the aged hawthorns. For miles around, the country had then a grand but fearful look: a deep woodland threw its immense shadow over the high brow of Shooter's Hill, and stretched far away beyond the grey walls of Eltham Palace, thus affording a safe shelter to the numerous bands of robbers and rebels, who at this period infested the neighbourhood. Blackheath, which has been the scene of so many terrors and triumphs, where Roman and Dane have in succes-

sion encamped, where Wat Tyler assembled his rough but determined followers, and London poured forth her thousands to welcome back the chivalry of Agincourt, wore a far different aspect to what it does in the present day. The broad, bare, and dusky space which we now tread, was in summer time covered with thousands of gaudy heath-flowers, while the yellow furze and golden broom flaunted their bright blossoms, as if in mockery at the blasted and solitary trees, on which, during the reign of Henry the Eighth, had bleached the bones of so many of his victims. Nearly traversing the same direction as at present, a brown, rugged, high-road, went grovelling its way beside the moss-covered and weather-beaten palings of the park, until its winding course was lost to the eye amid the dark umbrage of the distant hill. High above the surrounding scenery, and occupying the very eminence on which the Observatory now stands, rose the grey and battlemented towers of Greenwich castle, then a strong fortress, from which the warning beacon had so often blazed. Such were the general features of the landscape three hundred years ago."

OUR VILLAGE CHURCH.

OUR village church! our village church!
That stands sublimely, where
Our christian fathers founded it,
In penitence and prayer.

Unto the heart what feelings rush—
How deep, how pure, how fast,
As memory's way-marks glitter through
The vista of the past.

Here have our "rude forefathers" knelt
To breathe the bridal vow,
And here have young, fond bosoms, beat
With hopes and fears, as now.

Some hundred years have pass'd away,
And white-robed maidens still
With faltering voices, whisper forth
The fate-fraught words, "I will."

Here the young mother brings her babe,
Fondly in faith and prayer,
To ask the blessings which our Lord
Bade little children share ;

The young and old around her lie,
They grew as she has grown,
To her, familiar "household words"
Are graven on each stone ;

To her, perhaps, each narrow house
Contains a foe, or friend,
And hallowed mem'ries of the past
With present feeling blend.

The city church-yard speaks not thus
To living hearts, and eyes,
A stranger, views a stranger's grave,
With blunted sympathies.

But here, to each remembered name
Familiar histories cling,
Mellow'd by death and distance now
With kindly colouring ;

The boy, with his half-manly air,
His wild heart-stirring mirth,—
The girl, too, with her laughing eyes
Remember'd from her birth ;

The lady in her satins clad,
The dashing village belle,
The silent beauty, who possess'd
Beauty's most winning spell.

Here—there—'neath mounds of various size,
Death's varied spoils are seen,
The old, the young, the beautiful,
The village clown, and queen.

Our village church ! what hallow'd dust
Lies round the sacred fane,
Yielding mute records of the past,
Which cannot all be vain !

SONG.—THE TRYSTING TREE.

LET Poets have their lyre and lute, give Bacchanals their
 Let Merchants have their mighty ships to traverse ocean's
 Let Nobles have their palaces, give Churchmen stalls and
 To Statesmen pow'r, to Misers gold, to Politicians news;
 I envy not their varied choice, for I need never rove
 Fresh charms to see, while lives the tree where first I learnt

I never in the marts of man, wherever they may be,
 Found aught so dear, nor half so true, as that old Trysting
 The names I carved upon its bole, where brows'd the deer, and
 And from its topmost branch, as then, the ivy flings her
 In shine or show'r, in bud or flow'r, best loved of all the
 For ever be the Trysting-tree, where first I learnt to love

J. A. C.

THE MONSTER SHARK.

BY W. H. PRIDEAUX.

HURRAH for the wild and booming sea!
 Hurrah for the monster shark!
 Thirsting for prey on his weariless way,
 As he follows the bounding bark!
 From stem to stern with an arrow's speed,
 By vigilant archer sped,
 He plougheth the deep with terrible sweep,
 Setting his teeth for the dead!

Hurrah for the monster shark!

When fever thickens the sultry air,
 With its black and fetid breath,
 Hurrah! for the shark is there, to mark,
 The groan, and the hush of death!
 Firmly he keepeth his sentinel watch,
 And urgeth the hopeful chase;
 Pursuing with speed, as a conquerless steed,
 The close of the victor race!

Hurrah for the monster shark!

Hurrah! for the shark is a noble fish,
 And lord of the billowy main;
 He loveth to ride on the bounding tide,
 As a pirate for plundered gain!
 The life he lives, is a life that gives
 Dread to the stoutest crew
 That ever sailed the seas, or hailed
 A home on the waters blue!

Hurrah for the monster shark!

THE SHIP LAUNCH.

ON Tuesday, May the fifth, at about half-past two P.M. was launched, from Her Majesty's Dock-yard, Chatham, the Frigate *Mæander*. Amid the firing of cannon, the waving of flags, and the shouts of assembled thousands, she left the slip whereon, sixteen years since, her strong keel was lain, to which have been added joint after joint, and plank after plank, rivetted, and bound together by immense bolts and bars of metal, until she has become what we now behold her—a thing to wonder at, with an admiration almost amounting to awe!

Many a stately tree, once the pride of the woodlands, has been cut down, and, in the words of Barry Cornwall,

“His arms from the trunk are riven,—
His body all barked and squared,—
And he's now, like a felon, driven
In chains to the strong dock-yard;
He's sawn through the middle, and turned
For the ribs of a frigate free;
He's caulked, and pitched, and burned,
And now—he's fit for sea!”—

Many a hundred weight of ore has been “digged out of the bowels of the harmless earth”—smelted, and wrought into shape and fitness by oft-repeated blows of ponderous hammers, wielded by the brawny-armed smiths; or in the swiftly revolving lathe, turned, grooved, and polished, with a celerity, precision, and beauty of finish, that seemed like the work of enchantment. Many a muscular frame has become weary of the labour which was to fit her for encountering the “battle and the breeze,” toiling day after day, and year after year, at what must have appeared an almost interminable task, so vast the bulk, and so complicated the structure of this citadel of the deep. At length she is finished, and stands prepared to go forth upon the waters, wanting but the masts and rigging, to enable her to fly like a winged creature, over the bosom of the ocean, and bear the flag of our country to whatsoever quarter of the globe it *may be deemed necessary, or expedient*.

Go mark her giant bulk, so huge, yet graceful fair proportions ; gaze on the massy timbers, which the ribs of some vast animal, bulge out on either on her beams of immense girth, her iron stanchions planks of goodly oak which form her decks, and consider that the mind of man may conceive, and his hands execute works, which would seem the result rather superhuman, than merely mortal power. Yet let this reflection make thee vain glorious, for remember there is ONE far mightier, whose works are infinitely more wonderful ; in the hollow of whose hand are waters held ; who piled up the mountains, and bade trees of the forest rear their heads on high ; who created the behemoth and the leviathan merely by impulse of His will—" He spake and it was done." He who can crush the framework of this noble firmament wrench her strong joints asunder, and scatter her members abroad upon the face of the waters, as easily as a summer zephyr scatters the thistle down upon the

But, lo ! the signal is given ; the impediment removed ; and slowly and majestically she glides down the river, the band playing " Rule Britannia," and the spectators shouting with might and main. 'Tis an anxious moment to all concerned in getting her afloat, but especially so, to the Master Builder, on whom rests the greatest responsibility ; a slight error, or deficiency in the completeness of the arrangements, may be attended with the most serious consequences, destruction of property, and what is of far more importance,—loss of human life !

But nothing occurs to mar the proud satisfaction which he marks the consummation of the labour of many years ; safely she rides on her subject element and all cause for anxiety on his part is at an end. We cannot help thinking that he, and every one concerned in her erection—who have watched her growth

must feel deeply interested in her career, yearning towards her with a fondness almost parental.

The following lines were the result of our reflections on viewing the above spectacle, and we trust our readers will pardon the—shall we call it egotism?—which prompted their insertion in the “CORONAL.”

Another mighty instrument, for evil or for good,
This day, with spirit-stirring cheers, is launched upon the flood;
How gracefully she glided down, amid the foaming tides,
That leapt as though to welcome her, and kiss her swelling sides.

And over to the farther bank, she moved, like a queen
That goeth, with a stately pace, her people's ranks between;
She went with music, and with shouts, and blazonry so brave,
To take possession of her throne upon the subject wave.

And calmly now she lyeth there, upon the river's breast,
Unheeding whether destiny may send her east, or west;
Unconscious of the many souls she'll bear upon the deep,
And dreamless all of rocks and shoals, and waves that madly leap.

How beautiful she looketh now—a stately thing to see!
A fabric that we wonder at;—how long will it thus be?
Perchance no distant period may see her timbers rent,
And scattered here and there, the sport of the vexed element.

Thus man, when first he goeth forth upon the sea of life,
Is fair and comely to the view, with strength and vigour rife;
But soon, alas! the storms may come, and he before the blast
May drive, a shattered wreck, with scarce a vestige of the past.

Oh, may this floating citadel—this mighty ship of war!
Be never used for purposes, but such as peaceful are:—
To devastate, and to destroy, and make man's labour vain,
Oh, never may her thunders wake the echoes of the main!

An alteration in the concluding stanza has been suggested by a friendly critic, because he infers that a ship of war cannot be applied to other than *warlike purposes*. The truth of this inference we deny; she may be the means of conveying the missionary, and the man of science, to regions of ignorance and barbarism, and thus become a mighty instrument for the spread of civilization, and diffusion of that knowledge which “leadeth

unto salvation," as well as that by which man's physical nature is elevated, and made capable of rightly appreciating the value of scientific pursuits. She may be rendered subservient to the uses of commerce, and thus afford a means of enlightenment to the dark places of the earth; and she may, merely by a shew of overwhelming power, without once using those engines of destruction, which the bad passions of mankind have prompted them to invent, awe into quietness many, who are stirred by avarice or ambition to become disturbers of the world's peace, and destroyers of their fellow creatures.

MOSCHUS AND MARINI.

MOSCHUS, in the opening of his 1st Idyl, gives a description of the Paphian Queen enquiring earnestly for her fugitive son. To him who shall restore the boy great indeed is the promised reward—it is even the sweet celestial kiss of Venus!

There can be no doubt that the celebrated Marini had perused and been delighted with that beautiful Idyl, and that he composed the following splendid gem in happy imitation of it. A simple and almost literal translation from the Italian writer is subjoined, it being perhaps impossible better to express the meaning of an author, than by avoiding periphrastic explanation and unnecessary incumbrance.

" Udita ho, Citera,
 Che del tuo grembo fore
 Fuggitivo il tuo figlio a te si cela,
 E promesso hai baciâr chi te l'rivela.
 No languir, bella Dea,
 Se vai cercando Amore,
 No'l cercar, dammi el'bacio, io l'ho nel core."

O Venus! I have heard that thy son conceals himself from thee, a fugitive from thy bosom; and that thou hast promised to kiss whomsoever shall reveal him

to thee. Pine not, O beautiful Goddess ! nor, if thou wanderest about in search of Love, seek for him more. Give me the kiss, for in my heart I hold him.

ROFFENSIS.

Deeming a rhythmical version of the above passage might please some of our readers, we give the following, though perhaps, it were better to bear in mind that line of the Poet which says, " beauty when unadorned 's adorned the most," and leave the idea as simply and chastely clothed as possible,—

Oh Venus ! it hath reached mine ears,
The cause of all thy woe and tears
Is, that thy son hath fled from thee,
Nor can the place discovered be
Where he hath hid ; —that thou wilt give,
To whomsoe'er the fugitive
Shall to thine arms restore, a kiss :
Be mine the joy, the heavenly bliss ;
On me the rich reward bestow,
Oh, Goddess beautiful ! for know,
If Love thou seekest, he lies hid
The deep recesses of my heart amid.

H.G.A.

Ask for the radiant arch, that spans the sky ;
Ask for the glittering stars, that gem the night ;
Ask for the viewless winds, that hurry by ;
Ask for the comet, with its train of light :
And if to ye these things should not be given,
Then sit ye down and rail against high Heaven,
Declare that ye have Reason on your side,
But never speak of *Ignorance* nor *Pride*.

H.G.A.

MARR yonder child so eagerly pursuing
The painted butterfly to its undoing,
And there an emblem see of man, who maketh
A wreck, of whatsoe'er his fancy taketh.

H.G.A.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

BY JOHN BRENT.

GREEN-COATED ELF! how merrily thou singest,
Startling all humming things from their sweet rest,
While on a feathery fern thou sitt'st, and swingest,
As all the world to thee were but a jest!

Deep shade thou lovest, and the arching grass,
With glimpse of fairy folk the stalks between,
Whence thou dost watch the day-spring come and pass
Till stars unshrine thee 'mid thy forest green;

Then drinking night's delicious dew, thou wendest
Thy noisy footway up some springing reed,
And perched upon its dizzy top, thou sendest
Forth to those stars the burthen of thy creed.

Sir Humble Bee, and bugle-winding Gnat,
Pause, half amazed, and the sweet Linnet, long
Hath on a hazel-wand all wondering sat,
Charmed by thy strange monotony of song.

But thou dost ponder not nor pause—sweet skies
Bathe thee with dew, and shadowy brooks in June,
Whereon are mirrored midnight's golden eyes,
With grateful murmurings, thank thee for thy tune.

Yet but awhile,—for thou wilt pine away,
Like Fairy lone that in some forest grieves;—
Thy once blythe voice shall mourn its sad decay,
In murmurs low 'mid Autumn's eddying leaves.

Sing on! sing on!—the Beautiful of earth,
Each gentle flower, each frail and lovely thing,
Fade but away, to wait for second birth,
In all the promised hopefulness of Spring.

WHY weepest thou, O man? "I weep because
I cannot change th' irrevocable laws
Of God, who orders all things for the best,
Heedless of what we mortals may request."

H.C.A.

HYSTORY AND ROMANCE.

SKETCH No. 2.

"OH, Men of Kent, the stalwart and the true! on ye I call for aid in this my just and honourable venture. 'Tis to guard from Popish rule our native land;—to keep unstained the charter of our faith, reformed and purified from idol worship, and all the black abominations of a church corrupt. 'Tis to uphold those rights and privileges, dear to every true-born Briton's heart; and to preserve inviolate, from lying priest and dark inquisitor, our home fire-sides, round which domestic virtues love to dwell, our sleeping chambers and our sacred fanes, to pure devotion dedicated now. What! shall the stealthy step—the prying eye—the tongue to slander given, yet again intrude to sow dissension in our families, and banish from our households peace and love? What! shall that impious one, who calls himself 'God's vicegerent on earth' send his anathemas across the sea, bidding us hate our fellow-man because he differs in some article of creed,—some gossamer thread in that fine woven theory which, like the cunning spider's subtle mesh, entangles to destruction? And shall his ministers, like hungry locusts swarming through the land, eat up the fatness as they erst have done? Shall we again behold those purple clothed and pampered dignitaries—oh, how unlike the mild apostles, sent forth by our Saviour to redeem the world from sin and Satan's bonds!—filling the highest offices of state, and arrogantly claiming right to rule the destinies of this great empire?—Forbid it Heaven! Forbid it Men of Kent! Here, in the centre of your famous county, I plant the standard of revolt; bold in the thoughts of mine integrity, and fearless, as a freeman should be when he advocates the right, I stand and call upon ye in the name of our reformed religion and our rightful queen—the persecuted Jane! By all the noble deeds your fathers did!—by all the glorious memories of the past!

—and by the love ye bear your native soil, your altars and your hearths, your wives, your free-born children, do I now conjure ye—oh, men unconquered and unconquerable! to come and render aid to this my just, my righteous undertaking. Up with the rampant horse, and let his neigh reecho through the land, startling the foes of freedom! Let his hoofs tread down the bigotted oppressors, who would place a seal upon our lips, a yoke upon our necks, and bid us bow the knee to senseless images. Up with the old INVICTA, let it float proudly upon the breeze! Ye who defied the Norman in his might, shall it be said a *Spanish* despot came to have dominion over ye? E'en now the haughty Philip in fancy grasps the reins of British government. In Mary's court, Simon Renaud*—that fox with a wolf's heart—hath power unlimited; he fills the dungeons and he plies the axe; he piles the faggots, and he lights the brand; the rack, the wheel, the chain, at his command do their accursed work on England's noblest, wisest, bravest, best. And will ye suffer this? Not ye, not ye! I see it by the flashing of your eyes; I see it by the heaving of your manly chests, and by the clenching of your toil-nerved hands—fit hands to thrust the pike, to draw the tough yew bow, to fire the matchlock, or the culverin, and wield the sword, whose blade swift cleaving does its work at once!"

Such were the words that on the 27th of January in the year 1554 rang through the town of Maidstone, and aroused the stormy passions of the Men of Kent, as the north wind sweeping over the bosom of the ocean awakens its mighty billows to overwhelm and destroy. The speaker was a young man apparently not more than 30 years of age, with a noble and intellectual countenance,

* Simon Renaud, whose character for craft and malice seems to have accorded well with his name, was ambassador from the Spanish Court, and is said to have been Mary's principal instigator to these acts of cruelty and intolerance, which have rendered her name infamous to all posterity. In Mr. Ainsworth's "Tower of London" we have a masterly delineation of the character of this intriguing Spaniard, as well as of the principal events of that disastrous period of English history.

and a form cast in the finest mould of manly symmetry. He was richly habited, according to the fashion of the time, in a slashed silken doublet and hose, short velvet cloak, and cap of the same costly material ornamented with a single white ostrich plume, which arising from one side, curved gracefully over to the other. And this was Sir Thomas Wyatt, whose grandfather, Sir Henry, had purchased the castle of Allington (then styled Alyngton Cobham) with the surrounding lands, in the reign of Henry 7th, and whose father, the poet, was so great a favourite with that monarch's successor. Edward 6th had granted to the Hero of our Sketch the palace of Maidstone as a residence, and this with the large possessions he held in the neighbourhood, naturally gave him great influence. He was devoted to the reformed faith, and an enthusiastic admirer of the character of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, whose virtues and mental acquirements have shed a lustre round her name, which no time can dissipate or render dim. On her proclamation as queen he looked as the only means of saving the country from a return to all the horrors of popish dominion, well knowing that the bigotted Mary was prepared for any measures, however harsh or bloody, which might force upon her subjects the readoption of those forms and ceremonies of worship that her sire had abolished. He had seen the overthrow of his dearest hopes in Jane's confinement in the Tower by her incensed rival, in the execution of Northumberland and other influential men of the protestant party, and in the rigorous proceedings that were threatened, and preparing to be carried into effect, against nonconformists to the new order of things, or rather the old order restored; and now, when negotiations were entered into for a marriage between Mary and Philip of Spain, whose superstitious and intolerant character was well known, and England was threatened with all the horrors of an inquisitorial tribunal;—when it was darkly hinted that

Lady Jane would be the next victim to fall beneath the axe, and that Cranmer, and Latimer, and Ridley were to perish at the stake, he could no longer restrain himself, but, resolving to sacrifice if it were needful lands and life, and to make a desperate effort in the cause of injured innocence and insulted religion, hastily arrayed his followers, and taking the standard of his house, unfurled it in the high street of Maidstone, and having summoned the inhabitants forth by sound of trumpet, harangued them as above recorded.

His address was received with the greatest enthusiasm;—when were the Men of Kent ever backward to vindicate the right, to defend the altars of their faith, or to succour beauty and virtue in distress?—many influential men of the town and neighbourhood joined his standard, among whom may be named the brothers Sir Henry and Thomas Isley, Walter Mantel, and Richard Maplesden, Esqrs.* these with their servitors and dependants, joined to others who had left the bench, the loom, the workshop, and the forge, swelled the band to about five hundred “gallant men and true,” all eager to be led against the foes of freedom and the reformed faith. After a short consultation with his coadjutors Sir Thomas dispatched messengers to the surrounding places, calling on them in the name of Queen Jane and the Protestant religion for aid, and ere long came trooping many a band of sturdy labourers from the corn fields and the hop gardens, from the orchards and the stone quarries;—the barges and fishing boats on the Medway sent forth their amphibious dwellers, and the wooded valleys, and bare chalk-hills responded to the patriotic call, so that before nightfall upwards of a thousand men were collected, and promises of assistance were received from more distant parts, which

* These gentlemen are said to have been afterwards executed on the spot where Sir Thomas Wyatt first publicly proclaimed his design; which proclamation, tradition says, was made at the *bear single*, now occupied by the weigh bridge, and one of the conduits, just below the Middle row in the High street of Maidstone.

enabled their leader to calculate on marching towards Rochester on the morrow with double that number.

That night there was little sleep for the inhabitants of Maidstone, even had their excited feelings allowed of the wish for repose; the ringing sound of hammers and the harsh grating of the grindstone was heard in every quarter; fires were roaring and blazing in every forge, and all was busy preparation for the coming struggle. At intervals was heard the report of a matchlock or pistol, whose owner wished to prove whether, after a long disuse, the instrument of death were trustworthy; then arose shouts and cries of recognition as a fresh party of recruits came tramping over the bridge, or down one of the streets that branch out eastward, northward, or southward from the centre of the town; anon the swift trampling of a steed and the sounding of a trumpet broke on the ear, telling that a messenger had been dispatched from, or was returning to the palace, whither Sir Thomas had retired, having first seen that refreshments were freely distributed, and given the necessary directions for the preservation of order, and for forwarding with all possible celerity the preparations.

“ Mine own Jane, fare-thee-well! I go on a perilous enterprise, but thou wilt pray for me, and prayers like thine will surely prove of much avail. Nay, dearest, give not way to sorrow thus; perchance our separation may be brief—I may return ere long in triumph to thine arms. But if, my Jane, it is not so decreed; if heaven for some wise purpose deem it fit to frustrate all our aims, and visit me with death, let the thought comfort thee that in a good, a just, a holy cause I fell; and, oh, be sure ye teach our infant son to cherish well those sacred principles of faith, which to uphold I gave myself a willing sacrifice. Come, lady mine, cheer up! let hope illumine that face, which is to me the fairest of all God’s created things. Smile, smile upon me, as a damsel should whose Knight hath donned his armour for

the field, and goeth forth to conquer.—That's well—that's well! one more embrace, and then hey for the myrmidons of popery! hey for thy persecuted name-sake's foes! we'll prove to them the Men of Kent have arms that lack not sinew, and hearts as stedfast as the frowning cliffs that guard their rugged coast—farewell! farewell!”

Thus saying, the gallant Knight left the chamber of his lady, and hastening into the court-yard of the palace, mounted his steed, which an attendant held ready caparisoned, and rode forth from that home of love and domestic happiness, to which, alas! he was destined never to return.

This was on the afternoon of the day, succeeding that on which the events already related had transpired, and on arriving at the market place he found his rude but determined followers assembled, and accoutred in the best manner that circumstances would permit. Instruments of husbandry had been hastily fashioned into pikes, and other weapons of offence, looking but the more formidable from their jagged edges, and those “precedents of pith and lustihood,” the sunburnt, horny hands that wielded them. Here and there might be seen a band uniformly attired in steel morions and jerkins of stout buff leather, having matchlocks or halberts; these were men from the lands of Allington, and other estates in the neighbourhood, who had been for some time past in secret training. The Knights and gentlemen attached to the cause were mounted, and most of them had about a score of followers, also on horseback, who wore jack boots, head pieces, and breast plates, and were armed with petronels and heavy sabres. About twenty small pieces of artillery, called falconets and culverins, which had been taken from the Mote and other embattled mansions near, were mounted upon rude carriages to facilitate their conveyance, and altogether the appearance of the armament was such as

to determine the Knight upon advancing at once to Rochester. His arrival amongst them was hailed with deafening cheers, on the subsidence of which, he addressed them in a speech calculated to raise their enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and loud shouts of "Down with the Pope! "Down with the bigot Mary! testified their eagerness and fervour in the cause.

Bidding his trumpeters sound, Sir Thomas, who had exchanged his velvet cap and silken doublet for a corslet and helm of Milan steel, richly embossed with gold, drew from its scabbard the sword wielded by his grandfather, against the tyrant and usurper, Richard 3rd, and waving it aloft, cried "Onward, Men of Kent! to rescue your Queen from thralldom, and your religion from the abominations of papacy! onward!—but as you value the good name you have kept unsullied through so many centuries, commit no excesses by the way. Be gentle to your friends, as ye are terrible to your enemies, and prove yourselves at once brave, loyal, and considerate members of a free community. So shall ye conquer. So shall your glorious deeds be enrolled in the annals of posterity!"

The array moved on, and ere an hour had elapsed, was steadily tramping, band after band, past that "old grey cairn" which seems like a monument erected by Time, to perpetuate the memory of his flight into far eternity.*

Alas, for high, heroical resolves! Alas, for human hopes! Oh, for the many brave and constant hearts, that have grown cold beneath the chilling hand of tyranny! Oh, for the many noble-minded men, with souls athirst for liberty, and filled with holy aspirations, generous thoughts, and tender sympathies, cut off like

* *Kit's Coty House* of course is here referred to. The reader who is unacquainted with the disastrous termination of Sir Thomas Wyatt's enterprise, will find it related by Rapin, Home, Burnet, Hasted, Newton, and other historians of the place or period. Slight delineations of character and manners only, can be given in these "Sketches," there not being sufficient space for continuous narratives. The writer has some intention, at a future period, should they appear to possess sufficient interest, of making them the groundwork for a series of longer tales, illustrative of the history of his native county.

stately forest trees, smit by the levin bolt The ways of Providence are all inscrutable; we cannot tell *why* the oppressor should triumphant be; *why* bigotry, intolerance, and pride, should bow the necks of millions till they grovel in the dust, or sweep them like a pestilence from earth; but let us have confidence in the promises of Him, who speaketh not to deceive, and believe that *all is for the best!*

The winter passed away, and then came on "the delicate footed" spring, breathing balm over the rich valley of the Medway, and calling forth the birds and the flowers to rejoice in the genial sunshine. All nature smiled, but not so the dwellers amid those fair and fertile scenes. There were many widows in the town of Maidstone, and there were many fatherless children, beside the Lady Jane Wyatt and her infant son; and the emissaries of the popish church were busy at their work of persecution, binding the victims to the stake of martyrdom, filling the dungeons, and plying the scourge, till our beautiful county became, like the rest of England, a wide scene of wailing and lamentation, and execrations were heaped on the head of her, who had too well earned the title of the "bloody Mary!"

JULY, A SONNET.

Who cometh, laden with ripe nectarines,
 And ruddy apricots, and downy peaches?
 Lo! now he pauseth 'neath the clasping vines,—
 A luscious melon on one hand outreaches;
 Lo! now he onward moveth, making breaches
 Through leafy screens, where honeysuckle twines;
 His sultry breath, so perfume laden, teaches
 That July, hitherward his steps inclines:
 His robe of interwoven flowers is decked
 With golden tassels of the fragrant limes,
 And thereabout the happy bees collect,
 Soothing the sense with their melodious chime;
 Myriads of butterflies around him flit,
 For such a flowery month, methinks, attendants fit.

H. G. A.

ROUGH NOTES ON THE GEOLOGY
OF
MAIDSTONE AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD,

BY W. H. BENSTED.

[Continued from Page 62.]

HAVING in a brief manner introduced the names and arrangements of the principal geological formations around Maidstone, I will proceed to make some observations upon their appearances and positions in the neighbourhood; pointing out their locality, that the reader, should he feel sufficiently interested in the matter, may, by actual observation, assure himself of the truth of these statements, and will, I doubt not, be fully repaid for his trouble in the delightful contemplation of some of Nature's grandest works.

In looking from the bold promontory of the chalk cliff,* upon the road from Maidstone to Chatham, a beautifully diversified landscape is expanded below, and not the least interesting feature is that Druidical pile of sandstone "Kit's Coty House." Geologically considered these stones have great claims upon our attention; many conjectures have been hazarded to account for their appearance in different parts of the country, and their being found scattered upon the surface and near to the chalk hills, has caused much speculation as to whence they came; they are of that description of hard stone commonly termed *boulders*, and were no doubt brought from their original beds by some great action of water, most probably contemporaneous with the disruptive force that displaced the formation containing them.

It has been supposed that they might have been enveloped in masses of ice, which after floating for some time over various submerged portions of the earth's surface, dissolved and left them scattered about, on or near the situations they at present occupy. However plausible this theory may be, it is not my intention to dwell

* Above the pit worked by Mr. Heathorn, of Maidstone.

upon it, but state an observation I have made, which, in my humble opinion, goes far to establish the fact that the bed of these boulders still exists in Kent, and that the stones may even now be seen *in situ*, i. e. in the place of their original formation.

Some time since while walking along the shore from Herne Bay to Reculver, I was struck with the appearance of large masses of sandstone lying here and there upon the beach, and, on looking upward, I observed that the cliffs were partly composed of sand, from which projected blocks of silicious stone, of the same kind as that which had attracted my attention below; to account for their appearance *there* is very easy; as the sea is constantly undermining the supporting sand, falls of the cliffs are of frequent occurrence, and the loose parts being washed away, these masses are left, with all their large proportions fully developed. In the course of my examination, I noticed a very remarkable coincidence in the appearance of such of them as had long been subject to the action of the waves, with those which are now upon the chalk hills, and which constitute "Kit's Coty House;" many of these stones have perforations in them, as even, and smoothly rounded as if done by a boring apparatus, and on closely inspecting them I found that this was accomplished by very simple means; first a pebble is thrown up by the waters and lodged in an indentation of the stone; each succeeding wave causes it to revolve in this hollow, until by the constant friction, it frets itself deeper and deeper into the surface. That these cavities are thus formed I cannot doubt, having observed them in the process of formation, and their similarity in every respect with those in the stones above alluded to, tends to strengthen and confirm the impression of their identity with those now *in situ* at Herne Bay. Besides the stones constituting "Kit's Coty House," there are many of the same description scattered about the neighbourhood; upon the brow of the hill

immediately behind the public house, called "The Lower Bell," a considerable number may be seen, lying half concealed by the surface soil; the heap is so large, that the conjecture of their having once formed a Cromlech is very feasible; farther down in the spring heads are numbers of them, and we may reasonably suppose that "Kit's Coty House" was constructed from the boulders very near to its site. The heap of stones just below,—the "Coffin Stone," which is 14 feet long by 7 feet broad and 18 inches in thickness, and another large specimen called the "White Horse Stone," (most likely an ancient boundary) standing edgeways by the Pilgrim's Road,—are all of the same kind, and it is well worthy of notice that the far-famed Stonehenge is composed of huge blocks of a precisely similar description. Dr. Mantell gives a very interesting account of the occurrence of these stones in Sussex; he mentions their having

"Their edges rounded and even, and exhibiting incontestable proofs of long exposure to the action of waves;"

this appears confirmatory of my conjecture that the bed at Herne Bay is analagous to the formation originally containing the now scattered and dispersed remains, of which I am treating. Again, the above-named eminent Geologist, in his work entitled "Geology of the South East of England, says,

"This sandstone is perfectly analogous to that which occurs in Berkshire and Wiltshire, where it is distinguished by the term of 'Grey-Weathers.' Of this substance is composed—a circumstance that has given rise to its present geological appellation—the cement of the beautiful conglomerate or pudding stone of Hertfordshire, which agrees in its character with the Druid sandstone, and from that breccia also occurring in detached blocks above the chalk, it is now generally supposed that they are both of contemporaneous origin, the silicious deposition, when it did not envelope any foreign substance, forming the rock called the 'Grey-Weathers,' and when it fell among pebbles of any kind, composing a breccia or pudding stone."

This breccia I have found upon the chalk hills near to the "Upper Bell," and beds of pebbles exactly similar

are to be seen in the sand at Herne Bay, another strong reason to suppose that my opinion is a correct one. Let the reader bear in mind that in no single instance have these boulders been discovered in the solid chalk, but, on the contrary, chalk flints have been found enveloped in them; this simple circumstance is highly important, as it teaches us that the sandstone is of subsequent deposition or formation to the chalk. A remarkable quantity of this stone may be seen at the spring head below at Cosington and the two neighbouring ones; I cannot otherwise account for its accumulation in those particular spots, than by supposing it to have been deposited there by the farmers when clearing the surrounding lands for cultivation. The spring head at Cosington possesses the property of covering flints, &c. with a crimson coating; this is not an uncommon occurrence, and may be thus accounted for; in the lower beds of chalk from which it issues are many of those round masses of iron-stone vulgarly called "thunder bolts;" the water flowing over these becomes impregnated with the ore, which from its greater specific gravity, quickly subsides and invests all objects beneath with this ferruginous covering.

Near to Boxley Abbey is a spring that deposits calcareous matter upon the roots, mosses, stones, &c. lying within it; some of the specimens which have been procured from thence are of fantastic shape, and considerable beauty. This substance is called Calcareous Tufa, and the specimens coated therewith are quite distinct from petrifications, as the vegetating property is not destroyed in the roots and mosses. The chemical changes which give rise to this phenomenon admit of an easy explanation, but as it does not bear directly upon the subject matter of these articles, and would occupy too much of the very limited space which can be assigned them, I must refer the enquiring reader to Sir H. Davy's "Consolations of Travel," page 109.

A story is rife among the simple and untaught

countrymen of this district, that the stones composing "Kit's Coty House" were brought from lands beyond the sea, and placed as they now stand by a famous witch. I do not suppose that any of the readers of the "Coronal" would give credence to so absurd a tale; but the wish to excite a spirit of enquiry, and to point out how those interesting researches which carry us back through distant periods of time, may tend to the elucidation of matters round which she has thrown a veil of mysterious obscurity, or which she has invested with a halo of fanciful tradition, calculated to mislead those who would fain penetrate into her gloomy depths in search of truth, and bidding them rest satisfied with the belief entertained by their forefathers, would place a bar before the temple of science, within whose portals only true knowledge is to be found;—this wish has induced me to dwell longer upon the subject than I otherwise should have done, and will, I trust, prove my excuse if the remarks above hazarded, should appear somewhat prolix.

[*To be continued.*]

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—An anecdote was related to us a short time since which we shall repeat, as it will serve to shew that very absurd opinions are entertained of "Kit's Coty House," by others than the *simple* and *untaught* countrymen of the district. A friend of ours, riding from Chatham to Maidstone in the van, entered into conversation with a lady, whose appearance and manners bespoke a situation certainly somewhat above that of the middle classes, and not a little surprised was he to receive from her fair lips, the following solution of a great mystery. Those immense blocks of stone which now excite our wonder, as to the means by which they were raised and placed in their present position, were, at the time of their erection, comparatively speaking, mere trifles; but being of a very porous nature, they absorb a vast quantity of rain and other humid matter, to this adheres the dust blown from the road, and all sorts of atmospheric impurities, which being baked by successive suns becomes hard as the stone itself, of which in fact it forms a portion; and thus "Kit's Coty House" has attained its present gigantic size. Hear this, oh, ye fishers in muddy waters—ye diggers in the mines of antiquity—ye men of historical research! Listen to

this simple—this satisfactory explanation, and confess how vain are all your theories, about Cromlechs and Druidical altars, and resting places for the bones of Saxon Kings: why at the time of Catigern this structure could have been no bigger than a bird-trap, or may be some stones set on end by young bare-legged Britons to play leap-frog over; what it will *grow to* in the course of future ages, heaven only knows; a second Tower of Babel perhaps, only rather more difficult of ascent, than that amazing result of human pride and folly.

POESY, A SONNET.

BY G. M. BUSSEY.

WHAT though the wreath of fame be never mine,
 And my lone midnight wakings be in vain,
 To chronicle me of the Muse's train;—
 Though too much chill or fervour mar the line,
 Where I had thought my feelings to enshrine,
 For unborn days when Hope and I were fain,
 And Love and Love's pulsations things divine,
 Shall I not cherish still the Bardic strain?
 The joys of Poesy are deeper far
 Than to be swayed by popular regard,
 And high its sweet and wild communings are,
 Albeit the strain it gives be luckless-starred:
 A spirit's ecstasy that nought may mar,
 Aye proves the love of verse its own reward!

RETROSPECTION, A SONNET.

BACK to the dreamy past my heart is gone,
 That like a halo round some pale, bright star,
 Gleams with unfading lustre from afar,
 And shines o'er life and passion's cheerful dawn;
 Bright flowers, and brighter moments there seem strewn
 In beautiful confusion, and mine eyes
 Look back with tearful eagerness, and sighs
 Break in lament for that all-radiant morn.
 No more the delicate verdure may I tread
 By streaming brook or mossy bank well-known
 In fondest brotherhood with nature. Lone,
 Failing, and passionless, let mem'ry shed
 The flow'rets of the past upon my head,
 Making a fairy wreath ere life be sped.

Canterbury, May, 1840.

G. F. WOOD.

THE ORCHIS PYRAMIDALIS.

From the ruins of Thurnham Castle, Kent.

BY DOUGLAS ALLPORT.

A FLOW'ER is not a flow'r alone
A thousand sanctities invest it;
And as they form a radiant zone,
Around its simple beauty thrown,
Their magic tints become its own,
As if their spirit had possessed it.

The sprightly morning's "breezy call,"
And cool grey light around it streaming;
The holy calm of even-fall,
The majesty of night, and all
The glories of its starry pall
Above it eloquently beaming.

"The precious things of heav'n—the dew"
That on the turf beneath it trembled;
The distant landscape's tender blue,
The twilight of the woods that threw
Their solemn shadows where it grew,
Are at its potent call assembled.

And while that simple plant, for me
Brings all these varied charms together,
I hear the murmurs of the bee,
The splendour of the skies I see,
And breathe those airs that wander free
O'er banks of thyme and blooming heather.

Thus, when within my sunless room,
Heart-sick and mocked by mammon's leaven,
Thy pyramids of purple bloom,
Blush through its loneliness and gloom,
The spirit bursts its living tomb,
And basks beneath the open heaven.

There, as on some green knoll reclined,
The summer landscape round me glowing,
While gentle ardours fill the mind,
I leave th' unquiet world behind,
And hear a voice in every wind,
Around my fervid temples blowing.

The self-same voice, how calm and still !
 That rends the rocks, and wakes in thunder ;
 Proclaiming from the tinkling rill,
 The vocal copse, and breezy hill,
 As meekly as the dews distil
 Its ceaseless ministries of wonder.

"Th' Eternal Power and Godhead" then,
 Is seen and lov'd in all around us ;
 Seen in the deep and dewy glen,
 And loved to agonizing, when
 We know ourselves to be but men,
 And feel this tabernacle bound us.

Thus through this wood-side plant, the mind
 Sweeps the vast range of things created,
 And longs, and pants, and fails to find,
 In earth, air, ocean, sky combined,
 Those joys unfading and refined,
 By which its famine may be sat'd.

Its very cravings wean it hence ;
 It anchors where its rest remaineth ;
 And who has pow'r to drive it thence ?
 Its Helper is Omnipotence,
 The Rock of Ages its defence,
 And sinlessness the prize it gaineth.

Note.—These lines, the author informs us, owe their origin to a delightful ramble on the Boxley Hills, the recollection of which will ever be fraught with pleasant associations, as all country rambles must be to a mind, like his, evidently thoroughly imbued with a keen perception of the beautiful, and a fervent love of the pure and holy in nature. It may be well to mention that the ruins of Thurnham Castle, of which there are now but slight traces, and whose history is extremely speculative, are situated on a chalk hill just above the village of Detling, to the right of the high road from Maidstone to Canterbury, and about three miles from the latter place. The *Pyramidal Orchis* (in the words of our esteemed friend the author of "the Field the Garden and the Woodland.") is a plant which grows about a foot high, with a spike of delicate lilac flowers, closely clustered at the top of the stem. In some varieties the blossoms are quite white. Like the other orchises of the woods and fields it delights in a calcareous soil, and like them too, it has at a distance the appearance of a wild hyacinth, except that the flowers are of a different hue. The leaves are more pointed than those of the wild orchis plants generally, and it flowers in June and July. It is very plentiful in the hedges and woods between Luton and Lidsing, near Chatham.

ON THE VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS OF KENT,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Field, the Garden, and the Woodland."

[Concluded from page 69.]

BUT we must now turn to another of the most striking and beautiful of our county products. Who ever rode, on a fine May morning, along the Kentish lanes, bounded on both sides by grounds "with whose rich orchard blooms the soft winds play," and has not felt a joy as he marked their loveliness? here a spot covered with the smiling delicate rose-like blossoms of the apple tree—there, white with the snowy flowers of the coming cherry. And when the warm sun of Summer has gleamed upon the orchard trees, the same scene bears a fresh aspect of beauty; for the apple is beginning to show its ruddy tints among the branches, and the cherries glisten, like large rubies, among the green boughs. A merry song is sometimes poured forth from the cherry tree, as the gatherer mounts her small ladder to fill the basket, and occasionally throws a ripe red cluster to the child who is playing among the grass, and some of the wild summer birds, answer with their melodious tunes from the hedges. It is more for the cherry, than the apple orchards, that our county is famed, and here again we may quote John Evelyn, respecting their origin. He says "It was by the plain industry of one Harris (a fruiterer to King Henry the VIII.) that the fields and environs of about thirty towns in Kent only, were planted with fruit, to the universal benefit and general improvement of that county to this day." Sittingbourne was the first part of Kent in which these orchards were cultivated. Previously, however, to this general planting of the cherry, that fruit was known in Britain, as we learn from the old poet Lydgate, who speaks of its being sold about the London streets, as it now is. As it often happens, so it is in this instance, the poet has been the only recorder of the old custom, and were it not for his

verses, we should have supposed that cherries were scarcely known to our countrymen, except during the time when Britain was in a wild and uncivilized condition. It appears from Pliny, that the ancient Britons had the cherry. The fruit was first brought to the Romans by Lucullus, from Cerasus, a town of Pontus in Asia, and hence its botanical name. Pliny says that in less than 120 years after its introduction into Rome, by this general, that "other lands had cherries, even so far as Britain beyond the ocean."

The little wild black cherry (*Prunus cerasus*) is by some writers thought to be the origin of the garden cherry. In some parts of our county this fruit is called gean or gaskin. It is not very common in our woods, though perchance, many a Kentish country lad could tell where to find its white Spring blossoms or its black Summer fruit. It is often found among the Scottish mountains, growing to a large size, for the benefit of the wild birds, or the cottage children, and mingling with the mountain ash, "where hangs the rowan to the rock." The wood of the wild cherry tree is of much value to the cabinet maker.

The filbert plantations of our county are less ornamental to its scenery, than either of the cultivated grounds already mentioned. The necessity of keeping the filbert trees of low growth for the improvement of the fruit, and the regular order in which they are set, almost deprives them of the beauty which the rich brown clusters give to the free branches of the wild nut tree. Flowers properly speaking they have none, and the catkins which appear either in Autumn or Spring, are not to be compared to blossoms which bear the glowing tints of orchard trees. The filbert (*Corylus avellana*) is merely a variety of the hazel fruit, which is abundant in the copses of Kent, where the ripe nuts hang on trees often enwreathed with the climbing plants of the woodland, and rendered bright by the coral berries of the *bryony*, or the more brilliant ruby-like fruits of the night-

shade. And if some hand is not ready to gather the produce of the hazel, it gives a meal to the living creatures which frequent the wild, and the wood-mouse and the bird claim it for their own. But when the golden lustre of the season is beginning to tint the green leaves of the trees, then is the time for merry boys to leave the towns and go with the squirrel a nutting in the lanes and woods, and then the peasant lad gathers a little crop of fruit and takes it to the market for sale.

The wood of our wild hazel is valuable for many purposes, on account of its hardness, and when burnt it makes an excellent charcoal for drawing. In former days if yeast was scarce in the village, the farmer went away into the wood and gathered the hazel-twigs, which he twisted and steeped in his ale while it fermented, he then dried it and again put it into the wort during brewing. It is of the forked branch of this tree that the divining rod was made.

Our word hazel-nut is derived from the two Anglo-Saxon words *hasel* a cap, and *knutu* a nut. According to the old poet Gower, filbert had a more poetical origin. He says

“ Phillis
Was shape into a nutte tree,
That all men it might see,
And after Phillis, Philberd
This tree was cleped.”

But we must now conclude our remarks, scarcely glancing at the less common and important productions of our county. The canary grass (*Phalaris canariensis*) is cultivated in the Isle of Thanet, and in some other districts, for the use of singing birds. A pleasant sound may be heard over the canary field, on a summer's day, when the wind whispers among the heavy heads of the grass, as it bends before it, and makes a rustling noise, more loud and distinct than that which is heard in the wheat field. We used to say when we were children that the sound was caused by the fairies whetting their

scythes, though what the elfin ladies were to do with their instruments we neither knew nor considered. The ancient name of the grass, (*Phalaris*) is said to be originated in a Greek word signifying brilliant, and was given it on account of its shiny seeds.

Then we have the Dyer's woad (*Isatis*), cultivated in some parts of Kent for dying; and we have fields of white poppies, planted for the medical practitioner, whose flowers as they rise and fall with the breeze, look like pillowy clouds; and here and there our county can show a field of lavender, with its lilac hue and its delicious odour, scenting the lanes and meadows in its neighbourhood. Of our corn-lands and green fields, and of our park and woodland trees, we can say nothing that Kentish people do not already know, so we take leave of our readers in the words of old Michael Drayton, who thus enumerates some of the products of the "noble Kent" which he is addressing.

thy sorts of fowle and fish;

As what with strength comforts, thy hay, thy corne, thy wood,
Nor anything doth want, that any where is good.
Where Thames-ward, to the shore, which shoots upon the rise,
Rich Tenham undertakes thy closets to suffice
With cherries which we say, the Summer in doth bring,
Wherewith Pomona crownes the young and lustful Spring.
From whose deep ruddy cheek, sweete zephyre kisses steals,
With their delicious touch, his love-sick harte that heales.
Whose golden gardens seeme the Hesperides to mock,
Nor thee the damson wants, nor dainty apricock;
Nor pippin, which we hold of kernell fruits the king,
The apple orandge, then the savory russetting,
The pearemaine, which to France long ere to us was known,
Which careful fruit'ers now have denizen'd our owne,
The renat, which though first it from the pippin came,
Growne through his pureness nice, assumes that curious name.
The sweeting, for whose sake, the plow-boys oft make war,
The wilding costard then, the well known pomwater,
And sundrie other fruits of good yet several taste,
That have their severall names in severall countries plac't.

He thus continues his address to our county,—

O noble Kent, quoth he, this praise doth thee belong,
The hard'st to be controll'd, impatientest of wrong.

Who when the Norman first with pride and horror sway'd
 Threw 'st off the servile yoke upon the English lay'd.
 And with a high resolve, most bravely didst restore
 That libertie, so long enjoyed by thee before.
 Not suffering forriane laws should thy free customs bind,
 Thou only show'dst thyself of the ancient Saxon kind:
 Of all the English Shires be thou surnamed the free,
 And foremost ever plac't when they shall reck'ned bee.

AN EPISTLE TO W. H. BENSTED,

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

YOUNG Mr. Bensted, I have read your article
 All about *pudding stones*, and stones *in situ*,
 For which I do not care a single particle,
 And now a friendly letter would indite you,
 To warn you of the mischief you are doing,
 Your earthy speculations thus pursuing.
 What will become of all those wise opinions
 That we old people love and cherish so, sir,
 If folks throughout Her Majesty's dominions
 With spade and pickaxe are allowed to go, sir?—
 Poking in sand holes, chalk pits, and dry ditches,
 Laughing at sprites and hobgoblins and witches,
 As if such things on earth had ne'er existed;
 Why, sir, d'ye think that pile they call Kit's Coty,
 If not by powers such as these assisted,
 The pigmy, man, had ever raised? not he!
 Our fathers—they knew better than to doubt it,
 Then why should we a pother make about it?
 'Tis very well for folks to make long speeches,
 And use fine words, to bother us invented,
 Of all the wond'rous things this science teaches,
 As if it were a guide from heaven sent; did
 King Solomon e'er give the Jewish nation
 A lecture upon this, or that "formation?"
 Yet he much wiser was than Dr. Mantell
 (The gentleman from whom I see you quote, sir.)
 And knew each creature—every stone and plant well,
 And many very learned books he wrote, sir,
 But mentioned not the Iguanodon,
 The Hylæosaurus, or the Mastadon.

From which I must conclude 'tis all my eye, sir,

This science that you call Geology,

A lizard sixty feet or more? oh, fie, sir!

It equals all we know of Ichtheology.—

The whale, that mighty monster of the ocean,

The largest creature God e'er put in motion.

Then there was Strabo, and Herodotus,

Pliny, and many other men who travelled,

Long ere folks rode in van or omnibus,

Such mysteries as these they ne'er unravelled,

They never saw the Mammoth's giant bones, sir,

Nor traced the Plesiosaurus upon stones, sir;

Then why should we? oh, no, I'll not believe it!

Excuse me, I'm an old man, and plain spoken,

And for the letter I have writ, receive it

As of my friendship and good will, a token,

I knew your grandfather—a worthy man, sir,

Who never sought mysterious depths to scan, sir!

Odzoos! why should the present generation

Be wiser than the past, I'd know right gladly?

But now-a-days there's no one keeps his station,

For all are rushing onward—upward—madly;

The good old beaten ways are quite deserted,

And reason seems from out the world departed,

Thank God! I live in blissful ignorance,

Researches scientific never vex me;

I never unto knowledge make pretence,

Nor let new fangled words and terms perplex me;

All tales traditional, and legends told one,

By me in firm belief are ever holden.

No doubt you'll laugh at this my well-meant letter,

And scorn the antique notions that are in it;

No doubt you'll think that it had been much better

If I had ne'er ta'en pen up to begin it,

But unconcerned I could not see invaded

The bowers, that all my days of youthhood shaded.

Those old beliefs and ancient prejudices,

Fit us like garments that have long been worn, sir,

And when you strive to prove them errors, this is

Like knocking out the pegs we hang them on, sir;

Then touch them not with aught but reverent fingers,

For 'mid their dusty folds full many a pleasant memory
lingers.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT DEAL,

BY A NATIVE.

ALAS for Deal ! its glory has departed, and ICHABOD may be written up in the market place. Its houses are to be let for "next to nothing" or are tenanted by "people who have seen better days," and its streets are deserted by the multitudinous throng that once sent up a busy hum into "the sky that bendeth over all." The rattle of wheels and the trampling of horses are heard no more, or heard but singly and at long intervals, and the stranger might almost deem that the place had been lately subject to the visitation of a pestilence. It has been said that one might fire a cannon through any of the streets without danger of hurting a living soul, but this we must protest against as a gross exaggeration, having on our last visit to the place, some five years since, seen at least twenty persons in the principal street, besides it may be, a dozen dogs, and two horses; these last, if we recollect right, were drawing a brewer's dray, people will drink beer, if they can get nothing else. Now we do not mean to affirm that dogs and horses are living *souls*, not being believers in the Pythagorean philosophy, nor to rank them with the beings who *vegetate* in our native town, but merely mention them to show how dangerous to life and limb would be the above named experiment, and the consideration that we should not wantonly mutilate or destroy aught which God has created, we hope will deter any who might have entertained an intention of trying it, from so doing. We hear much talk among our uncles and aunts, and other people of the passing generation, of the former prosperous state of Deal; how she flourished in the "war time;" how she "waxed fat and kicked" rejoicing in the gold that was poured into her cup by the careless sons of ocean, throwing about their pay and prize money, like so much dirt.—How the bullocks and sheep, and pigs and poultry, could not be killed fast enough to supply the

shipping with which the Downs was thronged, and the fruit and vegetables were worth their weight in gold;—how the various tradesmen beheld with glee a constant stream of “the current coin of the realm” come pouring in upon them in exchange for their commodities, and fortunes were made in “a jiffy,” for the profits, as in all cases where the demand is great, were enormous.—How the taverns and the playhouse—a rickety old building since condemned as unsafe for the body as it then probably was for the soul, but we are always disposed to take greater care of the former than the latter,—overflowed;—how there was a constant ringing of bells, and firing of cannon, and pealing of trumpets, and rattling of drums, and rushing hither and thither.—How there were balls at which hearts were lost and won, and dinners whereat the “Girls of Deal”—always widely and justly famed for their beauty—were drunk with “nine times nine” by the blue and red coated gentlemen, whose gilded epaulets, and other glittering appointments rendered them perfectly resistless in the eyes of our fair townswomen, many a one of whom has stood on the beach waving her handkerchief of French cambric, for which no duty had been paid, to the “gay deceiver” who never returned to perform his promises or redeem his pledge; many a one of whom has beheld through her tears the ship depart which contained a brother, son, or husband, who was doomed to be offered up as a victim on the altar of grim war.—How Leghorn hats and carved ivory fans, and Geneva watches and chains were “plentiful as blackberries;” how in every house was a keg of brandy, and how they walked abroad in silks and satins from “over the water” all which things were perfectly guiltless of having contributed aught to swell the revenue of the customs or excise.—How houses and public offices were erected in “less than no time” of bricks so hot from the kiln as to set on fire the carts in which they were carried (a fact related of the *hospital* built for the reception of the sufferers in the

unfortunate "Walcheran expedition").—How in short all was delightful bustle and money-making and merry-making.

But these doings are now over. These sights and sounds have passed away like a tumultuous dream, and of Deal we may say, verily, the days of her humiliation are come; she rejoiceth not now in her prosperity; she lifteth up not her voice like a trumpet, for poverty dwelleth in her habitations, and distress sitteth in her market place, crying out for relief. And better that it should be so, than that she flourish by the prevalence of a barbarous system,—a system which tends to the increase of crime, and gives a frightful impetus to the growth of pride, "envy, hatred and all uncharitableness."

A very selfish and short-sighted view of the question is theirs, who pray for war, because it will stimulate trade into a state of activity, and thus contribute for the time to their individual profit, it is a burning and blasting fever, which leaves the frame of the community weak and liable to the attacks of all sorts of moral and physical diseases; true, while it lasts, there is a hectic glow on the cheek, a preternatural brightness in the eyes, the laugh of the patient is loud, and his mind is filled with glorious visions; but oh, it is undermining his constitution, and rarely if ever will he regain his pristine strength and vigour. In the train of war follows invariably distress and sorrow: extravagant habits and luxurious tastes are acquired; a scarcity of the means of subsistence is produced by the waste and destruction which prevails; then come heavy taxes and burthensome imposts, levied to meet the exigencies of the state; those who have "made money," as it is termed, by war, find it soon dwindle away, and they are reduced to their former poverty, while those demands continue to be made on them, although the stream has failed from whence they drew wherewithall to meet them. Thus it is with the people of Deal, as well as many other places, the ball is thrown, and they are suf-

fering from the rebound; the game is played out, and they faint with the exhaustion which follows over exertion; "as they have sown, so shall they reap." Think not, oh, fellow-townsmen!—if any such there be among our readers—that in speaking thus we would harshly blame, or invidiously point at you the finger of reprobation. It is the *system* we would decry—the accursed custom of deciding national disputes by the agency of brute force, instead of appealing to the immutable laws of reason and justice, and although our voice be very feeble, yet do we consider it a duty we owe to ourselves and our fellow creatures, to neglect no opportunity of raising it against this, so crying evil; if all who entertain similar feelings on this question, were to do the like, soon would the murmur which now prevails in Europe and America, swell into such a mighty volume of sound, that the whole world *must* listen to it with respect and attention.

No! far be it from us to endeavour to cast a slur upon the character of "the town where we were born," around which are entwined so many of our earliest and best affections, in which we have many relatives, and we trust some few, who although they are not bound by the ties of consanguinity, yet cherish towards us feelings of friendship, and accompany us on the path of life with kindly wishes. Deal did but follow the prevailing fashion when she rejoiced in the coming of war, and enriched herself by its lavish expenditure, and we have but held her up as an example of the evils resulting from the pernicious system, and the misery entailed on all who support it.

We have much more to say of the town of Deal; of the memories and associations, both historical and individual, connected with it; this must be deferred till a future article, having now reached the limits assigned to the present one, which we shall conclude with some stanzas by our erewhile schoolmaster Mr. S. F. Mockett, *who, we believe, is known to few as a poet, though as a*

public lecturer, his abilities are sufficiently understood,
and appreciated in the county.

E'EN rack'd with mortal pain severe,
Earth is a welcome spot,
Yet, who would live for ever here,
And taste a deathless lot?

The nodding plume, the sable hearse,
The slowly moving train,
Methinks this solemn truth rehearse,
All earth-born cares are vain.

E'en hope, with buoyant step elate,
Surveys with sickly eye
The confined, lifeless wrecks of fate,
In cold abstraction lie.

But faith, with telescopic gaze,
Triumphant marks the scene,
The power that form'd can surely raise,
And quicken what has been.

When tree and flow'r no longer bloom,
With dewy blossoms bright,
Shall Spring no more exhale perfume,
Or Flora's charms delight?

Shall yonder sinking orb of light,
That marks the hour of rest
For ever vanish from the sight,
A pris'ner in the west?

The dawning east, the opening flower,
Which nature's charms restore,
Proclaim to man the destin'd hour,
When Death shall be no more

THE brightest moments of our lives
The fleetest flee away,
And all the joy which young Hope hives,
To gild the looked-for day;
And every pleasure proudly nursed
To radiate its hours,
Like evanescent bubbles burst,
Or fade like frailest flowers.

W.H.P.

AUGUST, A SONNET.

Lo ! August, with a sickle in his hand,
 Walks through the corn-fields crowned with poppies red ;
 Lo ! by the woodside now he takes his stand,
 And clusters ripe from hazel boughs are shed,
 Clematis blooms the hedges all o'erspread,
 That scatter incense round at his command ;
 A train of golden hours his steps attend
 Where plenty gladdens all the teeming land.
 Come to the orchard grounds, oh come ! for there
 Purple and yellow plums bestrew the ground,
 The red-streaked apple and the russet pear
 Weigh down the branches of the trees around,
 Hear ye not the summons ? list ye not the call ?
 Ye are bidden to the feast of boon nature—one and all !

H.G.A.

A PARAPHRASE FROM PETRARCH,

“ Sit still upon your thrones,
 Oh, ye poetic ones !
 And if, sooth, the world deny you,
 Why, let that same world pass by you.
 Ye to yourselves suffice,
 Without its flatteries ;
 Self-contentedly approve you
 Unto Him who sits above you.”—*Miss Barrett.*

Oh, idleness and sensuality !
 Why must the virtues all give place to ye ?
 Why have ye changed the world, and quenched the light
 By which our steps directed were aright ?
 He who now payeth homage to the muse
 Is pointed at, and laden with abuse,
 By those who think of nothing, but how best
 They may advance their worldly interest ;
 They cry, “ what use in laurel crowns is there,
 And myrtle wreaths entwined amid the hair ? ”
 Philosophy is scorned—hath many foes,
 And like a shiv'ring beggar naked goes.
 Yet unto thee who drinkest at the fount
 Of Poesy, be such of nought account,
 Still with a soul undaunted, onward tread
 Thy chosen way—though little frequented !

H.G.A.

TRANSLATIONS, BY G. R. TWINER,

No. 1,

From the German of Krummacher.

A group of gay maidens greeted with dance and song the banquet of Aurora. "Fairest and happiest of the goddesses," exclaimed they, "always lovely like the rose, and blessed with eternal youth and beauty; every day thou arisest, as one new-born, washed in the sources of pleasure, and the springs of entrancing joys, that welcome young life." In the meanwhile Phœbus shone forth, and Aurora hastened in her car to the spot, where the maidens were assembled;—she stood before them, in truth the fairest, but far from being the happiest of that comely band: her eyes were sparkling with tears, and her rosy forehead was concealed 'neath the misty veil, that her presence had drawn from the earth.

"Children," said Aurora "ye reverence me with hymns of love, and your youthful innocence compels me to present myself to you, as I really am.—You, yourselves, know how fair I am; but nought, save the tears that I daily shed into my sister Flora's lap, can testify of my unhappiness. When young, I thoughtlessly married the aged Tithonus, and it is from his embrace I so early fly;—immortality, hoary, and unblessed with youth, was, as a punishment to us both, allotted to him; and while I am in his company, it deprives me of my beauty and loveliness. This is the reason I commence so early my brief employment of dispersing the misty vapours of night, and that I conceal myself all the day 'neath the brilliant rays of the sun, until I am compelled (as soon as he perceives me,) to share his couch, with tears and sorrowful lamentations.—Learn from me, that the fairest among you, will not always be the happiest, unless she possesses wisdom as well as loveliness; and makes choice of a partner, whose likeness to herself, can ensure the happiness of both."

Aurora disappeared—but every drop of dew reflected to the maidens her image;—They no longer regarded her as the happiest of the goddesses, although the fairest; and from her example, they acquired wisdom.

No. 2,

From the French of De Bernard.

A butterfly in his beauteous dress, thus proudly questioned an opening rose, on which he had paused to regale himself;—"does not the brilliant hue of my wings captivate you? does not your lustre, vile flower, sink into the shade, when compared with my beauty?" "Stay," interrupted the rose, "remember that a few hours back, you were crawling, a noisome insect, on the earth; and know, that we form no estimate from the outward appearance"—upon this the butterfly flew off, mortified and vexed at the taunt he received, and resolved for the future to be more modest.

No. 3,

From the German of Krummacher.

"WHAT a pity it is," cried a child to his father, "that when it has ceased blossoming, the rose does not produce fruit, and by that means assure nature of its gratitude in summer, for the soft time of its blooming in spring.—It is called the flower of innocence and joy, then it would be the image of gratitude."

The parent replied, "does not the rose consecrate herself entirely to beautify the spring, nature's favourite? as a recompense for the dew and sunbeams that fall upon her from Heaven, she offers the fragrance of her delicate perfume, and formed for the spring-time alone, she passes away with it. A modest and unseen thankfulness is the best, dear child, and how can innocence be ungrateful?"

THE MOTHER TO HER DYING INFANT.

SLEEP on, my suff'ring babe, sleep on !

Oh ! would that this repose
Might bring unto thine anguished frame,
The end of all its woes ;
That quiv'ring lip, that lab'ring breast,
Ask for the long, unbroken rest.

I, who each lineament behold
Renewed again in thee,
And who, in every throbbing vein
My own life-blood may see ;—
Yes ! I who gave thee to the light,
Now seek for thee that endless night.

And have I then forgot the love
A mother bears her son,
That I would banish from my sight
The life but just begun ?

Oh ! mark those features late so fair,
And read my answer written there.

Recal that eye which used to turn
A seraph's gaze on me,
And then mark how its half-dimmed light
Speaks now reproachfully,
As though, for all this mortal grief
I might provide some kind relief.

My child, I hoped, till Hope herself
On leaden pinions sank ;
Then Fancy's effervescent cup,
Deluded, still I drank,
Till, seeing all thy life is pain,
I'll ask but Heaven for thee again.

For often I almost believe,
E'en in that state of bliss,
While treading 'mid the golden stars,
That thou must think of this,
And, turning from an angel's face,
Weep for thy mother's lost embrace.

Alas ! again I see the pangs
That rend thee from the earth,
And pray that this may usher thee
Unto thine heavenly birth ;
I but desire to see thee free,
Nor ask conditions more for thee.

My babe ! I can but weep to think,
 The height thy sorrows reach,
 But, when I see thee safely hushed
 In that deep sleep, from which
 There may no startled waking be,
 I'll kneel and bless my God for thee.

M. A. G....

A SONG OF THE COAST,

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

DEAR Sheppy's Isle—I'll sing of thee !
 For ne'er in softer *mould*
 Was island from the slimy sea,
 Formed by the flood of old.

And still the Nores—the great and less—
 Watch o'er their favoured child ;
 While envious sister isles confess
 Earth's charms in thee *com-piled*.

Yes, mighty piles that round thee keep
 A *coast-guard* night and day,
 Can scarce prevent the saucy deep
 From kissing thee away.

The very stones should sing thy praise,
 If fate would crown my wishes ;
 But who can proper spirit raise
 In silent *fossil fishes* ;

And *natives* of thy neighbouring seas
 Should laud thee night and day ;
 But " mute inglorious *Miltons* " these,
 Not theirs the poet's lay.

Then let my song with praises swell,
 Dear Sheppy's Isle ! and mark
 That few have loved so long—so well
 As I—thine own *mud-lark* !

HYSTORY AND ROMANCE.

SKETCH No. 3.

“LET there be a proclamation made throughout this broad realm—which, by the might of his good right arm, our royal father, William of Normandy, brought under his wise and equitable domination—that whomsoever repaireth not to the siege of the town and castle of Hroffeceaster, in the fertile province of the Cantii, or, as it is now called, the County of Kent; which town and castle are holden in our despite by that arch-traitor Odo of Bayeux,—shall be accounted a niding and a disgrace to the name of man. If he be a knight his spurs shall be stricken off, his title erased from the rolls of chivalry, and never more shall the banner emblazoned with his cognizance be unfurled in the presence of noble dames, fair damozels, and gallant warriors; if of less degree, Norman or Saxon, freedman or serf, on him shall the weight of our displeasure fall; despised, insulted, and oppressed shall he be for the remainder of his days;—this swear we by the Rood! Eustace Fitzwalter, and William of Caen, our trusty Knights and true, to you we intrust this commission; see that it be executed with all due formality and dispatch.” Thus, in the year 1088, spake William Rufus, from his throne of state in the ancient hall of Westminster, where he had convened a council of his Barons, to consider the most effectual means to be employed for the suppression of the rebellion, which had broken out in favour of Robert Duke of Normandy, then battling with the infidel on the plains of Palestine, and altogether unaware of the use that ambitious prelate the Bishop of Bayeux, was making of his name, to excite the English to revolt.

Odo had accompanied William the Conqueror, his half brother, to England; had enjoyed his favour and confidence, and been invested by him with a large portion of the subjugated country. He was made Earl of Kent, Chief Justiciary of the realm, and to his share

fell the town and castle of Rochester, with many a broad acre stretching far away into the heart of this rich and delightful county, whereon to fatten and gorge himself and his rapacious followers, at the expense of the Saxons who tilled the soil, and who were looked upon by their haughty Norman lords, as little better than beasts of burthen, that must be scourged till their spirit is broken, and they perform the drudgery demanded of them without resistance or murmuring. These honours, however, and these emoluments, did not satisfy this turbulent and intriguing prelate—this worthy son of the church militant, who scrupled not to plunder even his holy mother, and having by this means, and by heavy fines and exactions levied on the people, accumulated a vast amount of treasure, he was about to convey it to Rome for the furtherance of his religious projects, when the King received intimation thereof. Influenced probably by a desire to enrich his own coffers, without caring much whether at the expense of friend or foe,—so frail is the bond which binds robbers together,—William gave orders that it should be seized, together with the person of Odo, who was conveyed *nolens volens* in safe custody to the Castle of Rouen in Normandy, doubtless that he might have an opportunity of meditating in retirement upon the fleeting nature of worldly possessions, the vanity of titles of distinction, and the little trust there is to be placed in the favour of earth's potentates, all which reflections would, or *should*, prove highly conducive to a very proper humiliation of spirit, and a just estimate of the value of things sublunary.

Be this as it may, certain it is that Odo did not profit by opportunity thus afforded him for self-examination and abasement; for when, at the expiration of nearly five years, he was released from his imprisonment, by virtue of a general pardon granted by the Conqueror on his death-bed, and restored by that monarch's successor to the enjoyment of his former estates and dignities, he displayed as restless and fiery a spirit, and as

great a desire for aggrandizement and the accumulation of riches as ever; and having by artful representations and large promises prevailed on several influential nobles to join him, he in the second year of the red king's reign set up the standard of revolt, ostensibly in favour of Duke Robert, but in reality, it is shrewdly suspected, with the intention of getting himself declared King should the attempt succeed.

On the first news of the outbreak, Rufus—who was not deficient in courage or capacity, though in general his sensuality and love of pleasure prevented a display of those qualities so valuable in a warlike age—hastened to stifle the flame in its commencement, but finding his subjects did not respond to his call for assistance so freely as could be wished or expected, he commanded the proclamation to be made as above stated, and with the levies already raised, marched towards the head quarters of the rebellion.

This proclamation, than which, as the King well knew, nothing could be better calculated to stir up the quick spirits of so martial a period, or work upon the fears of those existing in a state of vassalage, produced the desired effect. The youthful aspirants to military fame—the only distinction then deemed worthy to be striven for—jealous of reproach, and panting for an opportunity of signalizing their prowess, came flocking from all quarters to join the royal armament, and soon the left banks of the river Medwage, as it was termed by the Saxons, were covered with warlike bands; from all the neighbouring hills innumerable watch-fires cast a ruddy glare through the night, and by day the valleys resounded with the clash and the clang, and various other sounds which denoted a state of busy preparation. The woods which in those days extended in most places to the river's edge, were deprived of some of their goodliest ornaments, to furnish materials for the construction of rafts destined to convey the troops across, and for the

erection of the rude engines of warfare then in use, the ponderous ram, the lofty moveable tower, the catapult and the arbalest, for propelling fragments of rock, stones, wedges and bolts of iron, with other destructive missives.

At length, every thing being in readiness, one morning soon after daybreak, the rebels were summoned to surrender, on their refusing to do which, the rafts with their living freight, were pushed off on either side of the bridge; creaking and groaning the ponderous engines kept up an incessant discharge to cover their advance, and at the same time a vigorous assault was made on the outward defences of the bridge itself, these were a bar-bican and wooden tower of considerable strength, which were quickly carried, notwithstanding the arrows and cross-bow bolts, shot from the castle walls, fell so thickly as to darken the air. That part of the bridge which was drawn up, being lowered to afford the defenders of the outworks a passage for retreat, was immediately occupied by the assailants, who took possession of that and the wicket, and soon the bridge was covered from end to end, with an onward rushing multitude that swept all before them like a mountain torrent. Under cover of their ample shields, these, joined by others who had crossed on the rafts, now advanced as close to the city walls as the ditch would allow, and passing round to the sides least exposed to the fire from the castle, furiously assaulted the two gateways, denominated Eastgate and Cheldegate, which latter formed the northern entrance to the city. On these, however, owing to the strength of their defences, and the resolution of the town's-people, they could make no impression, and they therefore drew aside to wait, till the coming up of the battering rams would enable them to breach the walls. In the meantime a sortie had been made from the castle, so suddenly and with such impetuosity as to clear the bridge, and the people of the city at the same time rushing out from the several gateways, fell upon those who had crossed the river, and threatened to annihilate them before they could

receive assistance from their friends on the opposite side. Again, however, was the bridge assaulted, again taken, and the rebels driven back, with much loss, to their fortification; seeing which, the citizens also retired within their walls, to these the ponderous engines, having been with great labour transported across, were shortly applied with right good will, and soon they began to totter, then to topple down, leaving yawning rents and fissures, through which might be seen women and children flying hither and thither in a state of the greatest dismay; wounded and dying men lying here and there, staining the rough pavement with their gore; cowed monks administering the last consolations of religion to their departing brethren, or bearing away the bodies for interment, with all the dreadful horrors of a beleaguered city. But it is not our intention to enter minutely into the particulars of this memorable siege, having neither space nor inclination; those who delight in a description of such scenes of bloodshed, may find enough and to spare in the chronicles of both ancient and modern times, for alas! man has ever been a destroyer and persecutor of his fellows. Suffice it then to state, that through these breaches the city was entered, when, what would be called by those habituated to warfare, a *reasonable* slaughter of the inhabitants took place, that is, perhaps not *more* than a decimal portion of them was slain, a mere trifle, and but just sufficient to serve as examples to the rest.

By night-fall the work of destruction was over, and quietude in some degree restored, the King having taken possession of a residence lately occupied by the rebellious Odo, near to the Cathedral or Church of Saint Andrew, as it was then called, and which had lately been rebuilt under the direction of the Saxon Bishop Gundulph, in a style of extraordinary grandeur and magnificence, as the portions which remain entire to this day, sufficiently attest.

The reduction of the Castle was now the point to be *gained*, and to this Rufus directed all his energies, but

a month passed away without producing any appearance of success; stratagem and force were alike unavailing, so strong was the place and so vigilant were the defenders. The massy walls appeared as indestructible as mountains of granite, and as impervious to any impression from without; every postern, wicket, nay, even loophole and embrasure, was as narrowly watched by the besiegers, and as carefully guarded by the rebels, as if the reduction or salvation of the fortress depended upon that particular point.

Towards the end of the fifth week, when, the King began to entertain thoughts of raising the siege, a rumour prevailed that the garrison were suffering from the effects of a contagious disorder which had broken out amongst them; and, a few days after, a herald, preceded by a flag of truce, issued from the principal gateway; he brought an offer for the capitulation of the fortress, on condition that the nobles concerned in the insurrection, with their retainers, were allowed to march out in warlike array, and leave the country unmolested. After some demur the King agreed to these terms, making however a mental reservation, not at all favourable to Odo, who, on the delivery of the fortress, was seized and conveyed to Tunbridge castle; but soon after set at liberty on condition of his departure from the realm. Having thus put an end to the rebellion, and divided the estates of the expatriated nobles among his followers, not forgetting to appropriate to himself a lion's share of the spoil, Rufus bestowed the post of Governor of Rochester Castle on one of his Norman knights, laid a heavy tax upon the inhabitants of the city, and commanding them to repair the injury their walls had sustained during the siege with all due dispatch, and to beware how they again departed from their allegiance to his royal authority, took his departure, highly lauded for his clement and merciful demeanor towards them.

How Bishop Gundulph could have fallen under the *King's* displeasure it were hard to tell, as he took no

part in the rebellion, being at deadly enmity with Odo, between whom and himself, conjointly with the arch-primate Lanfrune, there had been much contention concerning certain church lands, of which they had been despoiled by the rapacious Norman. Besides this, Gundulph, being a skilful architect, was made principal surveyor and builder of the Tower of London, in the reign of William the First, by which monarch he was highly esteemed, as may be proved by the legacy left at his death of one hundred marks and a royal robe to the church of Rochester. Rufus also, who in his early days had been the pupil of Lanfrune, always appeared to favour the friends of the primate, among the most intimate of whom was Gundulph. However, be the cause what it might, certain it is that he displayed an unfriendly spirit towards the bishop, when, some time after the events above detailed, he was applied to for the confirmation of a gift of the manor of Hadenham in Buckinghamshire, presented to the see of Rochester by the archbishop of Canterbury. He would only grant it on condition that Gundulph expended sixty pounds, a large sum in those days, in repairing and strengthening Rochester Castle. With this arrangement the bishop was forced to comply, and having made good all the dilapidations in the walls, caused by the hands of time or man, he laid the foundation of that vast structure the Donjon or Keep, which still goes by the name of "Gundulph's Tower," an indestructible monument of his architectural skill, and greatness of mind; for although he did not live to see it completed, to him are we indebted for the grandeur of the design, and down to future ages will it go, associated with his name, exciting the wonder of each succeeding generation, by its immense strength and colossal proportions, compared to which the puny erections of to-day shrink into insignificance—become mere toys, playthings for children of a larger growth.

THE WILD PINK OF ROCHESTER CASTLE,

BY H.G.A.

THE Castle Pink! The Castle Pink!

How wildly free it waves,
Exposed to every blast that blows
And every storm that raves;
It heedeth not the pelting rain,
Nor whistling gales that sweep,
Around the time-worn battlement,—
Around the massy Keep,
But smileth still, and flourisheth,
The various seasons through,
For God—he nourisheth the plant
With sunshine, and with dew.

The Castle Pink! The Castle Pink!

It hath a perfume sweet,
Wherewith it welcomes all who come
Unto its lone retreat,
High up above the walks of men,
Beside the Norman's tower,
With no companions, save it be
The woad, and dragon-flower;
And well it doth the toil repay
Of those who venture there,
That balmy fragrance to inhale—
That welcoming to share.

The Castle Pink! The Castle Pink!

Adown the sheer descent
It looketh with a placid smile
Of love, and sweet content;
It knoweth nought of fear or care,
It heedeth not the strife—
The turmoil, and anxiety,
With which this world is rife,
But trusteth in the watchful arm
Of an Almighty Power;
Oh, many a lesson man might learn
From this unheeded flower!

But he is proud, his heart is hard,
And stony as the rock;
He turneth from sweet Nature's face
And doth her teaching mock;

Within his bosom love of gain
Hath built her sordid throne,
And all the gentler virtues are
By rank weeds overgrown ;
And so he squabbles in the mart,
And hates his fellow man,
Instead of walking in the fields
God's beauties all to scan ;

Instead of roaming in the woods
From cities far away,
Where tuneful birds sing madrigals
From every budding spray ;—
When Peace breathes out in every sound,
And Piety, and Love,
Speak from the emerald sward beneath,
And azure skies above ;—
Where calm delight steals over him
Like a delicious dream,
And all is redolent of Joy :—
But I forget my theme !

The swallow loves the Castle Pink,
And now and then a bee,
Borne upwards by a sudden gust,
Clings to it lovingly,
Like one who journeyeth afar
Where unknown realms extend,
Whose heart is gladdened by the sight
Of some beloved friend ;
The dusky rooks around it caw
When evetide veils the sky,
They mark it blooming sweetly there,
And know their home is nigh.

The Castle Pink ! The Castle Pink !
Oh, how I love to stand
Above it, and my glances send
O'er all the fertile land ;—
To mark the river rolling wide,
And list the waving trees,
That rustle, as their boughs are kissed
By many a passing breeze ;—
To hear the mingled city-sounds
Come faint upon the wind,
And feel like one who hath thrown off
Earth's shackles from his mind.

Bloom on, bloom on, sweet Castle Pink!
 And wave all wildly free,
 Within the bosom holy thoughts
 Are stirred at sight of thee;
 Thou springest up to beautify
 This monument of eld,
 And to thy great Creator dost
 A grateful incense yield:
 Thy cultivated progeny
 May boast of brighter hues,
 But the wild Castle Pink would be
 The one I e'er should choose!

Note.—This flower, the *Dianthus Caryophyllus* of botanists, may be seen blooming very luxuriantly, with the woad, and the snap-dragon, on the outer walls of Rochester Castle, from July to September. Miss Pratt in "*Flowers and their Associations*" thus alludes to it. "On the massy walls of the ancient Castle of Rochester, 'bathed, though in ruins, with a flush of flowers'; it grows on heights far beyond the reach of the passenger, rendering the top of the ruins a summer garden. It blossoms in July, and there are not more than half a dozen spots in our island where it may be found wild. When transplanted to a garden, it soon assumes a different appearance, and the little Castle Pink would not be recognized, in another summer, as the wild-flower, which had last year greeted us from its lofty abode."

SEPTEMBER, A SONNET.

THE blue-bells on the hill-side now are ringing
 A peal, to welcome golden-haired September,
 To the wild-thyme and marjoram-blooms are clinging
 Bees, that with murmurs low, bid them remember
 How short will be their pastime; for November
 His sleety arrows all around them flinging,
 Will prostrate every fair and fragrant member
 Of Flora's gentle family: the singing
 Of merry voices soundeth far and near,
 Upraised by those who pluck the pendant hops,
 While gossamer threads gleam in the atmosphere,
 And in the vales, and on the brown hill-tops;
 And, like a mighty one of olden story,
 The sun goes down to rest arrayed in crimson glory.

ROUGH NOTES ON THE GEOLOGY
OF
MAIDSTONE AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD,

BY W. H. BENSTED.

[Continued from Page 93.]

I shall now proceed to give some account of the Chalk formations, which are very extensive as well as interesting, from the various remains of organized matter and other substances found imbedded within them. The reader must be aware that the limited space that can be assigned to these articles, will not admit of so lengthened and minutely descriptive an account as the subject would seem to demand; and therefore my observations must be confined to the more important features, and on these be rendered as concise as possible.

The hills near Maidstone present their steep, characteristic, undulating ridges, and basset out above the Galt, forming an escarpment of great boldness and beauty; their surface is covered with a short verdant turf, and scrubby underwood, the soil in some places barely covering the chalk beneath.

Under the general term of "Chalk formations" are comprehended the following deposits;—

Upper Chalk, with flints,

Lower Chalk, without flints,

Chalk Marl,

Fire-stone, or upper Green Sand,

Galt, or Folkstone Marl,

Shanklin, or lower Green Sand;

and they are classed under one head, because the fossils contained in them bear a common character, and are supposed to be the produce of the same ocean through a continuous period of time. In illustration of this assertion I will mention that I have discovered shark's teeth in Chalk, Galt, and Lower Green Sand, belonging to the same species, and of such near resemblance that they might be supposed to have come from the same fish, were such a possible supposition. Coniferous

wood is likewise found in all the series, having in most cases the appearance of being much decayed and worn by drifting about in the water; this prevails less in the Chalk than in the lower beds—Crocodiles' teeth and several kinds of shell such as Ammonites, Nautili, &c. This is adduced to support the assertion of the formations alluded to being the remains of the exuvial of an ocean, that continued for a considerable period of time, without any material change in the situation of its bed or the character of its inhabitants.

The reader is not to suppose that in *every instance* the same fossils are found in these formations; the upper beds of chalk contain flint nodules, which do not exist at a greater depth; near the Upper Bell on the Rochester road, flint is seen in horizontal layers, and also in the more elevated portion of the first chalk-pit; but in that worked by Mr. Heathorn, alluded to in my former article, few are met with, and in the lower beds at Burham not an instance of a flint occurring is known. Loose chalk flints are found in great quantities, scattered upon the surface of the hills: these were most likely once imbedded in a similar manner to the layers now seen in the chalk, and, if the proportion of chalk and flint were the same, a vast body of the former must have been washed away to have furnished so great an accumulation of the latter, as in many places encumber the ground, to the obstruction of vegetation. Of the formation of flint nodules; the best authorities consider them to have had an organized body for a nucleus, such as sponge, or a zoophite of some kind, and that by a chemical affinity, the silicious matter on precipitation, gathered around this nucleus, thus forming the various figures so well known to every curious observer of the flints which are scattered in the vicinity of chalk hills.

The pits of grey chalk at Burham are very rich in organic remains, fragments of Lobsters and other of the Crustacea, Shark's teeth, disconnected bones of various kinds of fish, &c; and there are also found in consider-

able numbers, the iron pyrites, vulgarly called thunderbolts. At Halling, on the opposite side of the Medway, I discovered the femur of a turtle, in a very perfect state of preservation. These pits will generally repay the collector, as the men working in them have learned to preserve that which they may find, and many rare specimens are frequently exhumed. Following the road towards Maidstone, the Galt is to be seen upon the surface near the second mile stone, and it continues until the red or ferruginous sand rises into a bank, through which the road has been cut; but the best section of Galt may be examined at Varnes, where it is washed by the Medway, and at low water the deep beds may be visited, offering a beautiful display of the wonders contained in the earth. The river is constantly washing away the clay in which are imbedded Ammonites, Thamites, Bellemnites, Inocerami, and many other shells, whose pearly tints and metallic hues glisten as they meet the sunshine. The remains of past ages lie strewn at the feet, and a wide field of interesting enquiry is opened to the man of science, and the philosopher.

Galt is much used in the manufacture of tiles and a superior kind of bricks, it being very tenacious, and when baked, exceedingly firm and durable. In the valley which runs below the chalk hills to Folkstone, where it forms the substratum on which those hills rest, in the winter much water is accumulated, from the unpercolating nature of this clay not permitting its absorption; and in the dry seasons the surface is broken and rendered rugged by large cracks and openings, which extend to a considerable depth.

The next formation, or division of the chalk series, is the Rag-stone, the upper beds of which are composed of red or ferruginous sand, passing into those of Limestone, the description of which will be entered upon in another article.

[To be continued.]

THE PASSION FLOWER.

Pale passion flower—pale passion flower!
 Blooming no more, when Day his curtain closes;
 Shunning the breath of the still shadowy hour,
 When Twilight on the sky her cheek reposes:—
 So passions, that by day
 Earth's mortal children sway,
 When Night hangs hushed and deep,
 In solemn calm will sleep,
 Like resting-winds on roses.

Pale passion flower—pale passion flower!
 In vain the moon's soft eye upon thee beameth,
 And the lone birds of night, from shrub and bower,
 Tune sweeter songs than fervent fancy dreameth:—
 So Woman's love, possess
 Of kindred love, is blest;
 But unreturned, conceals
 The wound it inly feels,
 Far deeper than it seemeth.

Pale passion flower—pale passion flower!
 Free to the eye of day thy charms unveiling;
 Wooed by the sunbeam and the summer shower,
 Night-winds alone are round thee sad and wailing:—
 So hearts, that passion's lure
 Have braved, and past secure,
 In night of life may close
 Earth's sorrows, and repose,
 A purer breath inhaling!

R. W. LOMAS.

THE EXILE'S SONG,

BY DILNOT SLADDEN.

Oh! why art thou so beautiful, fair island of my birth!
 That fancy must recur to thee, my own, my native earth?
 Remembrance seeketh no repose; although my senses sleep,
 I dream of that one glorious land, far distant o'er the deep.
 Away! Away! oblivion's shade! for I will not forget,
 Though memory looks with saddened glance & wakens but regret,
 I pledge thee in my silent tears, more maddening far than wine,
 My country! though an exile now, my prayers, my thoughts are
 thine!

Hail to ye! fresh and fleeting winds, that curl the ocean's foam.
 Methinks ye sweep above the waves, from my sea-circled home!

Hail to thee! never changing sun, glad parent of the day!
 Oh, that mine eyes with thee might view the shore that's far away,
 With joyous glances gild her plains, the brightest of the bright,
 My soul shall fancy that she dwells on their sunny wings of light!
 My country! whether morning beams upon thy beauties shine,
 Or darkness hovers over thee, still I am wholly thine!

Come on! come on! thou crested main, in thy wide majestic sweep,
 For I am of the island race "whose home is on the deep;"
 Yes, thou shalt be my country now, although the tempest roar,
 My dwelling place beside thy waves, my tent upon thy shore;
 And in thy bosom fathomless ere long my grave shall be,
 My epitaph the wild birds' cry, my monument the sea;
 And the murmuring winds of heaven shall waft my spirit o'er the
 brine,
 My country! I will seek thee then, and e'en in death be thine!

SONNET, BY T. L. MERRITT,

TO THE ELM TREE IN LEEDS PARK, PLANTED BY
 SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX.

For nigh two centuries thy trunk hath stood,
 Still in umbrageous foliage art thou dight;
 Far stretch thy gnarled roots with sinewy might,
 Defying all the powers of wind and flood!
 A pleasant place thou shadowest, imbued
 With sober gray, and laughing gleams of light,
 In dalliance lingering there from morn till night,
 When the tired hart rests in deep quietude;
 His hand, who planted thee, hath long been cold,
 His race illustrious perished, not his fame,
 That still is fresh as thy green leaves—old tree!
 Time, the dire spoiler, hath on thee a hold,—
 One leafless branch hath felt the lightning's flame,
 Alas! thou art not for eternity!

Note.—Thomas, Lord Fairfax, was possessor of Leeds Castle in the time of the Commonwealth; he succeeded the Earl of Essex as General of the Parliamentary Forces, and appears to have displayed at all times great moderation towards the defeated Royalists; so much so, as to draw on himself the suspicions of the stern fanatics with whom he sided, in that disastrous conflict. He was averse to the carrying matters to extremity with the misguided and unfortunate Charles the 1st, and resigned his command, on being ordered to march against the Presbyterians of Scotland. He seems to have been a man of great ability, as well as conscientious and kind-hearted, and died much beloved and respected in 1674. At what date the tree above alluded to was planted, is not exactly known.

THE KENTISH CORONAL.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

BY F. F. DALLY.

Ask the Flower whence its sweetness,
At the weary hour of noon ;
Ask the Meteor whence its fleetness
As it flashes past the Moon ;—

Listen to the thousand voices
Of the Stars, which music make,
And the Streamlet's simple noises,
Babbling as it seeks the Lake ;—

Ask the Moon-beams why they tremble
On the mirror which they light,
Why, too, they so much resemble
Man's enjoyments, brief though bright ;—

Hearken to the mighty Ocean,
As it heaves its breast of pride,
Ask who giveth constant motion
To its ebbing, flowing tide ;—

Ask the Nightingale, the reason
Why it wooes the silent night,
Ask the Summer, why its season
Ministers to man's delight ;—

Ask the Glow-worm, who ignited
That small lamp the leaves among,
And the Grasshopper, delighted,
Why chirps it an even-song ;—

Ask the Butterfly, who tinted
Wings, no hand could paint so well ;
Ask the Bee, what power hinted
How to build its honey-cell ;—

The song of Birds, the breath of Flowers,
By day, by night, above, below,
Exclaim, " these varied charms are ours,
And *Nature* made and wills it so."

But to Man alone 'tis given
To say, in words of joy and love,
All these are the gifts of Heaven,
To us below from God above !

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT DEAL,

BY A NATIVE.

have said that there are many historical associations individual recollections connected with Deal, which could please us well to make the subject of another r; and should this fall into the hands of any who debating within themselves as to whither they shall t, for the enjoyment of the invigorating sea-breezes sea-bathing, we trust it will prove some inducement, for them to make choice of our native place as residence during the hot months of summer.

we never *could* understand, why people should r floundering about in a liquid very much resembling pea-soup, both in colour and consistence, at Ramsgate and Margate; or why they should run the hazard of being "smashed to smithereens" by a fall of the cliffs over; or of pitching head-foremost down a chimney a fish-kettle, at Folkstone or Hythe, rather than r the pleasant lavations offered them by the crystal waters of the "Dowus," flowing over sands firm to the tread, and free from a particle of mud or other discolouring matter, and pebbles shining like pure gold and glistening like pearls;—the rambles over the breezy hills, the walks amid the meadows and the corn-fields, the picturesque cottage, and the farm stead, and the covered village church, that abound in the highly rated and fertile neighbourhood of Deal. Certainly, it is no accounting for tastes!

it, it may be objected (we have often heard it so) that it is such a dull place; there is no company, no amusement." True, for those who resort to the sea-side for the purpose of entering into a round of frivolity and dissipation, there is no amusement; and the aristocratic persons in the vicinity, who are in the habit of being assailed in bills and circulars as the "Nobility and Gentry of Deal, Upper Deal, and Walmer" would hardly chary of admitting strangers into their worship-

ful society, their balls and parties being like those of Hogsnoton sung by Thomas Hood, (or was it poor Haynes Bayley)? *so very select.*

But to those who leave the noisy populous city for quiet and retirement—the pent-up atmosphere for the freshly blowing gales, that shall free their lungs and cause a quicker circulation of the vital fluid, give elasticity to the step, and restore brightness of the eyes, dimmed by too constant a poring over “red-lined accounts,” or it may be, by tears of sorrow and vexation shed for losses in trade, or those more irreparable ones caused by the spoiler, Death;—to such Deal offers many advantages, cheap living, cheap lodging, beautiful scenery, clean bathing, and the purest of air. These advantages render the Town a highly desirable residence for the city tradesman or the invalid, and any one who can find a pleasure in contemplating the beauties of nature, and can

“See, and hear, and breathe the evidence,
Of God’s deep wisdom in the natural world.”

There may his jaded spirit feel peace steal over it, “like a delicious dream,” as he listens to the “hollow sounding and mysterious main,” murmuring a never-ceasing song of praise to its Creator; or, should there be a tumult in his breast,—a war of passions and contending inclinations,—may he not deem that the elements sympathize with him, as he listens, during a storm, to the rolling of the thunder, the howling of the winds, and beholds the mighty billows rearing their white crests, illumined by the lightning flashes, and leaping madly forward as though to engulf the whole town? And will not the passions within him, be subdued by the very force of that sympathy, as the tempest gradually ceases, in obedience to the immutable fiat of an ever watchful Providence? Will he not confess the omnipotence of Him who restrains the elements, and become filled with humility and resignation?

There may he take his wife to gather fresh strength for the performance of her maternal duties; and his youthful family, to sport on the golden sands, now chasing the retiring billows, and now flying before those that return, with gentle murmurs, as longing to kiss their tiny feet;—to roll on the clean shingles, basking in the sunshine without fear or danger;—to play amid the sand-hills, which bound the place to the northward, where miniature glens, valleys, and mountains, seem expressly designed for the game of “hide and seek,” and where the wild flowers and the waving grasses tempt their little hands to form nosegays, and fill their simple minds with images of beauty, to be recalled with pleasure in many an after day.

There may the Botanist, the Geologist, the Conchologist, the Antiquary, the Historian, the Painter, and the Poet, each and all find employment congenial to their tastes. The first of these in examining and collecting the various plants which grow on the salt marshes, and sandy shores—the high chalky Downs, and the green lanes situated more inland, where we have so often gathered primroses and violets in the spring-time, and, at a later season, plucked from their expanded sheaths the arums, which we then called “lords and ladies.” There are several rare plants found in this neighbourhood, and perhaps the most beautiful of these is the wild pink of Deal and Sandown Castles, the same flower as that described at page 122; for the rest, see Hasted, and after him Ireland.

Scattered along the beach, or embedded in the sand are constantly found curious shells, fossils, and pebbles of a rare formation, wrought by friction to a beautiful smoothness and polish. There also the wonders of submarine vegetation are exposed to view; and in the shallow pools left by the retiring waves, one has an opportunity of observing the habits and movements of many of the crustaceous animals, the star, the cuttle-fish,

with other objects equally interesting; the gull, the curlew, the sand-piper, and the plover, attracting his attention by their shrill cries and rapid movements, and the porpoises presenting their black snouts, and at times the whole of their bodies, through the foam caused by their unwieldy gambols, as if performing these graceful evolutions, as they no doubt consider them, for his especial entertainment.

There may the Antiquary and the Historian amuse themselves, in endeavouring to identify those spots described by Leland and others, as the place where the Romans made their first landing—the boundaries of Cæsar's camp—and tumuli or barrows, which marked the road taken by his invading troops towards the interior of the island.

There may the Poet muse over visions of by-gone times, till the golden eagle of imperial Rome once more glitters above the heads of the mailed cohorts,

“The sheen of whose spears is like stars on the sea.”

The low shelving shores and the chalky heights are again covered with our savage forefathers; there is a rushing hither and thither of many feet; a raining of blows from massy clubs, that ring on the uplifted shields of the Roman soldiery; fragments of rock, and arrows, and darts are flying through the air; the scythe-armed chariot wheels are swiftly revolving, bestrewing earth with mangled bodies; banners are fluttering in the wind, and the brazen trumpets sending forth their notes of encouragement to the reapers of Death, who pursue their bloody work, with yells of defiance or encouragement, shouts and shrieks, and a calling upon the names of the strange gods of the Pagan mythology, and the Druidical superstition. The trench is redigged, the lofty mound thrown up, and the gallies of the mighty Cæsar are lying idly upon the beach, their hulls shattered by the tempest, while the host borne by them over the bosom of the deep, now reduced to a mere handful by sickness,

famine, and the weapons of those whom they came to subdue, are sullenly waiting behind their intrenchments the arrival of succours, which may enable them to prosecute their design of conquest, or retire in safety from the scene of defeat. In such themes as these may his imagination revel, until, like a bard of the olden times, he poureth out in song, the deep thoughts and lofty feelings excited within him.

There may the Painter catch, and transfer to his canvass, the different aspects assumed by the Ocean,—which, though everlasting as the foundations of the earth, is constantly changing and putting on a new face, now stern and threatening, now smiling and playful; at one moment calm as slumbering infancy, the next rude and boisterous as passionate adolescence. There may he see passing and repassing before him vessels of all sizes and characters, from the stately man of war and scarcely less bulky merchantman, to the small fishing boat which seems like a nutshell in comparison, their white sails gleaming in the distance like (to use an oft-repeated simile, but than which no better can be found) the wings of a congregation of sea-fowls. Fit objects for the exercise of his imitative art are momentarily presenting themselves to his view, and he, as well as the rest of those whose pursuits are of a healthful and rational character, may find the wherewithall to gratify his tastes and inclinations;—the means of amusement, and we doubt not instruction, in the quiet vicinage of our native town. But even the objection of those who are fond of gaiety in their summer sojourn by the “sounding shore”—of musical promenades, and raffles, and dances under pavilions, and donkey-ridings—might be easily removed, if Deal were made a place of greater resort. There are plenty of spirited individuals who would provide these amusements, if they could see the slightest chance of a remuneration. Indeed the work of improvement is now going on, and has been for some

time past. A bath-house and a public library are erected, and rumours reach our ears big with the note of mighty preparation. There has been the first stone of a new pier laid by one of the oldest and most respected inhabitants of the town. There have been public meetings, and dinners, and long speeches made thereat, causing the humble dwellings of the "Hovellers" on the beach to tremble to their very foundations, and in many instances to disappear entirely from the spots they formerly occupied; and that no light matter would do this we may be assured, from their having so long stood unmoved, despite the angry threatenings, and even furious attacks of the spring tides and easterly winds. Of the hardy dwellers in these humble tenements—the "brave Deal boatmen"—we shall, perchance, have a tale to tell, and a song to sing, anon. Yes! Deal has joined in the march of improvement, as it is termed, and ere long we suppose it will be scarcely possible to recognize our old birth-place. They will be sticking up rows of pert-looking buildings, with stuccoed fronts, green verandas and balconies, slated roofs, and chimneys like Tuscan, Doric, or Ionic pillars, divided by ten, to put to shame the staid, sober-coloured, and time-honoured habitations of the Aborigines. They'll dab a Swiss cottage down here, and a Roman villa there, and a nondescript building in another place, till some fine morning old Neptune will open his eyes very wide with astonishment, and in a voice like the sounding of twenty conch-shell trumpets, will ask what enchanter has thus metamorphosed his beloved town,—why she has thrown off her decent respectable habit, to flaunt it in paint and patchwork.

But let them transform thee as they will, O Deal! thou wilt ever be present to our imagination as thou wast in the days of our boyhood. We shall ever think of the barn wherein we have swung, deeming it a mighty achievement to touch the topmost beam with our feet; of the stacks round which we have played "hide-whoop"

in the clear moon-light nights; of the garden where we pricked our fingers with the gooseberry bushes, and stained our lips (not a word about the pinafore) with the cherries; of the fields where we have froliced among the new-mown hay (speak not of falling into ditches); of the chapel yard wherein lie the bones of our poor mother; of the shore and the sanddowns, and hundreds of other spots, which are to us hallowed, and ever-enduring records of the joys that have vanished "like a tale that is told." If our readers think we have devoted more space to a description of these scenes, and have lingered somewhat longer over these recollections than the nature of the subject required, or than the limited size of our work with propriety allowed, we would request them to look into their own hearts and see if they cannot there find an excuse for us. Have not the bright memories of youthhood a charm and a fascination in them to attract and bind the world-wearied spirit? Do we not all love to wander in the sunny paths, and to pluck the fragrant flowers of the vernal season of life? We do, because there is no season so fresh and so beautiful—so filled with the buoyant joyousness of hope and anticipation, so musical with songs of love—pure confiding love, knowing nought of jealousy and distrust—affection, gushing forth from the uncorrupted heart on all objects around, freely as the waters of a mountain stream, to invigorate and refresh the thirsty wayfarer. But we must conclude, and to do so worthily, will give thee, O Reader!

TWO MORE SONNETS TO RICHBOROUGH CASTLE,

BY G. R. CARTER, OF DEAL.

THERE is a Castle thron'd upon a hill,
To whose grey walls the scentless ivy clings,
And pendant shrubs, all rich with blossoms, fill
The roofless halls of conquerors and kings.

Lo ! the dim river, as it glides along,
 Is harmonized to music, and the birds
 Prolong its cadence with their sweetest song,
 Which strikes the ear with more effect than words.
 Wreck of departed days, although the gleams
 Of old Tradition's light around thee fall,—
 Oh ! still more beautiful in classic themes,
 Appear thy sunken cross and ivied wall;
 And Time, whose wreath upon thy brow is spread,
 Seems the sole mourner o'er the mighty dead !

Nature ! beneath thy beatific hand,
 The joyful earth its verdant robe assumes,
 And many a flower, awaked at thy command
 From wintry sleep, the silent dell perfumes.
 But *how* thy power omnipotent is thrown
 Around this ancient pile !—Time's iron tongue
 Which long ago its final requiem sung,
 Is mute, and thou hast claimed it as thine own,
 Thus shall the fanes and palaces which men
 Have reared to-day, their splendid pomp resign,
 And thou shalt have an universal shrine,
 To which the world shall turn with eager ken :
 These ivied walls thy mighty power attest,
 Where erst the Roman eagle built her nest.

OCTOBER, A SONNET.

Lo ! now the year, with air subdued and sober,
 Such as may well befit one growing old,
 In russet dress doth hasten to enrobe her ;
 Meanwhile her servitors, in green and gold,
 (The stately forest trees) you may behold,
 Bowing a welcome unto proud October,
 Who, as the gales his rustling robes, unfold
 Moves onward like the monarch of a globe :—whirr !
 Up springs the pheasant gleaming in the sun,
 On bounds the hare along the leaf-strewn way ;
 The woods reecho to the murderous gun,
 Chatters the magpie—screams the noisy jay,
 And dusky rooks, that in the elm-tops dwell,
 Caw to the winds, that of the coming winter tell.

OUR LADYE OF CHATHAM,

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

[We need make no apology for inserting the two following legends, although they be not original; they are extracts from Mr. Mackay's new work "The Thames and its Tributaries," and cannot, we think, prove other than interesting to Kentish readers, more particularly those who are acquainted with the localities described.]

PROCEEDING up the Medway, and passing between a great number of low swampy islands, mere marshes, unfit for the habitation of man, we arrive at the little village of Gillingham, pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence on the right of the narrowing river. This place, with Chatham, at which we shall presently arrive, was celebrated before the Reformation, for its wonder-working virgin, who was called our Lady, and sometimes the Rood of Gillingham. An old legend, repeated in Kent when Lambarde wrote his *Perambulations* of that county, thus accounts for the cessation of the miracles at her shrine. The dead body of a man floating in the Medway, was cast ashore in the parish of Chatham, where it was buried, after due enquiry, by the Churchwardens. The parish clerk who officiated at the funeral, retired home to rest; but a sense of oppression was upon him, and his sleep was disturbed and broken. About midnight, however, he fell into a more refreshing slumber, from which he was awakened by a loud knocking at his window. Still more inclined to sleep than to get up, he turned on his side, after asking in his roughest voice, "who was there?" The answer sent a cold shudder through his frame. Being a holy man, he knew the solemn voice of our Lady of Chatham, who commanded him to arise and follow her. He arose immediately, and came down into the street, where she awaited his coming, sitting on the steps of the door. A halo of glory was around her head, and he bent before her in reverential awe. "Follow me, O clerk," said she, "for this

day ye have buried beside my grave, the corpse of a sinful man. He so offends my eyes by his ghastly grinning, that unless he be removed, I can do no more miraculous workings in your town. That so great a calamity should not befall the poor people, take thou mattocks and pike, and comewith me, take up the body and cast it again into the river."

Though the night was cold and wet, and he was not accustomed to such labour, he procured mattocks and followed her in silence. That he might not doubt her divine power, he noticed that wherever she placed her foot, the grass immediately grew, and the flowers began to blossom, and at one place where she rested for awhile, a whole garden of verdure and beauty started up around her. At last they arrived at the church-yard which was a good distance from the clerk's house, where "our Lady" pointed out the spot of her own sepulture, and then that of the drowned man, telling the clerk to set to work immediately and relieve her sainted ashes from the ghastly presence of that sinful neighbour. The big drops of perspiration stood on the brow of the clerk. He could not speak to the being of another world, but he did her bidding in solemn silence. He dug for many hours until he arrived at the coffin, our Lady looking on with a melancholy and dignified smile. She motioned him to open it, and take the body on his back, and cast it into the Medway. He did so. The corpse grinned horribly upon him, but he had no power to let it fall, and he walked away to the river's brink. He had the curiosity to look back, when he saw the figure of our Lady melting gradually away into the thin air, and seeming no more than the light silver mist that floats upon the mountain. With a violent effort he threw the corpse into the river: the water bubbled furiously: a ray of light danced cheerily above the grave of our Lady, and the clerk feeling his mind relieved from a load of sorrow, walked back to his own home, and slept

comfortably till the morning. Anxious to know whether this occurrence were not a dream, he arose early and walked forth to the church-yard. He was convinced that it was no night vision, that he had indeed seen the virgin of Chatham, long before he arrived at that place; for, from his own door, all the way, they had passed, he noticed the track of verdure where the unearthly feet had trodden, and the little parterre of flowers that still grew on the place where they had rested. From that day forth he was a calmer and a better man, and the towns-people long pointed with reverence to the little tufts of grass, the earthly witnesses of the miracle. But, alas! for Gillingham, it suffered by the good fortune of Chatham. The body of the drowned man was wafted down by the stream, and found by a fisherman of that village. He took it ashore, and it was decently buried in the church-yard. The Ladye of Gillingham was wroth at the pollution, but caring less for the good people in whose parish she wrought miracles, or not having the good sense of the Lady of Chatham to apply for mortal aid in the removal of the nuisance, she withdrew her favour from the place for ever, her shrine lost its healing virtues, and the prayers of the faithful were of no avail. It was observed at the same time that the earth where the drowned man was buried began immediately to sink, and so continued for many years, until the body was deposited in the great pit of perdition, when the earth was heaved up again, by no mortal means, and restored to its former smoothness. Lambarde says, this legend, though only known to some very old people in his time, was not long previously "both commonly reported and faithfully credited of the vulgar sort," having been received by tradition from the elders of a former age.

When part of the church of Chatham was pulled down in 1788, several fragments of ancient sculpture were discovered, and among others the headless figure

of a Virgin and Child, having a mantle fastened across the breast by a fibula set with glass in imitation of precious stones. This was generally supposed to be the figure of our Ladye of Chatham.

ORIGIN OF "THE THREE CRUTCHES."

ABOUT half-a-mile from the town of Rochester, on the banks of the River are the remains of a building formerly called the Temple, which belonged to the Knights Templars, and where they lived in grim state at the time that order flourished in England.

The village of Luddesdon, at a short distance from the river and on the road to Cobham Park, is connected with an old legend of the Medway, and the ruins of the Temple above mentioned. When the Knights Templars flourished in all their glory, one of their members, Sir Reginald Braybrooke, had been to visit the Lord Cobham, and was returning to the Temple by a lonely path on the river's brink, when he was pierced to the heart by an arrow from a hand unseen. Next morning he was found weltering in his blood, quite dead, and the fatal arrow still sticking in his side. The Templars used every means to discover the assassin, but in vain: and in commemoration of the deed, and to solicit the prayers of all faithful passengers for the soul of their brother, they erected a triangular monument on the spot where the corpse was found, with a cross on each side, fronting the three roads that united at this place. The spot ever afterwards obtained the name of the Three Crosses. The murderer was not discovered during his own lifetime, but the secret was brought to light in a singular manner.—In one bitterly cold winter night, some years afterwards, one of the brethren, who had been to administer the last consolations of religion to an expiring sinner, arrived at Luddesdon in a woeful plight from cold and exhaustion. He saw but one light, from the window of a poor hovel in the village,

and, knocking at the door, he entered to solicit shelter and a seat by the fire. He found the place inhabited but by one poor old woman, who was sick in bed. She was almost in the last extremities, and the instant the ecclesiastic entered, he remarked that the coverlet of her bed was no other than the cloak of the murdered Sir Reginald Braybrooke, whose confessor he had been. He immediately conjured her, ere she hastened into the presence of her God, to tell whether she knew anything of the murder. She then confessed that her husband, an old soldier, who had fancied himself wronged and insulted by Sir Reginald, had shot the fatal arrow to his heart: that after the commission of the deed he never enjoyed one moment's repose or happiness, and that one morning, a few months afterwards, he was found at the bottom of a chalk-pit dashed to pieces. She did not know whether this catastrophe was accidental, or whether in a fit of remorse he had put an end to his miserable life. Having made this confession she expired, and the priest, taking away the cloak, conveyed it to the Temple, where it was long preserved by the knights as a sad relic of their brother. The precise spot where the monument stood is not now known, all traces of it having long since disappeared. A small public house in the neighbourhood has borrowed a name from it, with a most whimsical perversion. From *Three Crosses*, the original name of the monument, it was corrupted in the course of time to the *Three Crouches*; and a modern landlord, seeing no meaning in these words, improved it and made it more intelligible to his customers, by giving his house the sign of the "*Three Crutches*!" Close to this house, on a rising ground overshadowed by one of the largest walnut-trees in England, is the spring that formerly supplied the pilgrims to this spot with water.

FLOWERS.

BY W. H. PRIDEAUX.

THE lovely FLOWERS that deck this earth—how eloquent are they!
 What lessons to the human heart they smilingly convey;
 And yet how prone are we to pass their pure monitions by,
 Gazing with listlessness of heart, and unobservant eye!
 To Childhood, are they not as hopes, which fascinate the mind,
 And lead the footsteps gaily on, with gentle purpose kind?
 To Manhood, are they not as joys, which gild a summer-day,
 And emblems of his bosom's pride, that shortly must decay?—
 To Age, the gay remembrancers, of what was felt and known,
 When Love was budding in the breast—for one—and *one* alone!
 To such they were affection's pledge, and strengthened kindred ties,
 Gave more of vigour to the pulse, and brightness to the eyes.

* * * * *

Who loves not FLOWERS must have a heart of uncongenial soil,
 Go view the Lilies of the vale, that "neither spin nor toil,"
 E'en Solomon in all his pride, was not arrayed like these
 Meek dwellers in their loneliness, perfuming every breeze,
 There's odour in their very name, which to the thoughtful brain,
 Comes gently falling, like the flow of April's pleasant rain:
 The Rose, that to the sun's warm kiss, unfolds its blushing cheek,
 Is but a rainbow type of life, departing while we speak,
 It flourishes with fragrant glow, but with the set of sun,
 Its symmetry is wasted down, its beauty is undone:
 The Lotus, what a glorious word! accordant with the flower.
 The Swan adores it as he swims the lake in stately power,
 Comparing, with ambitious pride, the whiteness of his plume,
 To its bowl of vestal purity—so freighted with perfume!

* * * * *

I've seen an old man's sunken eye in ecstasy grow wet
 At mention of the bright Blue-bell, and fragrant Violet:
 The brief recital I convey, because so full of truth
 To what is felt in frosty age, and taught in melting youth.
 He sat beside his wicket gate, beneath a sheltering tree,
 With head reclining on his hands, and elbow on each knee,
 And to him came, with eager speed, one of a childish band,
 Grasping the flowers of which I speak, within his chubby hand;
 With gleeful smile, he gave them to his Grandsire on the seat,
 And wondering asked "who painted them and made them smell
 so sweet,"

I placed the child upon my knee, and told him all I knew,
 The old man's eye was bathed afresh with feeling's holy dew.
 And I have treasured from that day's most memorable hours,
 The question of the simple child—the beauty of the FLOWERS!

THE TRADITIONS OF THE CLERK OF F—, IN KENT.

Part 2.

"BRING forth my steed," Lord Herbert cried,
"Bring forth my steed I pray ;
"And thou my page with me shalt ride,
"O'er moorlands far away.

"We'll tread the vale and climb the hill,
"And cross the sunny lea,
"And ford the stream so deep and still,
"Beneath the forest tree."

"Nay, good my lord," the page he said,
And on his knee he fell,
"There be holy priests and barons dread
"This eve at Ravenswell.

"They feast where corslets on the wall
"Gleam in the torches' light ;
"Where banners wave in marble hall,
"And 'the ruby wine' is bright.

"And o'er that joyous festal board
"The Abbot bows in prayer ;
"Oh ! hasten ye, my honored lord,
"To join the revels there."

And then the chieftain raised his head,
"Thou'rt bold, sir page, 'tis true,
"And what with me," he answered,
"Hath revelry to do ?

"There are forest halls in my domain,
"With living pillars rare ;
"And arches such as man in vain,
"May strive to rear with care.

"Better than all the homes of pride,
"Are those 'neath the green wood tree ;
"The sparkling rill in moorland wide,
"Than rosiest wine to me.

"And many a welcome friend I find
"In nature kind and good ;
"While voices greet me in the wind,
"Or hail me in the wood ;

- " The light of Heaven, oh ! it is mine,
" When oft I wander free ;
" Brighter, when forth the moon beams shine,
" Than earthly fire can be.
- " Then haste ye, for my steed doth neigh,
" And pant for the mossy plain ;
" And I, too, long to be away,
" At liberty again."
- " Harken, my liege, each tuneful string
" Will be awaken'd there ;
" And seraph voices sweetly sing,
" And odours 'rich and rare,'
" Around thy pathway will be flung,
" And Eden's breath 'twill seem."
- " Avaunt !" broke from Lord Herbert's tongue ;
" Away ! e'en now I dream
" Of woodland choristers, whose song
" Breaks on my listening ear ;
" Whose notes my very soul doth long,
" Again to welcome near.
- " No harp is like the wild bird's lay,
" No perfume like the flow'rs,
" Begone ! I can no longer stay,
" From my own fragrant bow'rs."
- " Listen, my lord, hast thou forgot
" One who in chair of state,
" Awaits thee, and whose envied lot,
" To night is desolate,
- " Her brow is bound with glistening pearls ;
" Of velvet dight with gold,
" The mantle o'er that form bestow'd,
" So beauteous to behold."
- " Up ! I will list to thee no more ;
" No pearls like morning dew ;
" No costly vest like living store
" Of virtues strong and true.
- " No beauty can my heart enthrall,
" Save of the matchless mind ;
" And the pure heart that blesseth all,
" And loves all living kind."

I DE V.....

ROUGH NOTES ON THE GEOLOGY
OF
MAIDSTONE AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD,
BY W. H. BENSTED.

[Concluded from Page 125.]

THE next formation to the Galt is called Lower Green Sand, and in Kent is known by the term "Rag-stone." The first indication of the appearance of these beds upon the surface, is the ferruginous or iron sand, which rises from the level of the Galt into small hills. It is well developed at a short distance from the Sandling Gate upon the Rochester road, where the dip of the strata can be seen, the road being cut through them; and also at a short distance from Penenden Heath, on the road to Boxley. The Rag-stone begins near to Park House, and is found in detached masses, as far as Sutton Valance, Linton, &c, where it forms a steep escarpment above the Weald clay, similar to the precipitous sides of the chalk hills above the Galt. Great displacement has occurred in the Rag-stone, but the rents and fissures are most of them filled up with a red, loamy clay—fuller's earth—sand, and gravel, the latter consisting of fragments of the Rag, Sand-stone, apparently of the Wealden, and partially rounded Chalk flints. Thus, if these extraneous fillings up were removed, the beds of Rag-stone would present a singularly wild appearance, standing or lying in broken masses, and in every variety of position, monuments of the violent convulsions, that have, at various times, wrought such mighty changes on the surface of the globe; but the depositions of clay, sand, &c. have so covered the beds of Rag-stone, that the principal indications of their existence, are undulating elevations of the soil, and in few instances are they precipitous and uncovered, excepting where they basset out above the Wealden, and in valleys of disruption, of which Boughton and Loose are instances.

The correctness of the term *Diluvium*, which has been applied to these deposits, and which would imply that they were the result of a Deluge, is questioned, in consequence of a minute fresh-water shell being found among them. This discovery has given rise to much interesting speculation, as to whether the clay is the debris of a flood of considerable magnitude, or the deposit caused by the gradual subsidence of the waters of a river or lake. It is worthy of remark that the waters of the Medway, though nearly 100 feet below the position in which this shell (*Lymnea*) is met with, deposit a red alluvial clay, similar to the beds which contain it; and this clay is continuous, from the banks of the river, to the most elevated parts of the Rag-stone thus covered. The faces or sides of these beds, when exposed to view, exhibit evident indications of having been long subject to the action of strong currents, or the drifting of waves, being much water-worn. They generally dip towards the nearest valley, and evidences of great displacement may be seen in all the quarries of the neighbourhood, where openings occur, forming caverns, in which the *Hyæna*, *Fox*, and *Wolf* once found refuge, as is sufficiently attested by the bones of those animals having been discovered therein.

At the bottom of the beds of red clay, or brick earth, remains of the larger *Mammalia*,—the *Horse*, *Deer*, *Elephant*, *Rhinoceros*, and *Hippopotamus* are met with, and these were evidently conveyed to their present position by the water from which the matter surrounding them was deposited.

The Rag-stone when *in situ*, is divided into alternate layers of hard blue lime, and a loose silicious sand-stone, both containing an abundance of fossils of marine origin, with great quantities of plants and drift-wood. Bones and teeth of reptiles had also been met with, but none of importance, previous to my discovery of a considerable portion of the skeleton of the *Iguanodon*, in 1834.

Several circumstances conspired to render this discovery peculiarly interesting to the Geologist;—hitherto, nothing but detached bones of this enormous reptile had been met with; here but little was wanting to perfect the anatomical structure;—these bones had been found only in the Wealden (a fresh-water formation), here they were evidently amid the debris of an ocean, and to account for their appearance in such a situation, gave rise to many ingenious speculations. The most probable theory is, that the carcase of the dead animal must have been drifted seaward by a strong river current, and that, on the decomposition of the flesh, the bones sank to the bottom and were covered by sand, which in the course of ages became converted into stone. As a further confirmation of this theory, I would again allude to the vegetable remains which are found in the Rag-stone formation; many of these are of a species allied to the *Dracenea*, which no doubt constituted the food of the *Iguanodon*. Dr. Mantell has a tooth of a reptile fixed in a fragment of wood, belonging to this order.

From a comparison of the bones of the *Iguanodon* with those of the *Iguana*, a lizard of the West India Islands, after a careful examination of its structure, the comparative anatomist is enabled to arrive at a tolerably sure deduction, as to the size, habits, &c. of this enormous reptile. It is calculated to have been from 60 to 100 feet in length, and the peculiar shape and adaptation of the teeth leave no doubt upon the mind that it was herbivorous. Beside the substances already mentioned, there are found embedded in the Rag-stone a great number of zoophytes, or sea plants, among which the *Alcyonia Monilia* may be named, as particularly worthy of observation.—Corals and Fuci, these appear to have been embedded in the situations they occupied whilst growing; indeed, from their fragile and perishable nature, all traces of many of them must have been totally lost, had any long interval elapsed between their displacement and the deposition.

of the sand, &c. which enveloped them, in the places where they had flourished. Below the Rag-stone is a series of red and blue clays, and beds of different coloured sands. A boring for water, which took place at the bottom of Earl-street, Maidstone, a few years since, produced a remarkable discovery. At the depth of 170 feet, after passing through clay and sand, a stratum of the Bethersden marble, about two feet in thickness, was pierced, and very perfect specimens of the *Paludinæ* (Periwinkle), analagous to the fossils seen in great quantities in the Wealden, brought up by the borer. This fact proves the existence of the Wealden beds below the Rag-stone, at a distance of about 6 miles from their place of appearance, on or near the surface. The boring afterwards proceeded to the depth of 370 feet, passing through blue and red clays, and sands of various thicknesses; fragments of shells, apparently of fresh water origin, were brought up, but, from their mutilated state, their character could not be determined on. It was supposed that water might be procured from this depth, upon the principle of the Artesian wells; but the experiment failed in its object, as a geologist might have expected, the arrangement of the soils being contrary to that which is necessary to produce the flowing of water above the surface.

Relatively to the dislocations that have occurred in the Rag-stone formation, it may be mentioned, that a spring of water, after flowing a considerable distance in sight, loses itself in the cracks and fissures near to the Boughton Quarry, below which a portion of the water re-issues in several places; while the remainder, it is supposed, finds its way under the hill, by Mr. Rider's estate, into some of the tributaries of the Medway. In the Iguanodon quarry are similar rents, which the erosions upon their sides and edges, sufficiently declare to have been water courses: this is farther attested by the roundness of the stones which face these fissures,

and by the lodgments of fine sand upon the projections being disposed in thin layers or beds; and it is farther worthy of attention, that the springs, though now from 40 to 50 feet below these markings, flow through the same fissures in the rocks. Mr. Lyell, and many other eminent Geologists, are of opinion that the whole of the European Continent has been for ages past, and still is, arising from the level of the sea, and these evident indications of the springs having formerly passed out so far above their present levels, would seem to corroborate this statement. Another confirmatory circumstance is, that the debris of the Medway, as before stated, may be traced to much greater elevations than is now ever reached by its waters, even when swollen by floods; and history records events, which we cannot conceive the possibility of, unless we suppose that the drainage of this part of the Wealden, formerly flowed through a wider channel than it now occupies. But a proper consideration of this matter would require a more extensive notice, than the limited space assigned to these papers will admit of. I shall therefore conclude with expressing a hope, that my humble endeavours to make the readers of the CORONAL acquainted with the most remarkable geological phenomena existing in this locality, may not be without a good effect;—that they may be induced, by the familiar nature of the illustrations I have done my best to place before them, to make their rambles in the fields and by the road side, conducive to a *practical* acquaintance with this important study, of which Sir John Herschel says “Geology, in the magnitude and sublimity of the objects of which it treats, undoubtedly ranks next to Astronomy in the scale of the Sciences.”

One word, before I conclude, with my old friend the “Octogenerian,” who has honoured me with a poetical epistle, and for whose manifestations of friendship and good will I cannot feel other than eminently grateful.

That he knew my grandfather, and entertained so just an appreciation of his character, as to term him "a *worthy* man," is a circumstance that entitles him to most respectful treatment at my hands, and it would ill become me to endeavour to controvert any of those "wise opinions" the truth of which he so sturdily maintains; yet would I, with all due deference, venture to remind him that those ancient travellers, Strabo and Herodotus, *did* speculate in Geology; and as to the Iguanodon's equalling "all we know of Ichtheology," this is clearly a mistake, as the learned Jews believed in a fish so enormously large, that it swallowed another 900 miles in length; while with regard to the "Mammoth's mighty bones," one of them has put it on record, that he met with the ossification of the leg of some unknown animal, and that it took him *four hours* to travel from one end to the other of it,—a tolerably sized *peg* that, to hang "those old beliefs and ancient prejudices" upon, and one that I would by no means have the temerity to attempt the destruction of. In some degree to mollify my ancient friend's anger at the evil ways into which I, in common with so many of the present generation have fallen,—those habits of "poking in sand-holes, chalk pits, and dry ditches," of which he complains, I will relate an anecdote. An Arab being asked why he believed in the Supreme Being, thus finely illustrated his reason for such belief. "When I see the print of the lion's foot in the desert, do I not know that the lion has been there?" In like manner might the Geologist reply, when the truth of the wonders revealed by the science he makes his study, is questioned, "Is there not written in indellible characters on the solid rock, a history of the mighty revolutions that have taken place through a succession of bygone ages; and shall we not endeavour to trace those characters, and arguing from analogy, make the present and palpable, a key to decipher the records of the mystery-shrouded past?"

Note of the Fossils found in the Burham Chalk. These bones are described by R. Owen, Esq. as being ; 1st, part of a *humerus* and two distal terminations of *tibiae*. These most nearly resemble in form, proportion, and size, the albatross, and apparently belonged to the *longissimæ natatorial bird* :

2nd, The remains of the tortoise or *Chelonian reptile*, which consist of four marginal plates of the *carapace* ; and some smaller fragments of the expanded ribs, referable to that family of *Celoniæ*, inhabiting fresh water lakes and rivers, or estuaries of the sea :

3rd, A series of small vertebræ of the Lizard in their natural relative position ; these are united by ball and socket joints, and are proved to belong to the *Saurian* class of reptiles, by the presence of many long slender ribs, and by the conversion of two vertebræ into a sacrum.

Erratum. Page 125, line 17, for *Thamits* read *Hamits*.

NOVEMBER. A SONNET.

HARK! how the hollow winds and moaning surges
Mingle their voices in a descant drear,
In preparation for the solemn dirges,
That shall be sung o'er the departed year ;
Meanwhile the trees their naked forms uprear,
And dark November, robed in fog, emerges
From out the womb of Time ;—all shrink in fear
As on his shadowy steed he fiercely urges :
The nightshade's deadly berries deck his locks,
And in his rear comes rain, and pelting hail ;
He scattereth the herds, and bleating flocks,
Nought may against his violence prevail ;
He tramples down the summer flowers—a wreck
Makes of the garden ground, and reigns without a check.

H.G.A.

DECEMBER. A SONNET.

HE comes—of all the twelve the youngest born—
The best-beloved, like fair-haired Benjamin !
Not from his mother's side will he be torn,
Oh no ! one peaceful grave they'll slumber in ;
How earnestly his parent prayed, to win
A wreath to deck his brow, and see, 'tis worn !—
Chrysanthemums that seem to stars akin,
And Christmas-roses of their poison shorn :
He comes—his snowy robes with icicles
Adorned, like gems that in the sunshine gleam,
And far away the sound of chiming bells,
Goes floating over vale and frozen stream ;
Hark to the burden, mournful 'tis though sweet,
“ Passing away,” it saith, “ are all things *here* we meet.”

H.G.A.

THE ROBIN, A SKETCH,

BY W. H. BENSTED.

PERHAPS a scene of greater bustle and confusion cannot well be imagined, than is witnessed on the departure of a Gravesend Steam Boat from the London Bridge Wharf. The bell ringing clamourously; boys running hither and thither, thrusting cheap periodicals into your face, and crying "Paper, Sir?—Paper, Sir?" with an assiduity and quickness of utterance, rendered necessary by the shortness of time allowed for the disposal of their wares; the steam, like a confined monster, roaring in the pipe; new London Bridge rattling with the din of a hundred wheels; porters shouting "by your leave!" yet, nevertheless, bearing all before them; the angry remonstrances of the passengers thus unceremoniously treated, and crashing of boxes as they come in contact; the Captain's warning shout, "shore, shore!" and lastly, the hurried farewell of lingering friends; the narrow wooden bridge is withdrawn; the steam ceases its roarings; the paddle wheels begin slowly to revolve, and away goes the gallant boat, to

"Walk the waters like a thing of life,"

and make her way through the crowded pool as best she may. I had taken my station in the saloon with a book, and after trying vainly amid this confusion of sounds, to fix my attention on its contents, was shutting it in despair, when the note of a bird, so familiar, as to fix my attention in a moment, came on my ear. It was the same I had often heard when wandering in the sequestered solitudes of a wood, where the giant oaks have mosses of the freshest green, and pure grey lichens fringing their gnarled limbs and rugged stems, while around them the briars are matted and tangled, forming a wilderness seldom trodden by the foot of man.

Yes! 'twas the very note that I had often listened to, when standing beneath those "Monarchs of the

Forest," and all was so still that I could hear the rustling of the dead leaves, as the unsuspecting mole worked his way among the twisted and curled roots, and the tapping of the distant woodpecker seemed close at hand, as he monotonously hammered upon the decayed limbs. In such places, and at such times, I have watched the lone, yet familiar bird, peer at me through the branches of the hazel underwood, and flit in bold confidence around; then again perching on some leafless spray would he pour forth his "woodnotes wild"—to me, the sweetest of all songs; and now, the same gush of simple melody was mingled with the incongruous noises above described. "Alas, poor prisoner! never did thy lay seem so melancholy before," exclaimed I, as the song ceased, and looking towards the cage wherein he was confined, I saw him fold his wings and gaze listlessly on the unnatural objects around, like one, whose hopes are dead,—whose joys are all departed.

How strangely mingled were the associations and images called up in my mind, by the note of this familiar bird in so uncongenial a situation. Those beautiful lines of Cowper's recurred to my memory:—

"The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes and more than half suppress'd;
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests, he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle on the wither'd leaves below;
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence."

And now the uproar on deck increased, as if the demon of discord were raising his voice in derision at my thoughts of silence and solitude. The trampling of many feet; shouts and cries were heard, above which might be distinguished the gruff tones of the Captain, and shrill accents of the repeating boy in such terms as "Ease her!"—"Stop her!"—"Turn astern!" &c. &c. Presently came the shock and crash caused by a collis-

sion with another vessel, upon which ensued "confusion worse confounded." Gradually, however, the noises subsided, and my thoughts were again withdrawn from surrounding objects by the musing spirit of reverie. Memory conjured up an autumnal scene in which the sweet note of my favourite bird sounded like a requiem for the departed beauties of Summer. The woods were still clothed in the gorgeous dress which nature assumes, ere she disrobes for her winter's slumber. A breathless quietude reigned, pressing upon all around, and lulling the feelings into a state of pure and placid enjoyment. I stood upon a rising ground, and beneath me the proud oaks reared their dark forms in sullen grandeur, while the half-naked underwood encircled them like serfs on the battle field surrounding their feudal superiors. Near me was a young beech tree, its smooth and delicately rounded stem clothed in a vesture of bright green, fringed and embroidered with gold; there wanted but little imagination to invest it with a feminine character.

While gazing on this delightful picture, a change came o'er the scene; the sun, breaking through the clouds which had hitherto obscured his brightness, shed over hill and dale so subdued and tender a light, that it indeed seemed like a "breathing from a rarer world," and the mighty oaks, as they now stood forth in all the glory of autumnal splendour, welcomed the golden beams to their bosoms, where they lingered as if enamoured of their gorgeous resting-places. All was so hushed and holy, that one might fancy angels, with folded wings, were bending from the skies: anon, a "still small voice" arose; it was

"A timid, stealing unobtrusive sound,
Afraid dim Nature's deep repose to wound,"

and stole upon the senses like a vesper hymn, harmonizing with the scene around. It was the Robin's song, for, looking up, I saw a sear and curled leaf, parted from the bough which had given it birth, slowly descending

with a wavering motion ; it was caught and retained awhile by a web of gossamer, in whose meshes it hung turning over and over, but presently the concealed songster flew past, and the flutter of his wing severed the frail support ; I saw it fall ; I heard a faint rustle as it reached the ground—its place of sepulture ! And as the earth thrown upon the coffin-lid, causes the heart-stricken mourner a deeper throe of anguish ; so did that fallen leaf send a pang through my bosom, from its similitude with the common lot,—the fate of perishable man. But the shadows of evening were gathering around, and with reluctant steps I left a scene so hallowed by sweet and soothing reflections, a place of rest from the turmoils and vexations of life, to which memory often reverts, and lures back the mind to dwell with felicity in its peaceful regions.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

THE beautiful blue sky was overcast,
With clouds of ebon vapour upward soaring ;
The Neapolitans were all aghast,
To mark Vesuvius, down his scorched sides pouring
Red streams of molten lava, thick and fast ;
And hear, as of ten thousand demons roaring,
The noise terrific ; while for miles around,
An ague fit seemed troubling all the ground.
Deserted were the dwellings of Portici,
By lusty muleteers, and strong vine-dressers,—
Matrons, and maids whose roguish eyes might teach ye
More than is taught by any learned professors :
Nay, laugh not gentle readers, I beseech ye !
Or I shall think that ye are not possessors
Of tender hearts, t'indulge cachinnation,
'Mid such a scene of fear and desolation ;
And at a time when little children scatter
Shrill cries around, their parents not discerning ;
For, sooth to say, it was no laughing matter
To those unfortunates, who backward turning,
Beheld their habitations growing flatter,
Beneath the shower of ashes black, while burning
Lava advanced upon their vineyards green,
To make a desert of the fertile scene.

The road to Naples was all covered o'er

With houseless fugitives, and goods and chattels;
And shrieks and cries were heard amid the roar—

Loud as the artillery of a hundred battles—

By the vexed mountain uttered; while before

The Virgin's image many kaelt; the rattles

Of wheels in revolution swift, upon

The startled ear came ever and anon.

Within the city all was consternation,

From every church and convent bells were tolling;

The *misericordie* chaunt of tribulation

Far o'er the blue Tyrrhene, went deeply rolling;

A lurid gleam was by the conflagration

Thrown on each countenance; some few controlling

Their fears by a strong effort, as was meet,

Began make preparations for retreat.

Upon the Strada grouped, the Lazzaroni

Stood with the ashes thick around them falling;

Some tore their hair and shrieked,—their macaroni

Was spoiled, and this you'll own was very galling;

Two English ladies stood in a balcony,

One, with a bottle in her hand, was calling

Unto the people, but the dreadful noise

Drowned the sweet accents of her silver voice.

Oh, she was fair! upon her face no freckle

Could be discerned,—her hands of snowy whiteness;

White was her neck too, without spot or speckle,

And her eyes were like stars of beaming brightness;

Aye! fair her skin, as down of geese that cackle,

And graceful was her form of sylph-like lightness;

And 'mid that scene of horror, din, and clatter,

It really was a pleasure to look at her.

And so thought several young *cavaleros*,

(The word is Spanish, but the writer prays

You'll understand he means Italian heroes)

Who from the mountain turned on her to gaze;

And seeing that she beckoned, one cried "here goes!"

And clomb into the balcony; no ways

Alarmed, the Maid received him with a smile,

Holding the bottle out to him the while.

"*Lachrymi Christi!*" said the youth, enquiring?

"Nay, nay, Senior!" replied the lovely maiden,

Then half entreating him, and half desiring,

She, with her face behind her veil part shaden,

Continued "Haste, oh haste, with speed untiring,
With this most precious preparation laden,
And having reached the mountain, take the cork out,
And scatter the contents all round about."

Then, kneeling, he exclaimed, "*Ah Bella Donna!*"

It was not "deadly night-shade" that he meant,
No such reflection could he cast upon her,

To praise her *beauty* it was his intent;
But as he knelt her peerless charms to honour,

She stampt her little foot, her brows she bent,
And pointing to the mountain cried "*prestissimo!*"
Which means "be quick," but this you doubtless know.

He seized the vessel, which she held, of glass,
Descended without aid of stair or rope,
And went his way; the people saw him pass
And turned aside to give him greater scope;
They wisely deemed that what he carried was
Some holy water, blessed by the Pope,
And therefore cheered him loudly, all believing
'Twould quickly put an end to woe and grieving.

Onward he went, Pompeii was past,

And past was Herculaneum's buried city;

One moment's pause he made, aside to cast

His satin doubtlet, thinking it a pity

To spoil a thing so costly, which might last

For full two summers more, and such a fit; he
Hath now passed by the hermit's cave, and fountain
Where they boil eggs for people on the mountain.

And now with most astonishing dexterity,

He threads the mazes of the lava streams;

Leaps o'er the yawning gulphs with vast celerity,

His form illumined by the lurid gleams

That from the crater issue; of a verity

The youth will perish, each spectator deems;

But no, he hath fulfilled his holy mission,—

Is it reality, or but a vision?

A heavenly glory seems around him playing,

As down the rugged slope he cometh bounding;

The multitude hear angel-voices praying,

And music as of harps seraphic sounding,

The gloomy fears in every breast allaying;

No more is heard the roar, and din astounding,

The flames sink down, the lava ceases flowing,

And cool the breezes pass, late hotly blowing.

The murky vapour rolleth far away,
 Hiding no more the sapphire-tinted skies;
 Again the sun-beams on the placid Bay,
 Are flushing in a thousand gorgeous dyes,
 And all is beautiful, and bright, and gay;
 In place of lamentations and sad cries,
 Are heard loud laughter-peals, and thanks, and praises.
 That to the Virgin many a voice upraises.

"A miracle! a miracle!" 's the cry,
 The youth surrounding, they the bottle seize;
 Their fingers and their lips thereto apply,
 And sink before it on their bended knees;
 A Briton, at the moment standing by,
 The curious object of their worship sees,
 And laughs outright, the heretic! to view
 Good Catholics pay homage where 'tis due.

"Oh, Mrs. Gowland! little did you think,
 When you your 'Lotion for the Skin' invented,
 Whereby eruptions which would make us shrink
 From lovely woman, might be all prevented;
 That ever it would rescue from the brink
 Of deep despair, a people near demented;
 Or that a bottle with such veneration
 Would meet, which once contained your 'preparation.'"
 Thus said the Briton, as he went his way,
 Striving to check his risible emotion;
 And now, oh, gentle readers! if my lay
 Hath tickled and amused ye, with the notion,
 That it were good, *eruptions to allay,*
To bathe a fiery mount with Gowland's Lotion;
 The credit of the odd conceit 'tis fit [it
 Should rest with THEODORE HOOK, from whom I borrowed
 H.G.A.

A SIMILE FROM OSSIAN.

WHY, son of car-borne Fingal, art thou sad?
 Why is thy soul enshrouded thus by gloom?
 The chiefs of other days, in glory clad,—
 They have descended fameless to the tomb;
 The sons of future years shall pass away,
 Another race shall stand where once they stood;
 Men are like rolling waves of ocean grey,
 Or rustling leaves of Morven's shady wood;
 The wild blast takes them as it hurries by,
 And others soon their green heads lift on high.

ORIENTAL FRAGMENT,

BY THOMAS MILLER,

Author of "A Day in the Woods," "Rural Sketches," "Royston Gower,"
&c. &c.

AND Zular pressed her to his heart,
As ivy presses round a tree ;
Never intending thence to part,
But twining round it lovingly.
Oh ! why are they so still to-night ?
Has he no tender tale to tell ?
Ah ! surely no prophetic blight,
That chills us like a funeral-bell,
Hath mixed Despair along with love :—
For oh ! at times such things will come
Like sudden thunder from above,
That desolates our only home.
Their love was of that holy kind,
That makes a heaven within the soul,
Alone it all-absorbed the mind,
No second thought had there controul,
No aching changes had they found,
No dark mistrust or jealous fears ;
Their souls like planets had one round,
Attracted by a love that years
Still found the same. Care never hung
As on them now with leaden power :
But music murmured from each tongue,
And as one stem bears many a flower,
So seemed they to have sprang from one ;
Fed by the self-same evening dew
Which every blossom doth put on,
Hung o'er them the same vaulted-blue,
Heard the same song of nightingales,
Which chaunt at twilight's dreamy time
In Persia's rose-enamelled vales,
When wakes the dulcet evening chime.
They were not made for human care,
Love was the essence of each heart,
The only being centered there,
The life-core which 'twas death to part.
Death ! yes, they might have heard of Death,
But never of the grave of love ;
They drew their being from one breath,
And when that ended, then above
They deemed they should be doubly blest,

In that sweet land of love and peace
 Where mortals with immortals rest,
 And joy and music never cease ;
 Where in the air some sacred sound
 Stealing from harp of softest tone,
 Filling with rapture all around,
 Nor breathing o'er one vale alone,
 But rolling through those echoing dells,
 Where silvery torrents shed their light,
 In unison with those sweet bells
 Ringing through realms that know no night :
 Where flowering trees, with music filled
 Send forth from every bough a song,
 As if the sound had been distilled,
 And but the sweetest borne along
 The fragrant air. So pure, so soft
 Burst on the ear those melting notes,
 That not a sound is borne aloft,
 Harsher than those from Houri-throats,
 Who warble round Mahomet's throne ;
 While hidden choirs take up the strain,
 From bower to bower, from lawn to lawn,
 And fill the gold-bespangled plain.
 But oh ! to night—how deep they sigh,
 'Twere a long tale to tell * *

* * * * *

A LAMENT.

ALACK ! alack ! ah, well-a-day !
 All that's fair must perish,
 All that's bright must pass away
 Of the things we fondly cherish ;
 And the heart grows cold,
 As the frame grows old,
 And affections cease to flourish,
 As a tree on the plain,
 When the gentle rain
 Its roots no longer nourish :
 This is an oft-told tale, yet sooth
 To say, 'tis nought but the simple truth.

HYSTORY AND ROMANCE.

SKETCH No. 4.

“NAY, Dorothy?” said a laughing blue-eyed girl, of some sixteen summers, as she rambled with her sister,—

“A lady stately overmuch
Who moved with a silken noise,”—

amid the smoothly shaven lawns, trim parterres, and quaintly clipped arbours, of the gardens at Penshurst, on a fine Spring morning, “Nay,” she continued archly, “blame not, if one who worships at the shrine of thy exceeding loveliness should at times allow a stray glance to rest upon me, thy humble satellite. It is but the *reflected* lustre to which he payeth homage. Apart from thee, I were as nought in his sight; but moving in the sphere of thy radiancy, I become endowed with some faint portion thereof, and am to him even as a bright star that waiteth on the moon of his adoration. Our great uncle’s friend and companion, Master Edward Spencer, addressed verses even to the leaves with which his Lady’s hands were likely to come in contact,—

‘Happy ye leaves, when as those lily hands,
Which hold my life in their dead doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in love’s soft band,
Lyke captives trembling at the victor’s sight.’—

Have not William Shakspeare, and a hundred other bards, engirdled with delectable poesy the names of persons and things that have basked them in the light of their loved one’s countenances? Truly have they; then wherefore should not our rhyming visitor, Edmund Waller, follow so notable an example, and celebrate in verse even so lowly a creature as I?” “Peace, prate-a-pace!” said the elder lady, the proud curvature of whose lips, the scornful flashing of whose large black eyes, and the perfect developement of whose stately proportions, might well have entitled her to become a model for the statue of imperious Juno, even as her more youthful companion, with the loosely floating locks of golden hue,

the rosy cheeks dimpled with smiles, and the slim elastic form, might for that of Hebe. "Peace! I did but admonish thee of the danger of letting these idle rhymes sink too deeply into thy susceptible heart; not that it irketh me to whom the man may address his vows. Thou knowest, Lucy, that I have ever discouraged the passion that he feels, or feigns for me. It is not fitting that the daughter of the noble Earl of Leicester should stoop to ally herself with a commoner;" and here the proud beauty drew herself up with an air of exceeding stateliness, like the swan, that with arched neck and distended pinions, views its image reflected in the crystal wave beneath. "Not for thee more than for myself, were such an alliance suitable, and I would have thee beware lest the subtle poison of love be instilled into thy young bosom, to destroy thy future happiness, for nought but disappointment and anguish can result from the indulgence of such a sentiment, for one who is as much thy elder in years, as he is thy inferior in rank and station."

"Nay!" here broke in the laughing girl, turning away however to hide her blushing face, "an thou bringest not thy homily to a speedy close, I shall e'en betake myself like a hart to the thicket, where I know thy admonitory voice can never reach me; for how couldst thou—paragon of decorum as thou art—and withal bravely apparelled as yon peacock, that spreadeth its glittering train in the sunbeams—follow thy mad-cap sister, through brake and through brier? Farewell!" continued the volatile creature, as the elder maiden began, with a flushed cheek and a look of anger, to expostulate thus—"Lady Lucy, wilt thou never learn the observances which are due,"—she paused, for the winds were her only listeners. The garden postern leading into the park stood open, and through the aperture in the wall, a light form might be seen bounding over the green sward, her golden locks streaming loosely around

her head, like a glorious halo, and her simple white dress, as it fluttered in the breeze, looking in the distance, like the snowy plumage of some ocean bird, as it skims the bosom of the emerald billow; while "the music of her silver voice went floating sweetly on," as she chaunted forth the words put by Shakspeare into the mouth of his "dainty Ariel," whom the maiden might be supposed in some degree to resemble,—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly,

After Summer, merrily:

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Having reached a clump of beeches that grew at some distance from the house, and whose silver-lined foliage formed overhead an ever-verdant, and rustling canopy, the panting girl threw herself on the grass, exclaiming, "what a coil my lady sister maketh about a few love verses! In sooth I am half inclined to think her jealous of me; but nay, that were an uncharitable thought, and a presumptuous, in one so little worthy of notice and admiration as myself." Here a slight smile of irony played about her ruby lips, as though the maiden were not altogether unconscious of her charms (what beautiful girl is?) nor quite free from the "pride which apes humility." But this quickly gave place to a more sad expression, and her blue eyes became suffused with tears of sensibility, some of which, clinging to the long lashes, resembled diamonds on a fringe of gold, while others stealing slowly down her blooming cheeks, might be compared to the pearls of morning scattered o'er the velvety leaves of the damask rose, as she thus continued her soliloquy. "I am very *very* ungrateful to fly from those admonitions which are doubtless prompted by affection for me, and to meet with mocking and railery those good councils." After a pause of some minutes,

she resumed, "Certainly, Dorothea is not so dear to me as the others are, but then she is such a frigid stately thing, I could as soon love one of the marble statues in the garden,—as soon confide in it and expect a return of confidence. In her presence my feelings become chilled—frozen; all my loving and lovely thoughts are forbidden utterance; all my wild dreams and fancies vanish. How different is it with Jane, or Mary, or Algernon—oh, I *do* love Algernon! he is such a generous, noble, kind-hearted fellow—but hark! is that his voice calling me? yes!" she started up and a cry of irrepressible gladness broke forth, as a slim youth, of nearly her own age, was seen approaching the spot, bearing in one hand a cross-bow, and in the other waving his plumed velvet cap. "Why Lucy!" he exclaimed, as soon as he had come sufficiently near to make his words audible, "I have been seeking thee this hour, through chamber and corridor, court and garden, till chancing to meet in the latter place, my Lady Stately, walking like a princess of old romance in the light of her own loveliness, not a little aided by the blaze of jewellery, and sheen of silken attire; I, doffing my cap, and sinking reverently upon one knee, said,—

"Oh Ladye, thou art a kinge's daughter,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes,
To be your bacheleere."

Greatly to my surprise, the Lady condescended to reply with the succeeding verse of the old ballad from, which I had quoted,—

"Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
For ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee."

Thereupon I ventured to propound the question, as to whether her serene meditations had been disturbed by the appearance of a certain mirth-loving sprite, commonly

known to mortals under the designation of Lucy Sidney. Responded she, "thou wilt find one in the park, as mad as thyself, and as ready for any frolic."

Here the youthful pair broke into a simultaneous peal of laughter, that rung shrilly amid the neighbouring woodlands, disturbing the rooks in the tall elm-tops, and arousing from his sedgy retreat, on the edge of a dark pool that lay near at hand, over-shadowed by grey drooping willows, and slim tremulous alders, a heron, which, spreading his broad wings, sailed slowly away into the sky, as if he were seeking a resting place far above the reach of human ken. "Now for a shot" said the youth, bending his bow, and placing an arrow in the groove, "Oh that I had my bright-eyed merlin here, we should have rare sport, for yon is a strong-winged bird; hut down he comes, for a golden mark!—look, Lucy!"

"Nay, Algernon!" said the maiden, "I love not these cruel sports. Let the creature escape; hang up thy bow upon this projecting branch, and I will read to thee some marvellously sweet verses, sent me this morning by Master Edmund Waller." The youth complying, though somewhat reluctantly, Lucy, taking a paper from her bosom, read as follows.—

"TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

"Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world, which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove,
From that which I was born to love!

"Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
That age which you may know so soon:
The rosy morn resigns her light,
And milder glory to the noon:
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warns us so?

"Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;
And Summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is it not look'd on as a time
Of declination, or decay;
For, with a full hand, that does bring,
All that was promised by the Spring."

Leaving the reader to imagine the comments made by the youthful pair in this effusion, we will now conduct him to a different part of the grounds, and introduce him to one, whose name has been several times mentioned in the preceding part of this sketch.

At a short distance from a fine sheet of water, called Lancup-well, and used as a preserve for fish, there stood an oak tree, which, to judge from the girth of its trunk, and the spread of its leafy branches, must have braved the storms of upwards of seventy winters. Beneath this tree, on the morning in question, there paced slowly to and fro, with folded arms, a tall elegantly formed man, whose dress and air betokened him to belong to that class, emphatically denominated "English Gentlemen." There were traces of deep thought on his pale countenance, his ample brow gave indication of a lively intellect, and the changing expression of his deep grey eyes—now flashing with the light of wit—now melting into a gentle look of tenderness—told, that he possessed a heart of refined sensibility,—liable to be easily moved to mirth or melancholy, by the various passions and inclinations of our imperfect nature. The shape of the lower part of the face was also indicative of indecision of character, the mouth being small and tremulous, and the chin narrow, and somewhat pointed. This was the poet, Edmund Waller, who from his paternal seat at Coleshill, in Warwickshire, had come on a visit to the powerful Earl of Leicester, his political patron. Waller, who was then about 27 years of age, had lately been left a widower, though not a very disconsolate one, if we may judge by the assiduous attentions he paid the Lady Dorothea Sidney, his host's eldest daughter, a great

beauty, and one not a little proud of her personal charms, nor at all disposed to underrate the claims to respect and consideration, which her exalted rank and surpassing loveliness gave her.

"So," soliloquised the poet, after he had awhile silently regarded the stately oak, "the acorn from whence sprung this verdant cenotaph, was deposited in earth when first began to shine that brightest star of the house of Sidney. To use the words of Dramatic Ben, this is—

‘That taller tree, which of a nut was set
At his great birth when all the muses met.’

Long may it flourish, a living memento of the ‘incomparable Sir Philip,’ whose divine genius has shed around his name the light of immortality. Long may it be as a shrine and a place of pilgrimage, at which the lovers of poesy, and admirers of heroic deeds, may prostrate themselves, and offer oblations to the memory of the great and the gifted! Methinks I stand upon hallowed ground; the influence of the departed is upon me, and my perturbed spirit becomes chastened into quietude. Oh, that I could, like him, say ‘farewell to splendid follies;’ and here he repeated that fine sonnet of Sidney’s, which runs thus,—

‘Leave me, O Love which reachest but to dust;
And thou my mind aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where tasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth but shine and give us sight to see.
Oh! take fast hold, let that light be thy guide
In this small course, which birth drawes out of death;
And thinke how ill becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world, thine uttermost I see;
Eternal Love, mantaine thy life in me.’”

As he reached the concluding lines the speaker's hands became clasped, his voice faltered, and his countenance assumed a look of devotion. He seemed like one that prayed earnestly for strength to resist the allurements of folly and vain delight. But soon his vacillating mind was again subject to the influence of a less holy spell; a vision of his inamorata in all her gorgeous loveliness, swept across his imagination, putting to flight those devout aspirations and virtuous resolves, which were momentarily excited within him. Love—sensual love—again reigned paramount; his cheeks became flushed, his eyes lit up with the fire of passion, and he hastily left the spot exclaiming “was ever man tempted by the devil in so beautiful a shape?”

He continued his walk for some distance, until he had reached the clump of beeches already alluded to, but on the opposite to that occupied by the young Sidneys; here he paused, and broke forth into the following rhapsody:—

“Had Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their Dieties, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her pow'r, that gave
The peace, and glory, which these alleys have:
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace
That it can civilize the rudest place;
And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre:
If she sit down with tops all tow'rd's her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd:
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshall'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A pow'r, like that of harmony in sound.
Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye all fed one flame,
It could not equalize the hundreth part,
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!”—

At this juncture he was interrupted by Algernon, who stepping forward, courteously saluted him, and with a smile begged to be allowed the honour of conveying to his sister, the intimation he had just overheard ; adding as a reason for such request, that he feared the beeches would prove, from their wanting the power both of speech and locomotion, but inefficient messengers to intrust with so delicate a mission. In no wise disconcerted Waller, having returned the youth's salute, continued,—

“ Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble SIDNEY's birth, when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine ;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love,
His humble love, whose hopes shall ne'er rise high'r,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.”

At the conclusion of these lines the youth, involuntarily as it seemed, advanced closer to the speaker, and seizing his hand, which was held out in the act of declamation, pressed it fervently between both his own. The allusion to his noble ancestor had awakened all the enthusiasm of his generous nature, and he at once forgot his intention of reproaching Waller for trifling, as he considered, with his sister Lucy's feelings ; though, in reality, it was so common for the poets of those days to address in terms of high-flown panegyric, and impassioned tenderness, any female with whom they came in contact, that a person of the slightest worldly knowledge or experience, would have thought nothing of the stanzas addressed to her by the poet.

“ Master Waller,” the youth exclaimed, “ thou art a true Son of the Muses, and withal, a devoted lover ; and if I can in any way aid thee in subduing the haughty beauty, thou mayst command my services. Even now, as an earnest of my sincerity, I will bestow on thee a piece of gratuitous information and advice. Dorothea

walketh alone in the outer garden; the Earl is in the library among his papers; my lady-mother hath her damsels to rate soundly, and that being a task in which she greatly delights, it will not be hastily got over; my younger sisters are at their studies, all save Lucy, who has escaped like a bird from its cage, to frolic with me in the open air and sunshine, therefore thou art safe from interruption for this hour to come. Hie thee away, man, and try the effect of thy eloquence on her obdurate heart. You poets have marvellous winning ways, and certes," he added, when Waller, after returning the pressure of his hand, and thanking him in looks which spake his gratitude more strongly than words, had departed on his errand of love,—“I shall believe the tale of Orpheus' melting sticks and stones, with the magic of his music, to be no fable, if *thou* art successful.” Then turning, the youth bent his steps to the opposite side of the grove to rejoin his playmate; but no Lucy was to be found. Vainly for a time he shouted, and called on her name. Vainly he searched “every hollow and dingle and dell” at length, as he was about to give up the search, thinking he heard from afar off, the sweet tones of her voice come floating on the breeze, he followed the direction of the sound, and creeping through a small thicket of alders, found her seated upon the brink of a streamlet, one of the tributaries of the Medway, and singing, in mournful tones, “Hey Nonny, Nonny!” the burden of that sweet song of Shakespeare's in which he tells us “Men are deceivers ever.”

The scene which passed in the garden between the poet and his proud mistress, a sense of pity for the weakness of human nature, forbids us to describe, suffice it, that, at the expiration of half an hour, the Lady Dorothea was seen sailing up the principal avenue, and ascending the marble steps, which led into the mansion, with a statelier step and a look of more dignified hauteur, even than common, and that Waller, having entered the court-yard and given directions to the attendants to have

his horse in readiness, hastily retired to his room, penned a note of farewell to his noble host, wherein he attributed his sudden departure to a missive received unexpectedly from home, and ere long was galloping furiously along the road, like one endeavouring to fly from his thoughts.

It may not be unsatisfactory to the reader to learn that Waller quickly recovered from the effect of this disappointment, consoling himself with the caresses of a less obdurate, of a less beautiful lady. Meeting his once-loved Sacharissa (then Duchess of Sutherland) at a ball many years after, the lady smilingly asked him, when he would again write such verses on her, as he had written in youth, he replied, "when you are as young madam, and as handsome as you then were."

AN ANECDOTE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

AMID the long array of illustrious names of which Kent has reason to be proud, perhaps the most prominent is that of Sir Philip Sidney; and of all the great actions performed by this truly noble-minded man, there is not one which reflects such eternal honour on his memory, as that related below.—Nay! we believe that the annals of times past and present may be searched in vain, for such another instance of self-denial, and consideration for the sufferings of a fellow creature. In turning over the blood-stained pages of history, the mind becomes sickened and disgusted, with the details of public slaughters and private assassinations, national and individual profligacy, cruelty, fraud, and deceit, and it is truly refreshing to meet, in a record like this, an assurance that the seeds of goodness are not entirely eradicated from man's bosom, and the fading hopes for his ultimate salvation are revived within us. It is like a green oasis in the sterile desert—a verdant resting place for the foot of the angel of mercy, and while allowing our thoughts to dwell thereon, we rejoice in the conviction, *that there is still something of holiness left upon earth.*

On the 22d of September, 1586, a detachment of the English army accidentally met with a convoy sent by the enemy to Zutphen, a town in Guelderland, then besieged by the Spaniards. A severe conflict ensued, and the English troops, though inferior in numbers, had the advantage. Sir Philip Sidney, who commanded the cavalry, had a horse shot under him; having mounted another, he rushed forward to the relief of Lord Willoughby, who was surrounded and in imminent danger. In this charge he received a severe wound from a musket ball in the left thigh, of which he languished sixteen days, and died. When placed on a litter to be borne from the field of battle, mangled and faint with loss of blood, he requested drink; water was brought to him, and he was about to raise it to his lips, when his attention was directed to a dying soldier, who eyed the refreshing beverage with an earnest and supplicating look. The appeal was not made in vain; the noble Sidney refused the yet untasted draught, and directed it to be given to his more unfortunate brother, with the memorable expression, 'Thy necessities are greater than mine.' The painter and the poet have here a fine subject for the exercise of their respective arts. Our friend THOMAS LIGHT MERRITT, who handles both the pencil and the lyre with no mean skill, has recorded the event in a SONNET, which we subjoin.

On Zutphen's battle-field brave Sidney lay,
Wounded and feeble from the loss of blood;
Broken in spirit, for in life's full flood
Of glory, strength and hope had passed away:
Fever and quenchless thirst, unchecked, held sway
O'er nature then; and as with eager eye
He gazed upon the fresh stream rippling by,
A draught of the cool water he did pray,
Which in his helm some faithful comrade took,
But e'er of it his parched lips had quaff'd,
Sidney beheld a dying veteran's look
Fixed on the cup; "Alas!" said he, "go, give
To yon poor soldier the delicious draught,
He needs it most, and has not long to live!"

TRANSLATIONS, BY G. R. TWINN,*

Continued from Page 110,

No. 4,

From the French of De Bernard.

"ALMIGHTY JUPITER, so often entreated by me in vain, lend me, I pray thee, thy invincible bolts, and I will employ their direst vengeance to destroy the temple of Love, a divinity I so much detest: oh, Hercules, I supplicate thee for thy club, or thy bow and feathered darts, that I may wreak my resentment on Cupid, and banish from earth all the grief and sorrow he has produced: and thou, oh Medea, instruct me in thy magic wiles to form a potion, that will surpass the far-famed lover's draught, yet as surely kill. Should that odious divinity now appear, while Rage is distracting my brow, and tears are streaming down my cheeks;—should he appear, I would"—"Stay, stay," cries Cupid, presenting himself, "behold in me that monster you would so bitterly persecute, and, if you dare, punish him—strike—inflict your blows—give vent to your wrath." The petitioner was abashed and silenced by the words Love uttered; she had nought save a bunch of roses in her hand, with which she could punish him for many a heartfelt sigh. Conscious of the power of the god before her, she dared not attempt to clasp him in her arms, but betrayed, at every gentle touch she gave him, the awe inspired by his presence.

No. 5,

From the Greek of Bion.

A stripling having sauntered into a grove, that echoed with the songs of many birds, used all his endeavours to catch some of the feathered tribe, but more particularly so, to ensnare young Cupid, who was sporting on a box tree. "Yes, yes,—I see you my lovely bird,

* Owing to the autograph in the M.S. being somewhat confused, we erroneously spelt this name "Twinner," at page 109, the above is the correct orthography.

and with nice skill will I now set my nets for you." * * * Tired and fatigued the youngster left the grove, (for the shades of summer evening were now beginning to close around,) mortified at the tricks Cupid had played him; he hasted away to the aged ploughman who first instructed him in the art of fowling; frowning, he points out the bird, and informs him of his vexation from the disappointment he had experienced. His aged instructor, smiling, gave this friendly admonition: "Desist from your sporting, and banish the remembrance of this bird, for you can judge of his inward wickedness by his looks. You may, if you please, for it remains with yourself entirely, be happy and contented, by not repining at the loss of this songster: rest satisfied, that when manhood crowns your youthful brows, this same beauteous looking bird will seek to wound you, and despite of all opposition on your part, he will surely be successful.

No. 6,

From the the German of Krummacher.

IN a union that was reciprocal and brotherly, did the Angel of Sleep, and the Angel of Death travel over the earth. Evening came on, and they choose as their place of abode a hill, situate not very far from the haunts of men. Deep silence dwelt around, and the evening chime from the distant villages was heard no more. Still and silent they sunk to sleep, folded in each other's embrace as they were wont. Night was drawing on. * * * At length the Angel of Sleep left his mossy couch, and with a light hand, scattered around his invisible poppies. The evening breezes wafted them to the quiet dwellings of the wearied husbandmen. All the inhabitants of the rural cottages, from the aged man, who requires a staff to support his steps, to the young infant in the cradle, were now enjoying a refreshing slumber. The sick man forgot his pains—the sorrowful his grief, and the poor his anxiety: all

eyes were shrouded in sleep. The kind Angel of Sleep returned, (having finished his task) and laid himself beside his serious brother. In transports of innocent joy he exclaimed, "Yes, men will indeed bless me as their friend and benefactor, when the ruddy morn returns. How great the gratification to do good unseen and secretly; how blessed are we, the invisible agents of an indulgent Providence! Our peaceful employment—how sweet!" He ceased, and the Angel of Death looking at him with a mournful air, said, and as he spoke, a tear such as immortals weep, fell from his eye. "Ah! why cannot I, like you, rejoice, and be thus thanked? The people of the earth account me their Enemy, and they call me the Destroyer of their peace." "Oh! my brother," replied the Angel of Sleep, "the righteous man, at the resurrection of the just, will acknowledge thee as his friend and benefactor, yes, he will thankfully bless thee: are we not, dear brother, the messengers of our Father?" Whilst he spoke, the eyes of the Angel of Death glistened with joy; and embracing each other the more affectionately, they again slumbered.

No. 7,

From the French of Antoine Brët.

UNDER a canopy richly ornamented, slept a tyrant, (to all appearance with a calm tranquillity), who enjoyed not, on account of his love of cruelty, either the loyalty or affection of his people. "Will not this repose," asked a certain one passing by, "be converted into a crime? Oh! that Heaven may spare the victim." "Rash man," said an aged monk addressing the stranger, "the noise, thou now makest, would cause thee to tremble, should it arouse the odious tyrant: know that the good man calls *those*, the moments of peace, which the wicked consume in sleep, and as such does he enjoy them.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF BURNS,

BY DILNOT SLADDEN.

SAY, does some lordly remnant rest below?
 To princely dust is this high trophy given?
 No—Memory sighs, and Genius answers—No:
 He drew his honors from the breath of heaven:
 And from his dust do Scotia's mind-flowers grow,
 Whence human eye shall not behold them riven.
 Hark! 'tis Fame's trumpet echoing loud and long!
 See how her lambent torch defies the gloom;
 Lo! by its light the weeping Muses throng,
 And still bewail their favorite votary's doom.
 Sleep, peasant chief of Caledonia's song!
 While honor's beams the realms of death illumine.
 They who, in life, repaid thy lyre with wrong,
 Have spared a grave, and raised thy dust—a tomb!

ON A WATERFALL.

ROLL on, swift stream, and babble as thou goest;
 What reck'st thou of the frothy course of Time?
 Ah! little heeds the stranger what thou knowest,
 Who sped'st thy course when hills were in their prime;
 Not as o'er stones and hoar rocks now thou flowest,
 But when thou boundedst forth, first wildly springing
 From out thy cave, a runaway, loud singing,—
 Shouting with glee. But still thou proudly showest
 Thy foaming crest with light of many hues
 Embroidered. As I view thee, ancient days
 Come back to me; for Memory richly strews
 The past with colours, while I sit and gaze,
 Musing on times when this proud abbey rose,
 Where now, alas! the mocking thistle grows!

SIGMA.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Tom, in the decline of life,
 "I feel inclined to take a wife
 Unto my lonely bosom;
 Who shall it be?" A friend replies,
 "Depend upon't, you'll get a prize
 In Mary *Winterblossom*!"

H.G.A.

A TRIAD ON KIT'S COTY HOUSE.

NUMEROUS as are the memorials of by-gone times which Kent possesses, there is perhaps not one so interesting to the antiquary, the historian, and the poet, or towards which so much enquiry has been directed, as the huge pile of stones above named. After all the deep research and extensive learning that have been expended upon it, however, the subject still remains involved in considerable obscurity, for although there can be but little doubt that the pile is of Druidical origin, yet the purpose for which it was erected, is mere matter of conjecture. Some maintain it to have been an altar, some a sepulchral monument, and others say that it served both purposes, which is not improbable. Leaving the discussion of the matter to wiser men than ourselves, we beg, before proceeding to quote the "idle rhymes" which make up our promised TRIAD, to mention a suggestion as to the way in which the present name *might* have originated, made to us by an ingenious friend, who visited the spot a short time since. It is still customary in many parts of England, and in olden times was generally so, to call huts, or small cottages, *coty* or *cotty-houses*; might not some strolling vagabond, rejoicing in the appellation of "Kit," have taken up his abode within the shelter of these stones, and might not the country people have termed the pile, from this circumstance, "Kit's Coty House," which name it has retained, though all traces of him from whom the designation was derived, has long passed away from the memory of man?

STANZAS TO ———,

ON VISITING KIT'S COTY HOUSE, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1839.

ONCE more, love, by this old grey cairn, we stand,
 And gaze upon the fertile scene around;
 Two years have swiftly sped, since hand in hand,
 We slowly paced this vision-haunted ground;
 And though our outward ears drank not a sound, -
 Save the low sighing of the gales that range
 Through this green valley, from the depths profound,
 Where centuries lie entombed, rose voices strange,
 Fraught with the tales which speak vicissitude and change:—
 Change not to be regretted, for the wild
 Hath now become a garden; by the hand
 Of cultivation tamed, boon nature's child
 Hath smoothed her rugged features; lo! how bland
 And peacefully she smiles before us, fanned
 By gentle zephyrs, that delight to dwell
 Amid the green spots of this favoured land,

Now toying with the gem-like heather-bell,
Now with the marjoram bloom, that scents each grassy dell.

We stand where erst the frowning forest stood,
Where lurked the wild cat—the wolf made his den;
And where, 'mid trackless solitudes, abode
Our forefathers—a race of savage men—
Rude and untaught—devoid of pity, when
Gathered around the sacrificial fire,
They saw with stoical indifference then
Their parents, children, brethren, expire,
Or to their shrieks replied, with shouts and yells still higher.

We stand where erst the Saxon spoilers trod,
Where Catigern and Horsa fighting fell;
The tide of slaughter here embued the sod;
A tale of blood might every hillock tell;
Here rang the war-cry and the fiend-like yell,
Here swung the massy club, and flew the dart,
Whose whizzing sound to many proved a knell,
Bidding the frightened soul from hence depart—
Be stilled the throbbing brow, and wildly-beating heart!

Here might some minstrel of the olden times
Have wandered with his love, as I with thee;
Here might some Danish chieftain, stained with crimes,
Have bowed to earth his haught brow reverently,
Or Druid priest have bent his aged knee
Beneath the shadow of a might oak,
Whose giant bulk long, long hath ceased to be;
And here, perchance, the steel-clad Norman spoke
Unto the Saxon serf, who bowed beneath his yoke.

But gleams no more the sacrificial knife,
No groaning victims on the altar lie;
Those gloomy days of ignorance and strife
Are, hap'ly, numbered with the things gone by;
No Saxon bondsman turns the glaring eye
Of hatred on his haughty Norman lord,
But like two streams that mingle peacefully,
The hostile races dwell in sweet accord,
Together kneel and pray, nor vex by deed or word.

The ploughman whistles as he turns the clod,
The sheep are feeding in the grassy meads;
No sanguine stain is on the verdant sod,
No sound of strife the angry passion feeds;
And, to supply all spiritual needs,

Amid the trees is seen the house of prayer;
 Oh! that within the breast, those evil weeds
 Of envy, pride, and hate, oft growing there,
 Might be destroyed, of all who to that house repair!
 And we have wandered from the busy town
 To gaze once more upon this smiling scene;
 To view this monument of ages flown,
 And dream and speculate on what hath been;
 And oft as Autumn, decked in golden sheen,
 Her stand upon the breezy hills doth take,
 Ere yet the trees have doffed their garments green,
 Unto this spot a pilgrimage we'll make,
 Which I shall ever love the more for thy sweet sake!

H.G.A.

 TO KIT'S COTY HOUSE.

Thou haughty relic of a bloody day!
 Unchanged thou standest; save the vest of grey,
 The cold, damp, mouldering hand of Time hath thrown
 Around thee, and *that* marks thee for his own.

I've passed thee oft; when morning's radiant flush
 Hath lit thy brow, and when the mellow blush
 Of eve hath gilded it; and when the beam
 Of the lone, pallid moon, with fitful gleam
 Hath lent thee all her witchery; and then,
 As my soul captive, wildering Fancy led,
 Wrapt in that spell-bound hour, my heart hath said,
 "Oh that my grave were thus—'mid hill and glen
 Trophy of triumph over tyrant men!"

Lo! He, within thy dark and narrow cell,
 Who nobly for his country fought and fell,
 Whose nervous arm dealt all around him death;
 Lies cold, lone, crumbling, marrowless, beneath.
 Rest, rest thee there, in peace, thou warrior brave,
 Albeit the widow's tears o'er thee were shed;
 And the lone orphan, wailing, sought thee dead:
 Rest thee, thou chieftain of the lonely grave!

I've marked thee, too, when tempest-cloud hath flung
 Its pall-like shadows o'er thee: when the crash
 Of warring storms hath burst; and when the flash,
 The hissing, reckless flash, hath o'er thee pass'd;
 When the hoarse thunder's rocking peal hath rung,
 And shattered towers, that, else, might ages last;

Yet harmed not thee. When howling wind and flood
 Have desolated hill and vale, and bent
 Those gnarled and everlasting yews to earth,
 E'en like a feathery willow;—Thou hast stood
 Amid the raving storm unmoved, and lent
 Thy smile of calm defiance—giant mirth—
 Unto the trembling, weeping hills. 'Tis well,
 He whom thou shieldedst, smiled on wrath as fell.

But fled is now that cloud of storm and blast,
 And gentler skies are weeping o'er the past,—
 Tears rife with beauty o'er that grave below.
 And lo, as in the kindling beam they glow,
 Around the tomb a wreath-like zone they throw :
 O, sure 'tis Pity smiling through her grief,
 Hallowing thy lone tomb, thou warrior chief;
 Yes 'tis—'tis thus—O well may gentle skies,
 Weep o'er the grave where Freedom's champion lies.

T. L. MERRITT.

KIT'S COTY HOUSE.

ON yon rude pile which haply once profaned
 The bloody rite with human gore distained,
 What sacrificial fires have blazed, and now
 Flash'd o'er the hills, or lit the vale below !
 What myriad eyes have dared the depths of night,
 What myriad shouts have hail'd th' expiring light,
 Till rent with boist'rous song the redd'ning sky,
 Has caught the Babel-din and deigned a loud reply !

But hush ! slow riding on the ev'ning gale,
 What tones symphonious wake the list'ning vale,
 And call her forth from out these secret cells,
 Where else, her rest unbroken, Echo dwells !

List ! 'tis the sound of Druid harp, the chord
 Attuned to idol-praises—'tis the word
 Of mystic import, which commands from earth,
 The forms of days departed, back to birth.
 Again, all, all is hushed !—the choral throng
 Have ceased their minstrelsy—the sound of song
 No more is heard—the trembling hands explore
 The quiv'ring string, or tune the chords no more.

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

" Hope delayed maketh the heart sick."

'Tis well to weep with such as weep
A dying or departed friend,
To those whose gold hath taken wing
Our kindest sympathy to lend;
But, if thou shun not to explore
The depths of hearts indeed decayed,
Oh ! hear the tale of those who mourn
The bitterness of hope delayed.

The rich man sees his gathered wealth
Had from the first another doom,
The mother learns her idol-child
Was meant to feed the gaping tomb :
The sire beholds his hopeful heir
Just reaching manhood's glory, fade,
These are deep griefs—but yet not like
The bitterness of hope delayed.

The first strong bust of anguish o'er,
Their sorrows mingle with the past,
Never perhaps to be forgot,
They with the length of life may last :
But other cares and joys combined,
Their grief a luxury is made,
Compared with that, whose daily food
Is bitterness of hope delayed.

The summer sun still shines for them,
Though not so bright as heretofore ;
No mockery cheats *their* ardent gaze
For that which they may see no more :
When years are past, like some sweet dream,
Becomes the memory of the dead ;
There is no canker of the heart
Like bitterness of hope delayed.

'Tis he who worn with daily toil,
With nightly vigils waxing old,
Still sees the sought-for good afar,
By whom the saddest tale is told :
He feels his weary eye grow dim,
The visions of his fancy fade,
He knows that sickness of the heart
That bitterness of hope delayed.

The budding Spring, the Winter's sleep,
 Have passed him by, unheeding still;
 While all around have grown and thriven,
 He only could no influence feel:
 And yet he was not all unmoved—
 Alas! or he had not now paid
 His tribute to the wise man's song,
 The bitterness of hope delayed.

Howe'er to him there comes at last,
 Though lingering yet, a certain change;
 When e'en no will remains behind,
 Within mortality's dull range;
 Hope offers not her flattering aid,
 With withered brain and heart decayed,
 From bitterness of hope delayed,
 His home with th' hopeless dead is made.

M. A. G. . . .

THE FAIR PHILANTHROPISTS.

A SONNET.

[We suppose it must have been a *dream*, which gave rise to the following Sonnet, a mere "trick of the imagination." We had been thinking over night of Coleridge's "Maiden with a dulcimer," and amid our slumbers there came to us the silvery tones of sweet voices, filling our mind with calm, holy thoughts, and pleasant images. We awoke with the dulcet sounds still floating around us, and fancied what blessings would be showered on two of our fair readers, whom we *could* name, were they to go forth on a pilgrimage like that described.]

There went two maidens forth disguised one night,
 Who, having voices soft and silvery,—
 To which their friends oft listened with delight—
 And hearts, o'erflowing with philanthropy,
 Resolved to make a pilgrimage, and be
 Like angel-visitors, that from the sprite
 Of careworn man, do banish misery,
 With dulcet songs that call up visions bright:
 Ye who would blame these Maidens, prithee, say,
 Whether 'tis better, if thou hast a treasure,
 To hoard it up, as miser doth his gold,
 Or to diffuse it widely, that it may
 Be to the multitude a source of pleasure,
 And to thyself of blessings manifold?

H. G. A.

A BATCH OF SONGS.

" Song should breathe of scents and flowers;
 Song should like a river flow;
 Song should bring back scenes and hours
 That we loved—ah, long ago!"

Thus sings Barry Cornwall; and Shelley tells us—

" We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

This may be the case in too many instances, but that it is so in all, we deny; perhaps there is not so much, real, *soul-enthraling* melody, in those lyrics, which speak of joy and hope, and gladness, as in those of a mournful character, because our hearts are more generally attuned to sorrow than to mirth; yet though we listen with a sense of pleasing melancholy, to the song of the nightingale, shall we not find equal if not greater pleasure in the lay of the lark? Our contributors seem about equally divided on this question. But let them speak for themselves.

BEAUTY, MIRTH, AND SONG,

BY JOHN BRENT.

BEAUTY! thou passionate gleam
 Of light o'er Fate's dark river;
 Thou realised, sweet dream,
 Of the Soul, which, panting ever
 For the Perfect, deems there's given
 In thee, a ray from Heaven!

MIRTH! who hath e'er beholden
 Unmoved thy starry clime,
 With its light like a ripple golden,
 That plays on the waves of Time,
 When sounds are heard as of dancing feet,
 Or the gush of silvery streams that meet,
 A murmur of joys, as of low sweet chimes
 Of dear young hearts that swang together,
 Like timed bells,—a snatch of rhymes,
 A glee, and a song, and a jocund bout,
 As the laugh of the merriest soul rang out,
 And tears, like rain in April weather,
 For a moment fell, as light, to renew
 The joy of the Earth, and the Heaven's deep blue.

Song! thy spirit is woven
 Like a beam of fire and light,
 With the souls which thy spells have proven,
 As peers of thy eagle-flight.
 O BEAUTY, and MIRTH, and SONG,
 Is not bright Fame your dower?
 Are ye not wondrous strong,
 In witchcraft and in power?
 Dwell ye in sun-set skies,
 Like dreams, in the gorgeous guise
 Of the spells of some Eastern story,
 Till night comes out, and far,
 Immortality's pale star,
 Shines o'er ye in silent glory?

SING TO ME!

THY voice is like the tones of love
 Which in our dreamings come,
 Conjuring up visions of the past—
 Of Home, beloved Home!—
 Then sing to me, oh, sing to me!
 That well remembered melody.

My heart shall wake beneath its touch
 Like a harp of many strings;
 Thy voice shall pass along them all,
 In sweetest murmurings;
 Then sing to me, oh, sing to me!
 Hush not the wild harp's melody.

Oh! leave, to ask in other days,
 The question which I see
 Now dawning in thy sunny gaze,
 As it is turned on me;
 But sing, oh, sing! and I shall be
 The calmer for thy melody.

Music, and love, and memory,
 Are links of one bright chain.
 Touch but the first, and memory feels
 The other's spell again;
 Then wake for me, again! again!
 The trembling of that mystic chain.

Northfleet.

MARY.

THE MAID OF THE MEDWAY,

A BALLAD, BY H. G. A.

THOUGH fair are the daughters of Trent's silver waters,
 Though bright be the maidens that dwell by the Tweed;
 Though Beauty oft wanders, where Liffey meanders,
 And the snood and the coif hide sweet faces indeed:
 Though Severn may boast of, a beautiful host of
 Fair creatures, whose looks fill the gazer with love;
 Though strains have been chanted, the graces that vaunted
 Of those who abide by the Yarrow, and Dove:
 Yet give me the Medway—the bright flowing Medway,
 And give me the Maiden who dwells by its side;
 I would not roam over the world, to discover
 A purer, nor ask a more beautiful bride!

Her looks are so tender—she walketh in splendour,
 Like Morn, stepping forth from her roseate bower;
 The Virtues—the Graces, in her have their places,
 Disarmed by *her* smile, evil thoughts lose their power;
 A visible presence, like Purity's essence,
 Is shedding around her a halo of light;
 Wherever she goeth, soft melody floweth,
 That stirreth the pulses, and waketh delight,
 Then sing to the Medway—the bright flowing Medway,
 And sing to the Maiden who dwells by its side;
 I would not roam over the world to discover
 A purer, nor ask a more beautiful bride!

TWO SONGS.

BY THOMAS COOPER.

OH! smile not upon me—my heart is not smiling;
 Too long it hath sunk 'neath reproach and reviling;—
 If all faces wore smiles, and were bending to bless me,
 They would not relieve, but more deeply distress me.

The harp of my heart is unstrung, and to gladness
 Respond not its chords, but to sorrow and sadness;—
 Then speak not of mirth, which my soul hath forsaken,
 Why would ye my heart-breaking sorrows awaken?

I care not for beauty, I care not for riches,
 I am not the slave whom the tinsel bewitches,—
 A bosom I seek
 That will pant with my own,

Though pale be the cheek,
 And its roses all flown,
 And the wearer be desolate, wretched, forlorn,
 And alike from each refuge and solace be torn.

To the heart I would cleave, which is stricken and slighted,
 Whose joys are all fled, and whose hopes are all blighted;
 For that heart alone
 Would in sympathy thrill
 With one like my own,
 Which dejection doth fill :
 With a heart whose fond breathings have ever been spurned,
 And hath long their rejection in solitude mourned.

A SONG.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

For a smile from those dear lips
 Kings might kneel and sue thee,
 For a love-look from thine eyes
 Think it bliss to woo thee.
 But they shall not, shall not, so—
Hey-ho—nonnie—nonnie—no !
 For thou'st sworn a solemn oath,
 Plighting all thy love and troth,
 That alone alone for me
 Shall thy smiles and kisses be,
Hey-ho—nonnie—nonnie—no !
Hey-ho—nonnie—nee.

For assurance of thy faith
 I could waste a treasure,
 I could shed my dearest blood,
 And bleeding think it pleasure;
 But I will not, need not, so—
Hey-ho—nonnie—nonnie—no !
 For thou provest night and morn,
 All the truth that thou hast sworn,
 So alone alone for thee,
 Shall my love and kindness be,
Hey-ho—nonnie—nonnie—no !
Hey-ho—nonnie—nee.

REVIEWS.

"*The Spirit of Beauty, a Didactic Poem, in eight books, by the late DILNOT SLADDEN, author of the 'Northmen,' 'Montezuma,' &c.*"
Canterbury, Henry Ward, pp. 302.

It is long since we have read a poem so thoroughly imbued with the inspiration of lofty thought, and so fraught with the divine embodiment of the fairest images existing in this world of loveliness, as the one before us. Well may it be entitled "*The Spirit of Beauty*," and well may the Editor say that the mind of the author was one "satiated with the beauty of the world." Alas! that the fountain from whence flowed so copious a stream of clear harmonious poesy, rich with the flowers of imagination, and radiant with the light of fancy, should have been so early frozen and sealed up by the hand of death. But how often do we behold the tree of fairest promise smitten and blasted ere it has attained its full maturity; how often the spring, which might have become a stately river, and gone forth to fertilize the barren spots upon earth, do we see vanish in some dark cleft or cavern, and we are tempted to exclaim with the old man in Wordsworth's "*Excursion*,"

"Oh Sir, the good die first,
But they, whose hearts are dry as summer dust, burn to the socket."

So, in the plenitude of our ignorance, reason we children of frail humanity; yet let us not dispute the wisdom and justice of Omnipotence, but strive—earnestly strive, to believe "that all is for the best." How well does the author before us reprove those who murmur against the decrees of Heaven, because the loveliest are ever the frailest.

"Vain fools! though loveliness will pass away
From individual beings, and is oft
More mortal than the human heirs of death,
Yet abstract beauty since at first the will
Of heaven designed Creation, through the lapse
Of past eternity, has ever been
A living essence, an immortal thing.
Each generation views it fresh and fair,
As that which went before; and though the hand
Of death will grasp the sweetest flowers of earth,
Others become their likeness: and when sounds
The trumpet through the systems, all shall rise
With deathless being and regenerate form;
And through the future shall undying love
Perfect the soul of beauteousness, and shake
Decay from those she dwells with, to adorn
Through endless years, the palaces of heaven."

Is not this a noble passage, and worthy of one who was made in the "image of his creator," and gifted with an immortal spirit, ever looking upward and onward to eternity? It surely is! And with such passages does the poem abound; we cannot turn a page, but we meet with fine thoughts embodied in appropriate language; they are strewn "thick as leaves in Valambrosa," and

would, perhaps, be less noticed by a casual reader, from the very frequency of their occurrence, and from the absence of commonplace puerilities, which in many poems serve as a foil to the more original and beautiful portions—as a setting for the gem-like emanations of the mind and imagination, which if it render them not more intrinsically valuable, gives them a better chance of being observed and admired.

If we were asked, to what great Poem of the present day, the one now before us might be compared; we should say, “the Course of Time;” nor do we think “the Spirit of Beauty” would be found by competent judges, much, if in any degree, inferior to that fine production of genius. There seems to us, to have been a great similarity between the minds of these two young authors, Pollock and Sladden, and, where there space for such a commentary, we could adduce numerous passages from their Poems, in support of this opinion,—passages essentially alike in the sentiment they embody, yet sufficiently original in construction, and imbued with the author’s peculiar mental characteristics, to repel the idea of plagiarism in the later writer. The idiosyncrasies of true genius, are always strongly marked, nor are we liable to mistake that for plagiarism, which is but the result of a similar train of thought passing through minds of a like constitution, but acted on by different feelings and emotions, which give to the emanations of such minds, the stamp of individuality. These distinguishing *traits* are like the water marks in paper, place two sheets side by side, and you may not be able to tell one from the other, but hold them up to the light, and it will immediately become apparent who are their respective makers.

As it will be impossible here to give a regular analysis of the construction of this poem, we must content ourselves with bringing before our readers, a few of the shorter passages, that we consider most forcible in thought and expression; doubting not that such a taste of the quality of the work, will breed in them a desire to peruse the whole.

“O! could the eyes of man behold, on earth,
The twentieth of their day-dreams, they would fix
Their treasures there, and think no more of Heaven,
The world would be their Paradise; the grave
The only Hell revealed unto their fears.”

“Vox et præterea nihil; and the name
Of Chance is but the argument of fools,
Sworn with th’ expansion of their own conceit.
Can that which is not, shape the things that are?
Is chance omnipotent—resolve me why
The meanest shell-fish, and the noblest brute
Transmit their likeness to the years that come?”

“More suitable than wordy eloquence
Is that benign simplicity, which shews
Its bearer is the minister of Heaven.
Nor sink those words less deeply in the mind,

That flow in mildness from th' instructive tongue,
 For Truth's best garb is calm solemnity,
 Making the ear a passage to the heart."

"Two principles are stamped upon the soul,
 Reason and Feeling; and from these proceed
 Judgement and Passion, which, when balanced well,
 Give rise to that which men call Intellect."

The Hope of the World, and other Poems, by CHARLES MACKAY. London: Bentley, 8vo. pp. 203, 1840.

We were disposed to form a high opinion of Mr. Mackay's abilities from a perusal of his papers in Bentley's Miscellany, may be allowed to name "Rambles among Rivers" as having particularly pleased us; the volume now before us proves him to be a man of genius, a poet, and a sincere Christian. "The Hope of the World" is a POEM (we speak emphatically) smooth flowing in its versification, and abounding in fine imagery pure and exalted sentiments; in it are forcibly pointed out the benefits which have, and must result from a right apprehension of the doctrines of true Christianity, and an unflinching adherence to those principles of universal love and active benevolence inculcated by their divine Founder; the evils resulting from an opposite course of procedure, and a misunderstanding, full or otherwise, of those gentle precepts, are also delineated with the pencil of a master. Bigotry, Superstition, Pride, Greed, Ambition, with their concomitant ills, are here depicted in their gorgeous trappings, and held up in all their deformed deformity to abhorrence and detestation. What can be more true than the following?—

"If all their wars and battles we review,
 From Asia's Tyre to Europe's Waterloo,
 Rome, Greece, Assyria—modern States and old,
 The same dark history is ever told;
 The same bad passions in the conqueror's breast;
 The same sad folly blinding all the rest;
 Same causes, same results, where'er we turn—
 One man must rule, a thousand towns must burn;
 One King must force the tribute grudged by ten,
 And blood must flow from thrice ten thousand men."

we would fain extend our quotation to as many pages as there are lines, but our space is limited, and we can but assure ourselves, that the Poem throughout is written in a style equally simple, equally just. The "Sacred Melodies," the "Reveries," "Songs for Music," and the "Ballads" which make up the contents of the volume, are most of them sweet specimens of vocal composition, some soft and musical, as a chime of bells lowered by distance; some energetic and spirit stirring, as a trumpet-peal. "Count Cask-o'-Whiskey and his three Houses," a fine specimen of the horribly grotesque in composition, and a vivid picture of the evils of intemperance. We

perfectly agree with Mr. Mackay, who says in his preface that "the age of poetry, never will, and never can pass away," and sincerely hope, that the apathy felt by the world towards new aspirants, may in his case, yield to admiration. At all events, sure we are of this, that if he pleaseth not the many, he will find, among the tuneful brethren of the lyre, "fit audience, though few."

"Flowers and their Associations, by ANN PRATT, Author of 'The Field, the Garden, and the Woodland.'" London, Charles Knight & Co. pp. 409.

MISS PRATT has here produced a very delectable little volume, full of pleasant associations, and agreeable images, combined with sound information; the style in which it is written is remarkably easy and perspicuous, and the arrangement of the matter does credit both to her taste and understanding. There are several short poems scattered through the volume which remind us very strongly, by their smooth flow of versification, and the pure womanly feelings they embody, of Mary Howitt's delightful productions. This is more especially the case with the one entitled "Wild Flowers," in which the Author says,—

"And then I love the field flowers too
Because they are a blessing given
E'en to the poorest little one,
That wanders 'neath the vault of heaven.
The garden-flowers are reared for few,
And to that few belong alone;
But flowers that spring by vale or stream,
Each one may claim them for his own."

and also in those patriotic "Verses," whereof the fourth stanza runs thus—

"Thine may not be a land of flowers
Thou simple English maid;
Its azure skies, its sunny hours,
Soon change to clouds and shade:
But fearlessly o'er mead or hill,
Thy footsteps lone may tread,
And thou mayst seek the wood-flower still
Upon its native bed,—
No warrior's arm, no despot's breath,
Dooms thee to wretchedness or death."

As a specimen of our Author's prose we select the following, beautiful alike in sentiment and language.

"There is a charm in the thought, that the pleasure derived from wild flowers lies open to the youngest and poorest of mankind. It has been said of birds, that they are the poor man's music; and we may observe of flowers that they are the poor man's poetry. For him, as for all, they are scattered unsparingly over the lap of earth; smiling in clusters among the leafy woods, fringing the field-path, glowing in the sunny regions of the world, or raising their pale heads above the dreariest snows.

"In viewing the beautiful colours, and inhaling the rich odours of plants; in examining their structure, and marking how well it is adapted to the situation for which it is intended, the mind is led to a cheerful gratitude to Him who has 'painted the meadow with delight.'"

Mr. Knight's new system of printing in colors, for which we understand he has a patent, seems well adapted for floral subjects, we have here four from the author's own drawings—and we can but admire their exceeding truthfulness and richness of tint—more especially the bee orchis, and castle pink, which last may now be seen in full blossom on the outer walls of Rochester Castle. But why has the publisher been so sparing of his illustrations? we hope shortly to see a second edition of the work with at least treble the number.

"Lays and Legends of Kent, edited by the Author of the 'Sea Wolf' &c." Ward, Canterbury. Ball & Arnold, London. 4to pp. 21.

This number, if we understand aright, is the first of a series, to be published at such intervals, as circumstances may render expedient. It contains "Sir Robert de Shurland," a ballad, and a spirited lyric entitled "The Oak Boughs," both by Mr. John Brent, the Editor, from whose well written introduction we make the following quotation as explanatory of the purpose of the work.

"Over the fair and lovely land, in the deep green vallies, on the wild and romantic shores, the spirit of poetry must dwell; and though the responses of the Sibyl be but as echoes to those who now invoke her, and she be prophetic no more, some of the sounds may perchance prove musical, and the 'Legends of Kent' may live again in song."

Most earnestly do we hope it may be so, and we hail with the heartiest enthusiasm the efforts of one so well calculated to awake the "responses of the Sibyl;" may he meet with that support which will enable him to carry out his design of presenting to us, dressed in a fitting garb of poesy, those traditions and historical incidents, that so vividly display the spirit of times gone by, and invest with a romantic and soul-stirring interest the many spots in our beautiful county, round which their memories linger like ghosts of the departed. But to the poem before us. "Sir Robert de Shurland" is written with much vigour in the ancient ballad, or metrical romance style; it contains many fine thoughts and images, witness the following stanzas,—

Lord Shurland to his charger's neck
Bowed low, and gently pressed,
Till his plumage light like seamew white,
Just skimmed the ocean's breast."

* * * *

"There's a terrible might in the gent'est sway,
Of the sea untamed by law,
'Tis the treacherous faith of a tiger's play
With death in its stroking paw."

* * * *

"Upon that shore a withered crone,
Did sea-weed muttering glean,
She seemed a creeping curse, she was
So evil, old, and lean."

* * * * *
"And he lay by the surf, *like a wreath of foam*,
Till he whitened bone by bone;
And the waves *like a moaning multitude*,
Sang his requiem wild and lone."

The moral our author draws, is similiar to that of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," of which fine poem we were continually reminded, while perusing this ballad; but we failed to detect any evidence of plagiarism, though induced by the resemblance in the style of thought, to look pretty closely for such.

We have not space to detail the plot of the ballad, but must refer our readers to the work itself, of which we strongly recommend them to become purchasers.

We visited the tomb of "Sir Robert de Shurland," a short time since, and can vouch for the fidelity of the illustrative engraving.

"*Miscellaneous Poems*, by GEORGE FRIEND WOOD," Canterbury, G. Burch, pp. 48.

These Poems display great smoothness of versification, gentleness of feeling, and a fine perception of the beauties of nature. As a memorial of one whose hand is now powerless to touch the lyre, or return the warm pressure of friendship and affection, they are valuable. At page 98 of "The Coronal," will be found a Sonnet by this author, which we believe to be the last poem he ever penned; it is fraught with the "sad music of humanity," and was written on the bed of death. From "the Dying Poet," which seems to have been a foreshadowing of the author's own destiny, we make the following extract.

"Now bear me hence away,
I like not this close room, so small and dim;
Around the curtain'd bed are shadows grim,
Which gauntly play,

Turning my mind from pray'r,
I know they tell me of my coming fate,
But oh, not here—I would the change await
In the cool air."

FINIS.

James Burrill, Printer, Chatham.

